



THE REV.
Ralph Erskine
Minister of the Gospel at Dunfermline.



THE REV.
Ralph Erskine
Minister of the Gospel at Dunfermline.

THE
POETICAL
WORKS

OF

THE LATE REVEREND AND LEARNED

MR. RALPH ERSKINE,

Minister of the Gospel in DUNFERMLINE:

CONSISTING OF

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| I. The GOSPEL - SONNETS: or, SPIRITUAL SONGS. In Six Parts. | † | III. SCRIPTURE SONGS, upon some Select Passages of the <i>Old and New Testaments.</i> In Two Books. |
| II. A PARAPHRASE, or Explicatory POEM, upon the <i>Song of Solomon.</i> In Eight Chapters. | † | AND
IV. MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, on different Subjects. |

F A L K I R K :

PRINTED BY PATRICK MAIR,

For PETER MUIRHEAD, Merchant, the Revd JOHN STEWART,
and HUGH MITCHELL, Bookseller, the Publishers.

M.DCC.XCVII.



(**
**
**
**)

H
ea
for
W
in
an
th
an
pr
lif
m
el
an
pr
co
th

Th
th
an
eva



P R E F A C E

BY THE

P U B L I S H E R S.

POETICAL compositions, it will readily be admitted, are of a very antient original; and very early specimens of this kind of writing are yet to be found on record, both in sacred * and profane story.—Writings in poesy have many peculiar excellencies in them, and particular advantages attending them: and when men, endued with poetical talents, employ them on subjects of real importance, the sparkling and flowery images, the magnificent and lofty expressions, and the striking figures and retorical embellishments, add such a native grandeur, dignity, and majesty to the subject, that the mind is not only truly elevated, the attention gained, the affections moved, and devotion excited; but the memory is gradually prepared to retain and be benefited by them, on account of the beautiful and elegant manner in which the various topics are elucidated.

* See the Song of Moses at the Red Sea, Exod. xv. 1, — 21. This Song is the most antient and sublime piece of poetry in the world: the images are natural; the arrangement of its ideas is beautiful; and the strain of piety which breathes through the whole, is truly evangelical.

No subject is more interesting, or can be a fitter theme, for those vested with a poetical genius, than these of an evangelical nature, either directly founded upon some particular portion of sacred writ, or drawn from it, by just and necessary consequence. No writings, for justness of sentiment, and sublimity of style, can equal or compare with these of divine inspiration: and, though the mysteries of Christianity, and the wonders of our holy religion, stand in no need of gay trimmings and poetical embellishments to set them off; yet, such is the superior excellency of inspired poesy, that the brightest and most elevated descriptions of a mortal pen must vail to it: and therefore, says a celebrated writer, ‘ If any would attempt to be master of true eloquence, and aim at a proper elevation of style, let him read, with unremitting diligence, the antient prophets and inspired apostles; for their writings are an abundant source of all the riches and ornament of speech.’

Where will you find such strong figures, bold metaphors, and surprisngly beautiful images, than in the writings of Moses, the Israelitish law-giver, whom Longinus himself, a Gentile critic, cites as master of the true sublime style? Where can there be seen, among all our celebrated moderns, such grandeur, variety, and justness of ideas, or more pomp and beauty of expression, than in the writings of Job? And is not poetical excellencies, depth of thought, and sublimity of style, carried to its utmost pitch, in the writings of David, the prophet Isaiah, and in some passages of the lesser prophets?—When this is the case, is it not surprisng that so many, endued with fine poetical abilities, should so much neglect, in their various compositions, to read their Bibles, adopt the sentiments, and attempt to imitate the sublime style of the inspired writers?

P R E F A C E.

5

It hath been now a long and just complaint, that poesy, which is of a divine original, should have been so much debased to the worst of purposes, in decorating vice and profaneness; and that men, endued with such a happy talent, should so much employ it, in furnishing out theatrical entertainments, or upon ludicrous and profane trifles. How happy would it have been for the world, what an ornament to Christianity, and advantage to the church, and how honouring to themselves, as well as beneficial to the interests of religion, had they employed it on evangelical and divine subjects, in pointing out the beauties of creation, the bounty of providence, the depths of redeeming love and grace, and the excellency and sweetness of true religion and practical godliness!

The Rev. Mr. ERSKINE, Author of the following Poems, was happy in employing his poetical talent to the best of purposes: the subjects he made choice of to handle, were of the utmost importance for mankind to know; his manner of treating them, truly evangelical; and the spirit that breathes through them, heavenly and divine; tending to warm the heart, excite to genuine devotion, and to inspire the mind with just and proper sentiments of God, and true religion.

The sentiments of Dr. Bradbury, relative to our Author's poetical talent, is very just: 'Mr. Erskine's Poems, says he, are greatly to be esteemed, for the sweetness of the verse, the disposition of the subjects, the elegance of the composition, and, above all, for that which animates the whole, the favour of divine and experimental knowledge.'

The following lines of two celebrated English poets, in commendation of another, may not improperly be applied to our Author.

Say, human seraph, whence that charming force!
 That flame! that soul! which animates each line;
 And how it runs with such a graceful ease,
 Loaded with pond'rous sense! Say, did not He,
 The lovely JESUS, who commands thy breast,
 Inspire thee with himself?—

GROVE.

No vulgar themes thy pious muse engage,
 No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page.
 You in majestic numbers mount the skies,
 And meet descending angels as you rise.—
 Regard the man, who in seraphic lays
 And flowing numbers sings his Maker's praise:
 He needs invoke no fabled muse's art,
 The heavenly song comes genuine from his heart!
 From that pure heart which G has deign'd t' inspire,
 With holy raptures and a sacred fire.
 Thrice happy man!—

EUSEB.

GLASGOW, Sept. 24th. }

1778. }

T H E C O N T E N T S.

TABLE of the GOSPEL-SONNETS.

THE Publishers Preface to the Poetical Works,	Page 3
A Defence of rhyme and musical metre,	29
A general Preface, shewing the Author's intention of writing the Sonnets, viz. to open up some of the great mysteries of the gospel, and commend Christ to the soul; to point out some of the special doctrines he intends to elucidate; to assign rules to be observed, for reading them with profit and advantage,	37,—47
A Recommendatory Poem on reading them, wrote by a Lady,	48

P A R T I.

The BELIEVER'S ESPOUSALS.

Preface, containing a pathetic call to read the Espousals with attention, and displaying the mysterious nature of the spiritual marriage,	49
---	----

C H A P. I.

A general account of man's fall in Adam, and the remedy provided in Christ; and a particular account of man's being naturally wedded to the law as a covenant of works,	50
---	----

<i>Secl.</i> 1. The fall of Adam,	<i>ib.</i>
<i>Secl.</i> 2. Redemption through Christ,	51
<i>Secl.</i> 3. Man's legal disposition,	54
<i>Secl.</i> 4. Man's strict attachment to legal terms, or to the law as a condition of life,	55
<i>Secl.</i> 5. Mens vain attempt to seek life by Christ's righteousness, joined with their own; and legal hopes natural to all,	57

C H A P. II.

The manner of a sinner's divorce from the law, in a work of humiliation, and of his marriage to the Lord Jesus Christ; or, the way how a sinner comes to be a believer,	61
---	----

<i>Secl.</i> 1. Of a law-work, and the workings of legal pride under it,	<i>ib.</i>
<i>Secl.</i> 2. Conviction of sin and wrath carried on more deeply and effectually in the heart,	64
<i>Secl.</i> 3. The deeply humbled soul relieved with some saving discoveries of Christ the Redeemer,	66

- Sect.* 4. The workings of the Spirit of faith, in separating the heart from all self-righteousness, and drawing out its consent to, and desire after Christ, alone and wholly, Page 68
- Sect.* 5. Faith's view of the freedom of grace, cordial renunciation of all its own ragged righteousness, and formal acceptance of, and closing with the person of glorious Christ, 71

C H A P. III.

The fruits of the believer's marriage with Christ, particularly gospel-holiness, and obedience to the law as a rule, 73

- Sect.* 1. The sweet solemnity of the marriage now over, and the sad effects of the remains of a legal spirit, *ib.*
- Sect.* 2. Faith's victories over sin and Satan, through new and further discoveries of Christ, making believers more fruitful in holiness than all other pretenders to works, 75
- Sect.* 3. True saving faith magnifying the law, both as a covenant and a rule. False faith unfruitful and ruining, 77
- Sect.* 4. The believer only, being married to Christ, is justified and sanctified; and the more gospel-freedom from the law as a covenant, the more holy conformity to it as a rule, 80
- Sect.* 5. Gospel-grace giving no liberty to sin, but to holy service and pure obedience, 83

C H A P. IV.

A caution to all against a legal spirit, especially to those that have a profession without power, and learning without grace, 84

C H A P. V.

Arguments and encouragements to gospel-ministers, to avoid a legal strain of doctrine, and endeavour the sinner's match with Christ by gospel means, 87

- Sect.* 1. A legal spirit the root of damnable errors, *ib.*
- Sect.* 2. A legal strain of doctrine discovered and discarded, 88
- Sect.* 3. The hurtfulness of not preaching Christ, and distinguishing duly between law and gospel, 90
- Sect.* 4. Damnable pride and self-righteousness, so natural to all men, have little need to be encouraged by legal preaching, 91
- Sect.* 5. The gospel of divine grace the only means of converting sinners; and therefore should be preached most clearly, fully, and freely, 94

C H A P. VI.

An exhortation to all that are out of Christ, in order to their closing the match with him; containing also motives and directions, 98

C O N T E N T S.

ix

- Secl.* 1. Conviction offered to sinners, especially such as are wedded strictly to the law, or self-righteous; that they may see their need of Christ's righteousness, Page 98
- Secl.* 2. Direction given with reference to the right use of the means, that we rest not on these instead of Christ the glorious Husband, in whom alone our help lies, 101
- Secl.* 3. A call to believe in Jesus, with some hints at the act and object of faith, 104
- Secl.* 4. An advice to sinners to apply to the sovereign mercy of God, as it is discovered through Christ, to the highest honour of justice, and other divine attributes, in order to further their faith in him unto salvation, 107
- Secl.* 5. The terrible doom of unbelievers that reject the gospel-match, the offered Saviour and salvation, 110

P A R T I I.

The BELIEVER'S JOINTURE.

C H A P. I.

Containing the privileges of the believer that is espoused to Christ by faith of divine operation, 115

- Secl.* 1. The believer's perfect beauty, free acceptance, and full security, through the imputation of Christ's perfect righteousness, though imparted grace be imperfect, ib.
- Secl.* 2. Christ the believer's Friend, Prophet, Priest, King, Defence, Guide, Guard, Help, and Healer, 117
- Secl.* 3. Christ the believer's wonderful Physician, and wealthy Friend, 119
- Secl.* 4. The believer's Safety under the covert of Christ's atoning blood and powerful intercession, 121
- Secl.* 5. The believer's faith and hope encouraged even in the darkest nights of desertion and distress, 123
- Secl.* 6. Benefits accruing to believers from the offices, names, natures, and sufferings of Christ, 125
- Secl.* 7. Christ's sufferings further improved, and believers called to live by faith, both when they have and want sensible influences, 127
- Secl.* 8. Christ the believer's enriching treasure, 129
- Secl.* 9. Christ the believer's adorning garment, 130
- Secl.* 10. Christ the believer's sweet nourishment, 131

C H A P. I I.

Containing marks and characters of believers in Christ; together with some farther privileges and grounds of comfort to the saints, 132

- Secl.* 1. Doubting believers called to examine themselves by marks drawn from their love to him and his presence, their view of his glory, and their being emptied of self-righteousness, &c. ib.

C O N T E N T S.

<i>Secl. 2.</i>	Believers described from their faith acting by divine aid, and flying quite out of themselves to Jesus Christ,	Page 134
<i>Secl. 3.</i>	Believers characterized by the objects and purity of their desire, delight, joy, hatred, and love, discovering they have the Spirit of Christ,	136
<i>Secl. 4.</i>	Believers in Christ affect his counsel, word, ordinances, appearance, full enjoyment in heaven, and sweet presence here,	138
<i>Secl. 5.</i>	The true believer's humility, dependence, zeal, growth, admiration of free grace, and knowledge of Christ's voice,	140
<i>Secl. 6.</i>	True believers are willing to be tried and examined. Also, comforts arising to them from Christ's ready supply, real sympathy, and relieving names suiting their needs,	142
<i>Secl. 7.</i>	The believer's experience of Christ's comfortable presence, or of former comforts, to be improved for his encouragement and support under darkness and hidings,	145
<i>Secl. 8.</i>	Comfort to believers from the stability of the promise, notwithstanding heavy chastisements for sin,	147
<i>Secl. 9.</i>	Comfort to believers from Christ's relations, his dying love, his glory in heaven, to which he will lead them, through death; and supply them with all necessities by the way,	149
<i>Secl. 10.</i>	Comfort to believers from the text, <i>Thy Maker is thy Husband</i> , inverted thus, <i>Thy Husband is thy Maker</i> ; and the conclusion of this subject,	151

P A R T III.

The BELIEVER'S RIDDLE; or, The Mystery of Faith.

	The preface, shewing the use and design of the Riddle, and how all fatal errors proceed from ignorance of such mysteries,	153
<i>Secl. 1.</i>	The mystery of the saints' pedigree, and especially of their relation to Christ's wonderful person,	156
<i>Secl. 2.</i>	The mysteries of the saints' life, state, and frame,	162
<i>Secl. 3.</i>	Mysteries about the saints' work and warfare, sins, sorrows, and joys,	167
<i>Secl. 4.</i>	Mysteries in faith's extractions, way and walk, prayers and answers, heights and depths, fear and love,	171
<i>Secl. 5.</i>	Mysteries about flesh and spirit, liberty and bondage, life and death,	179
<i>Secl. 6.</i>	The mystery of free justification through Christ's obedience and satisfaction,	182
<i>Secl. 7.</i>	The mystery of God the Justifier; and faith justifying him, both in his justifying and condemning: or, soul-justification and self-condemnation,	186
<i>Secl. 8.</i>	The mystery of sanctification imperfect in this life; or, the believer doing all, and doing nothing,	191
<i>Secl. 9.</i>	The mystery of various names given to saints; or, the flesh and spirit described from inanimate things, vegetables and sensitives,	195
<i>Secl. 10.</i>	The mystery of the saints' old and new man further described, and the means of their spiritual life,	199

C O N T E N T S.

xi

Sect. 11. The mystery of Christ, his names, natures, and offices, P.	204
Sect. 12. The mystery of the believer's mixed state further enlarged, and his getting out of evil,	209
Sect. 13. The mystery of the saint's adversaries and adversities,	213
Sect. 14. The mystery of the believer's pardon and security from revenging wrath, notwithstanding his sin's desert,	216
Sect. 15. The mystery of faith and sight,	221
Sect. 16. The mystery of faith and works,	224
And of rewards of grace and debt,	227
The conclusion,	229

P A R T IV.

The BELIEVER'S LODGING.

A paraphrase upon Psalm lxxxiv.	230
A fourfold exercise for the believer in his lodging,	236
1. The holy law; or, the ten commandments,	ib.
2. The unholy heart, the reverse of God's law,	ib.
3. The glorious gospel of Christ, the remedy,	240
4. The prayer of faith exemplified,	ib.

P A R T V.

The BELIEVER'S SOLILOQUY; especially in Times of Desertion, Temptation, Affliction, &c.

Sect. 1. The deserted believer longing for perfect freedom from sin,	238
Sect. 2. The deserted believer's prayer under complaints of unbelief, darkness, deadness, and hardness,	240
Sect. 3. The believer's wading through depths of desertion and corruption,	243
Sect. 4. The believer's complaint of sin, sorrow, and want of love,	244
Sect. 5. The deserted soul's prayer for the Lord's gracious and sin-subduing presence,	246
Sect. 6. The song of heaven, desired by saints on earth,	248

P A R T VI.

The BELIEVER'S PRINCIPLES.

C H A P. I.

Containing creation and redemption; or, some of the
first principles of the oracles of God, 250

Sect. 1. Of creation. The first chapter of Genesis compendised,	ib.
The sum of creation,	ib.
Sect. 2. Of redemption. The mystery of the Redeemer's incarnation; or, God manifested in the flesh,	252

CONTENTS.

	The sum of redemption,	Page 253
<i>Sect.</i> 3.	The Redeemer's work; or, Christ all in all, and our complete redemption: A gospel-catechism for young Christians,	<i>ib.</i>
<i>Sect.</i> 4.	Faith and works both excluded from the matter of justification before God, that redemption may appear to be only in Christ,	257

CHAP. II.

	Concerning the law and the gospel,	259
<i>Sect.</i> 1.	The mystery of law and gospel,	<i>ib.</i>
<i>Sect.</i> 2.	The difference between the law and the gospel,	269
<i>Sect.</i> 3.	The harmony between the law and the gospel,	272
<i>Sect.</i> 4.	The proper place and station of the law and gospel, in four paragraphs,	275
<i>Parag.</i> 1.	The place and station of law and gospel in general,	276
<i>Parag.</i> 2.	The place and station of law and gospel in particular,	277
<i>Parag.</i> 3.	The gospel no new law; but a joyful sound of grace and mercy,	281
<i>Parag.</i> 4.	The gospel further described, as a bundle of good news and gracious promises,	283

CHAP. III.

	Concerning justification, and Sanctification, their difference and harmony,	285
--	---	-----

<i>Sect.</i> 1.	The difference between justification and sanctification; or, righteousness imputed and grace imparted, in upwards of thirty particulars,	<i>ib.</i>
<i>Sect.</i> 2.	The harmony between justification and sanctification,	290

CHAP. IV.

	Concerning faith and sense,	292
<i>Sect.</i> 1.	Faith and sense natural, compared and distinguished,	<i>ib.</i>
<i>Sect.</i> 2.	Faith and sense spiritual, compared and distinguished,	294
<i>Sect.</i> 3.	The harmony and discord between faith and sense,	296
<i>Sect.</i> 4.	The valour and victories of faith,	297
<i>Sect.</i> 5.	The heights and depths of sense,	299
<i>Sect.</i> 6.	Faith and frames compared, or faith building upon sense discovered,	300

CHAP. V.

	Concerning heaven and earth,	303
<i>Sect.</i> 1.	The work and contention of heaven,	<i>ib.</i>
<i>Sect.</i> 2.	Earth despicable, heaven desirable,	305
	Smoking spiritualized, in two parts,	308

TABLE of the SONG of SOLOMON.

A Paraphrase, or large Explicatory Poem on the Song
of Solomon, Page 309

Preface to the curious reader, containing the Author's apology for the undertaking; shewing his design in writing the poem, his manner of doing it; with what is to be his proper theme, 310

Preface to the serious reader; pointing out the divine warrant for such productions, ascertaining the proper sense of the Song, offering a suitable key for understanding it, guarding it against the cavils of profane wits, affirming its authenticity, and pleading for favourable allowances, for want of a proper degree of spirituality in treating it, 312

C H A P. I.

The church's love unto Christ.—She confesseth her deformity, and prayeth to be directed to his flock.—Christ directeth her to the shepherds' tents; and sheweth his love to her, giving her gracious promises. The church and Christ congratulate one-another, 317

The title of the song, *ib.*
 The church's love unto Christ, ver. 1,—4. *ib.*
 She confesseth her deformity, ver. 5, 6. 320
 She prayeth to be directed to Christ's flock, verse 7. 322
 Christ directeth the spouse to the shepherds' tents, verse 8. 323
 Sheweth his love to her by commendations, ver. 9, 10. 324
 Giveth her gracious promises, verse 11. 325
 The church and Christ's congratulations, ver. 12,—17. 326,—331
 The church's commendation of Christ, ver. 13, 14. 327
 Christ commendeth the spouse's beauty, verse 15. 329
 The church returns the commendation, and extolleth her Beloved's beauty, ver. 16, 17. 329, 330

C H A P. II.

The mutual love of Christ and his church.—The hope and calling of the church.—Christ's care of the church.—The profession of the church, her faith and hope, 332

Christ's speech concerning himself and the church, ver. 1, 2, 332, 333
 The spouse commends her Beloved, and prefers him above all others, verse 3. 334
 Remembers the pleasure and satisfaction she had in communion with Christ, verse 4. 336

Entertains herself with the present tokens of his favour, ver. 5, 6.	Page. 338
Takes care that nothing happen to intercept him, verse 7:	40
Triumphs in his approaches towards her, ver. 8, 9.	41
Repeats the gracious calls he had given her to go with him, in- forced by the pleasures of the returning spring, ver. 10,—13.	345
Christ's care of the church, ver. 14, 15.	349
In calling her from her obscurity, verse 14.	ib.
In giving charge to destroy whatever could hurt her, ver. 15.	350
The church professeth her faith and hope, ver. 16, 17.	351
Invites, by prayer, his glorious return, ver. 17.	353

C H A P. III.

The church's fight and victory in temptation.—
The church glorieth in Christ, 354

The church's exercise on her Beloved's being withdrawn from her, verse 1.	ib.
The pains she was at, and the means she used to find him, ver. 2, 3.	355
Her behaviour when she found him, verse 4.	356
Her care that nothing might disturb him, ver. 5.	360
The daughters of Jerusalem admire the church's excellencies, ver. 6.	ib.
The church's admiration of Christ under the person of Solomon, ver. 7.—10.	361
From the grandeur and stateliness of his bed, verse 7.	ib.
From his numerous and magnificent guard, ver. 7, 8.	362
From the splendor and incomparableness of his chariot, ver. 9, 10.	364
She calls the daughters of Sion to admire the dignity of his royal person, with his brilliant crown, verse 11.	365

C H A P. IV.

Christ setteth forth the graces of the church.—He shew-
eth his love to her.—The church prayeth to be made
fit for his presence, 367

Christ highly commends the church's beauty, ver. 1,—7.	367,—372
Condescends on several particular instances of her beauty, ver. 1,—5.	367
Pronounces her all fair, without any spot, verse 7.	372
Retires himself, and invites her with him, from the mountains of terror, to those of delight, ver. 6,—8.	371, 372
Professeth his great love to her, and his delight in her endeared affection to him, ver. 9,—15.	273,—378
The church implores the influences of the blessed Spirit to make her garden fragrant, and invites Christ to the best entertainment it affords, verse 16.	379

C H A P. V.

Christ awaketh the church with his calling.—The church having a taste of Christ's love, is sick of love.

A description of Christ by his graces, Page 381

Christ graciously accepts the church's invitation, and makes a kind visit to her, verse 1. ib.

The spouse's account of her folly in putting a slight upon her Beloved, and the distress she was in by reason of his withdrawing, ver. 2,—8. 382,—385

Mentions her indisposition, and repeats her Beloved's kindly address to her, verse 2. 382

Condescends on the excuse she made to put off her compliance, verse 3. 383

Narrates the means used that gained her compliance, ver. 4, 5. ib.

Her sad disappointment when she opened to her Beloved, and the course she takes on that melancholy event, ver. 6, 7. 384

Gives a charge to the daughters of Jerusalem to assist her, ver. 8. 385

The daughters of Jerusalem's question to the spouse, in consequence of the charge she had given them, verse 9. ib.

The spouse's particular reply to the enquiry of the daughters of Jerusalem, concerning the amiable perfections of her Beloved, ver. 10.—16. 386,—390

She assures them in general, that he is one of incomparable perfections and unparalleled excellencies, verse 10. 386

She then gives a particular detail of his singular accomplishments, ver. 11,—16. 387,—390

As in particulars she falls short, so she concludes with a general encomium concerning his excellency, and her own interest in him, ver. 16. 390

C H A P. VI.

The church professeth her faith in Christ.—Christ sheweth the graces of the church, and his love towards her, 391

The daughters of Jerusalem's enquiry at the spouse concerning the departure of her Beloved, verse 1. ib.

The spouse's reply to the enquiry, verse 2. 392

She asserts her interest in him, verse 3. ib.

Christ pronounceth the spouse to be truly amiable, verse 4. 393

Acknowledges himself in love with her, verse 5. 394

Gives a minute description of her beauty, and prefers her before all competitors, verse 5,—9. 394,—396

Manifests his love towards her, and his regard for her, ver. 10, 11, 12. 397

He kindly invites, and most earnestly presses her to return, verse 13. 399

C H A P. VII.

A farther description of the church's graces.—The church professeth her faith and desire, Page 400

Christ gives a very large and ample description of the spouse's beauty and excellency, ver. 1,—5. 400,—403

He expresses his love to her, and the great complacency and delight he has in her thus beautified and adorned, ver. 6,—9. 405

The spouse triumphs in her relation to Christ, and her great delight in him, verse 10. 407

She earnestly desires communion with him, ver. 11, 12. 407, 408

She desires to be better acquainted with the state of her own soul, and the present posture of its affairs, verse 12. 408

Promiseth her Beloved her best affections, and best provision and entertainment, ver. 12, 13. *ib.*

C H A P. VIII.

The love of the church to Christ.—The vehemency of love.—The calling of the Gentiles.—The church prayeth for Christ's coming, 409

The spouse evidenceth her great love to Christ, in her ardent desire of more intimate fellowship with him, ver. 1, 2, 3. 409, 410

She charges the daughters of Jerusalem not to interrupt her communion with him, verse 4. 411

The daughters of Jerusalem admire the spouse's dependence on her Beloved, verse 5. 412

The spouse addresseth herself to her Beloved, putting him in mind of the former experience she and others had of his love, ver. 5. *ib.*

The ardency of her love expressed, ver. 6, 7. 413,—415

She intercedeth in behalf of her little sister, the Gentile church, verse 8. 415

Christ soon determines what shall be done for her, verse 9. 416

The spouse acknowledgeth with thankfulness his kindness to her, verse 10. 417

She is also concerned about a vineyard at Baal-hamon, or the church of Christ on earth, verse 11. 418

Christ's propriety in, and care for his vineyard; verse 12. *ib.*

The spouse owns the charge that the vineyard is in part committed to her, and that the principal revenue appertains to the owner, verse 12. 418, 419

Christ being to part from the spouse, for a time, desires to hear frequently from her, verse 13. 420

The spouse warmly solicits his speedy return, verse 14. *ib.*

A TABLE OF THE SCRIPTURE-SONGS,

According to the Order of the Books, CHAPTERS,
and VERSES they are taken from.

B O O K I.

OLD-TESTAMENT SONGS; or, Songs upon several
select passages in the Old Testament.

The Preface, shewing the occasion and design of the following
Poems, Page 425

P A R T I.

Songs selected from the *Historical Books*.

An introduction, shewing that poetical compositions were very antient;
and that these in the sacred writings are truly excellent, and quite
inimitable, 427

Song

1. Gen. 1. The first six days work; or, the first chapter of Genesis
compensified, 428
2. Gen. 3. 15. The first gospel promise, 429
3. Exod. 7. 8, 9, 10, and 12. The ten plagues of Egypt named,
and justified, ib.
4. 15. 1,—21. The song of Moses, 430
5. 20. 3,—18. The ten commandments abridged and versi-
fied, 432
6. Gen. 22. 6,—19. Submission and deliverance; or, God's appearing
in extremity, in Abraham offering his son, 433
7. Deut. 32. 1,—43. The prophetic song of Moses, setting forth
God's mercy and vengeance, 434
8. 33. 26,—29. Moses' last words; or, the excellency of
Israel, 440
9. Judges 5. 1,—31. The song of Deborah and Barak, on Israel's
signal victory over king Jabin, ib.
10. 1 Sam. 2. 1,—10. Hannah's song of thanksgiving to God, for his
giving her Samuel, 445
11. 2 Sam. 1. 19,—27. David's song of lamentation over Saul and
Jonathan, 446
12. 7. 18,—29. David's prayer and thanksgiving, after God's
promise to build him a sure house, and to bless him in
his seed; pointing at Christ and his kingdom, 447
13. 1 Chron. 29. 10,—19. David's thanksgiving and prayer, when he
and the princes offered willingly for building of the
temple, 449
14. 2 Sam. 23. 3,—7. David's last words, viewed in a twofold light, 451

P A R T II.

J O B'S H Y M N S.

An introduction, containg some observations relative to the penman,
and the manner of his writing, Page 453

A poem in commendation of his book, 455

Song

1.	Job 1. 21. Losses thankfully received,	<i>ib.</i>
2.	2. 10. Patience in tribulation,	456
3.	3. 17. Repose in the grave,	<i>ib.</i>
4.	4. 17,—21. The excellency of man laid low before God,	457
5.	5. 6, 7. Sin the cause of trouble,	<i>ib.</i>
6.	8. A saint's resolution how he should behave when in affliction,	458
7.	9,—16. God's great work in the kingdom of Christ,	459
8.	17,—27. Affliction born well, ends well,	<i>ib.</i>
9.	6. 2, 3, 4. Terrors of God invading the soul,	462
10.	7. 17, &c. God's stooping to contend with man admired,	463
11.	8. 5, 6, 7. Good counsel, and good hope given to the afflicted,	<i>ib.</i>
12.	9. Time and life short,	464
13.	11,—14. The hope of the hypocrite vanishing,	<i>ib.</i>
14.	9. 2, 3, 4. God just in judging,	465
15.	15. 20, 21. The righteousness of works discarded,	<i>ib.</i>
16.	10. 1, 2. 14, 15. The afflicted soul's complaint to God,	466
17.	11. 7, 8, 9. God's wisdom unsearchable,	<i>ib.</i>
18.	12. 6. 10. That God may suffer the wicked to prosper, exemplified in beasts, birds, fishes, &c.	467
19.	11. Doctrine to be tried ere it be trusted,	468
20.	12, 13. The wisdom of antient men nothing to the wisdom of the Antient of days,	<i>ib.</i>
21.	13.—16. Proofs of God's power, in doing his pleasure, and serving his own purposes,	469
22.	17,—25. Proofs of his power and wisdom in the revolution of states and kingdoms,	<i>ib.</i>
23.	13. 15. Strong faith in the hot furnace,	470
24.	14. 1,—15. The origin, nature, and issue, of human life,	471
25.	15. 14,—17. Self-justification extremely odious,	473
26.	24,—30. The ruin of these that bid defiance to God,	<i>ib.</i>
27.	16. 14,—17. Afflictions heaped up, and come to an extremity,	474
28.	17. 9. The growing strength of the righteous,	<i>ib.</i>
29.	13, 14. Death and the grave, the saints familiars,	475
30.	18. 5, 6. 10. 12. 14.—20. The calamities that await the wicked,	<i>ib.</i>
31.	19. 2, 3. 22. Reproof to reproachers,	476

C O N T E N T S.

xix

Song	Page
32. Job 19. 11,—14. Friends turned to enemies, and brethren to aliens,	477
33. 25,—28. The happiness that awaits the godly; or, the blessed hope of the righteous,	478
34. 28, 29. Rash judging condemned; or, Job's warning to his censorious friends,	479
35. 20. 5,—9. 11,—14. The prosperity of the wicked short, and their ruin sure,	ib.
36. 21. 7,—15. The wicked hardened in their impiety by their prosperity,	480
37. 17,—26. God's way of providence towards men, attended with great variety,	482
38. 22. 21,—30. The benefit of acquaintance with God;	484
39. 23. 3.—8, 9, 10. God hiding and trying,	485
40. 24. 1, 2,—12, 13,—24. Many most wicked and mischievous, yet live and die in outward peace, and never visibly reckoned with here,	ib.
41. 25. 2,—6. The greatness, goodness, and holiness of God, evidencing the guiltiness and impurity of man,	487
42. 26. 5,—14. The proofs of God's power and wisdom in the creation and preservation of the world,	488
43. 27. 2,—6. Job solemnly maintaining his integrity against the false accusation of his friends,	490
44. 7,—10. The hopeless state of the hypocrite,	491
45. 28. 12,—28. Wisdom's price great, and its place a secret, &c.	492
46. 29. 2,—5. The heart's wish of a deserted saint,	494
47. 30. 1. 8,—12. 26,—31. Great honour turned to extreme contempt, and prosperity to calamity,	ib.
48. 31. 1,—4, 16, 17. 19, 20. Chastity and charity exemplified, and whoremongers and adulterers judged,	496
49. 32. 8. The immateriality and immortality of the soul,	497
50. 7, 8, 9. True wisdom not acquired by old age, nor by learning, but by grace,	498
51. 33. 12,—18. God infinitely above us, not accountable to us, yet merciful, both in hiding what he hides, and revealing what he reveals,	499
52. 19,—30. The patient described in extremity, and relieved by the great Ransomer,	500
§ 1. Sicknes come to an extremity; or, a sick man brought to the gates of death,	ib.
§ 2. A faithful soul's physician an instrument of bringing back the sick penitent from the gates of death; or, the gospel-remedy skilfully applied, and Christ the only ransom,	501
53. 34. 10,—15. God cannot be charged with injustice, and being omnipotent cannot be unjust,	503
54. 21, 22. God's omniscience, from which no sin can be hid,	504
55. 29. God's power irresistible,	505

Song		Page
56.	Job 34. 31, 32. The afflicted person humbled,	505
57.	35. 5,—8. God's highness cannot be hurt with mens wickedness,	506
58.	9,—13. God justified, though deaf to the cry of the oppressed,	ib.
59.	36. 8, 9, 10. God's gracious design in bringing his own people under affliction: with light in darkness; or, God's favour in man's fury, a digression, &c.	508
60.	12, 13, 14. The doom of hypocrites, that rebel against the rod,	510
61.	15. <i>Schola crucis, schola lucis</i> ; or, affliction, instruction,	511
62.	21. Quarrelling with God in affliction, dangerous,	ib.
63.	22, 23. God an absolute sovereign, incomparable teacher, unexceptionable ruler,	512
64.	24,—33. God's works manifesting his incomprehensible greatness,	ib.
65.	37. 1,—5. God's glory noticed in the thunder and lightning,	514
66.	6,—13. God's power in the frost and snow, rains and winds,	515
67.	14,—20. Mens ignorance of the works of nature, shews what incompetent judges they are of the proceedings of divine providence,	517
68.	21,—24. God's greatness and majesty require that he be greatly revered,	518
69.	38. 1, 2, 3. God speaking unto Job, and challenging him,	520
70.	4,—7. God's questions, 1. Concerning the founding of the earth,	ib.
71.	8,—11. Q. 2. Concerning the limits of the sea,	522
72.	12,—15. Q. 3. Concerning the springs of the morning,	ib.
73.	16. Q. 4. Concerning the springs of the sea,	524
74.	17. Q. 5. Concerning the gates of death,	ib.
75.	18. Q. 6. Concerning the breadth of the earth,	ib.
76.	19, 20, 21. Q. 7. Concerning the place and path of light and darkness,	525
77.	22, 23. Q. 8. Concerning the treasures of snow and hail,	ib.
78.	24. Q. 9. Concerning the daily changes of morning and evening,	ib.
79.	25. Q. 10. Concerning thunder and lightening, clouds and rain; by what secret counsel they are directed, and by whose order emitted,	526
80.	28. Q. 11. Concerning the dew, the ice, and hoary frost,	527
81.	31, 32, 33. Q. 12. Concerning the directing of the stars, and their influence,	528

Son	82.
	83.
	84.
	85.
	86.
	87.
	88.
	89.
	90.
	91.
	92.
	93.
	94.
	95.
	96.
	97.
	98.
	99.
	100.
Intro	
Chap.	
the	

C O N T E N T S.

xxi

Song		Page
82.	Job 38. 36. Q. 13. Concerning the formation and renovation of the soul,	529
83.	[Digression concerning the soul's spirituality, and its nature, quite distinct from the body and its senses.] A number of proofs and demonstrations thereof,	<i>ib.</i>
84.	37. Q. 14. About staying the clouds, and stopping the rain,	532
85.	39. Q. 15. About provision for the lions and ravens,	<i>ib.</i>
86.	39. 1,—4. Q. 16. Concerning the wild goats and the hinds,	<i>ib.</i>
87.	5,—8. Q. 17. Concerning the wild as,	533
88.	9,—11. Q. 18. Concerning what is called the unicorn,	<i>ib.</i>
89.	13,—18. Q. 19. Concerning the peacock and the ostrich,	534
90.	19,—25. Q. 20. Concerning the horse for the battle,	<i>ib.</i>
91.	26,—30. Q. 21. Concerning the hawk and eagle,	535
92.	40. 1, 2. Q. 22. Concerning contending with God; or, a humbling challenge given to such as quarrel God's proceedings,	536
93.	3, 4, 5. Job's humble submission, the murmuring mouth stopped, and unjust complaints silenced,	537
94.	6, 7, 8. Q. 23. Moe challenges given to Job, for his further humiliation. The vanity of vying with God, for justice; or of charging him with unrighteousness,	538
95.	9,—14. Q. 24. The vanity of vying with God, for power; and majesty, and dominion, over proud and wicked enemies,	539
96.	15,—24. An instance of God's power in behemoth; that is, as some think, the elephant,	540
97.	41. 1,—10. Of the leviathan in general; that is, the whale, or crocodile; man being unable to subdue and tame him, must own himself to be utterly unable to stand before the great God,	542
98.	11,—38. The power of God set forth in a more particular description of the leviathan,	543
99.	42. 1,—4. Job's humble confession and petition; a penitential prayer,	547
100.	5, 6. Job's deep humiliation, which made way for his remarkable exaltation; or, the happy issue of sanctified affliction, accompanied with divine instruction,	548

P A R T III.

A NEW VERSION of the SONG of SOLOMON.

Introduction, pointing out the design of this new version,	550
Chap. 1. The church's love unto Christ, and his esteem for her; with their mutual congratulations of each other,	551

- Chap.* 2. The mutual love of Christ and the church, with her hope and calling; and Christ's care of her, with the profession of her faith and hope, Page 553
- Chap.* 3. The fight and victory of the church in temptation, and her gloriation in Christ, 555
- Chap.* 4. Christ setteth forth the graces of the church, and sheweth his love to her: she prayeth to be made fit for his presence, 557
- Chap.* 5. Christ awaketh the church by his calling. She, having a taste of his love, is sick of love. A description of Christ by his graces, 559
- Chap.* 6. The church professeth her faith in Christ. He sheweth the graces of the church, and his love towards her, 561
- Chap.* 7. A further description of the church's graces. She professeth her faith and desire, 563
- Chap.* 8. The church's love to Christ, and the vehemency thereof. She intercedeth for the Gentiles, and prayeth for Christ's coming, 565

P A R T IV.

SONGS selected from the Prophet *Isaiab*, &c.

An introduction, pointing out the sublimity and efficacy of the prophetic writings, 569

Song

1. Psalm 92. 2. Morning and evening mercies to be acknowledged, *ib.*
2. Eccl. 11. 9. The day of youth, and the day of judgment, 570
3. 12. 1. 7. The young and old sinner warned; and death dreadful to the unconverted, 571
4. Isaiab 2. 2,—6. The glory, peace, and piety, of the gospel-church, in the latter days, ib.
5. 5. 1,—7. The song of the vineyard, justifying God's severity, 572
6. 12. 1,—6. A song of praise to God, the Saviour and salvation of Zion, for his mercies, 573
7. 25. 1,—12. A song of praise to God for his merciful judgments, saving benefits, and victorious salvation, 574
8. 26. 1,—21. A song inciting to faith, patience, hope, and confidence in God, 576
9. 27. 2,—6. A song of God's care over his vineyard, 579
10. 38. 10,—20. The Song of Hezekiah when his life was lengthened, after a message of death, 580
11. 40. 6, 7, 8. Flesh fading, the word of the Lord abiding, 581
12. 27,—31. Unbelieving fears checked, and strength from heaven promised, 582
13. 42. 1,—5. Christ's mediatory service graced with meekness and constancy, ib.

C O N T E N T S.

xxiii

Song	Page
14. Isa. 42. 5,—13. Christ's commission opened, which he received from the Father; and the joyful singing with which the glad tidings thereof should be received,	583
15. 43. 1,—5. Christ shewing his name, and his victory over his and our enemies,	584
16. 45. 21,—25. Salvation, righteousness, and strength, in Christ alone,	585
17. 53. 1,—12. Unbelief lamented, and the benefit, success, and sufferings of the church declared,	586
18. 54. 1,—17. The engagements, glory, and safety of the church,	588
19. 55. 1, 2, 3. The free gospel-call, pressed with the promise of solid and sure mercy,	591
20. 6,—9. Faith and repentance urged upon sinners, from motives of grace and mercy; or, God's drawing them to himself with cords of love,	592
21. Jer. 8. 18,—22. The desperate state of the church bewailed,	593

P A R T V.

The LAMENTATIONS of *Jeremiah*.

An introduction, containing some reflections on the book, the manner in which it is wrote, with the occasion and use of it,	594
<i>Chap.</i> 1. Jerusalem's miserable state, by reason of her sin, bitterly bewailed: she complaineth of her calamities and grief, both to God, and to friends; solicits commiseration, and confesseth God's judgments to be righteous,	595
<i>Chap.</i> 2. Jeremiah lamenteth the misery of Jerusalem; taking notice of the anger of the Lord as the cause of her calamities, and the sorrow that took place as the effect of these. He maketh his complaint unto God, referring the matter to his compassionate consideration,	601
<i>Chap.</i> 3. The faithful bewail their calamities, viewing them as the fruits and effects of God's displeasure. By the mercies of God they encourage their hope; acknowledging his justice, praying for deliverance, and vengeance on their enemies,	606
<i>Chap.</i> 4. Zion bewaileth her miserable estate, occasioned by the direful effects of the famine, the sacking, and taking of Jerusalem. She confesseth her sins, and acknowledgeth that the iniquities of her leaders were the cause of all these calamities. Edom's destruction foretold, and the return of Zion's captivity,	611
<i>Chap.</i> 5. Zion's pitiful complaint to God in prayer. In which she remonstrates her present calamitous state in her captivity, and protests her concern for God's sanctuary, with a humble supplication to, and expostulation with God for the returns of mercy,	616

P A R T VI.

SONGS selected from the *Minor Prophets*.

An introduction, containing some observations on the *Minor Prophets*,
and their writings, Page 619

Song

1. Jonah 2. 1,—10. Jonah's prayer out of the fish's belly, *ib.*
2. Hab. 3. 2,—19. A prayer of Habakkuk, the prophet, upon
Sigionoth, 620
3. Zeph. 3. 14,—20. Israel excited to sing praises for their salvation
and restoration, 623
4. Zech. 9. 9,—12. The church exhorted to sing and rejoice for
the coming of Christ, and his peaceable kingdom, 624
5. 13. 1. The fountain of purification opened, 625
6. 14. 7. Christ's sufferings and glory, 626

B O O K. II.

NEW-TESTAMENT SONGS; or, Songs upon several select
passages of the New Testament.

P A R T I.

SONGS selected from the *Four Evangelists*.

An Introduction, shewing the utility of enlarging our psalmody, 627

Song

1. Luke 2. 7. 16. A prefatory poem on the Babe in the manger, *ib.*
2. Mat. 5. 3,—12. The eight beatitudes, 629
3. 6. 9,—13. The Lord's prayer, 630
4. 11. 25, 26. Christ's address to God; or, the sovereignty
of grace's benefits, in Christ's thanksgiving to the
Father, *ib.*
5. 27, 28, 29. Christ's address to man; or, his invitation
to sinners, 631
6. Luke 1. 46,—55. The song of Mary, 632
7. 68,—79. The song of Zacharias, 633
8. 8,—14. Christ's nativity celebrated; or, the first good
news of our Saviour's birth, by an angel to the shepherds
in Bethlehem; together with the song of a numerous
company of angels thereupon, 634
9. 2. 9,—32. The song of Simeon, having the babe Jesus
in his arms, 635
10. 4. 16,—23. Christ's preaching, office, and commission, 636
11. 15. 13,—24. The returning prodigal, 637
12. 14. 16,—24. The gospel feast, and the price of it, 638
13. John 1. 1. 3. 14. The deity and humanity of Christ; or, the
God-man, *ib.*
14. 3. 16, 17, 18. Believers saved, unbelievers damned, 640
15. 6. 35. Christ present to faith, upon the gospel-table, and
in the sacramental supper, *ib.*

16. John 14: 1, —6. Christ the way, 640
 17. Christ's miracles, wrought by him, to prove his Godhead and
 divine mission: Recorded by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, 641

P A R T II.

Songs selected out of the *Apostolical Epistles*.

The introduction, pointing out how apposite the Epistles are
 for divine hymns, 645

1. Rom. 5. 12. 21. Ruin by sin, relief by Christ, *ib.*
2. 8. 33,—39. The believer's security in Christ; or, the grounds
 of faith's assurance about the believer's unchangeable
 happy state, 646
3. 11. 33,—36. The unsearchable depths of divine wisdom
 and sovereignty, in the rejection of the Jews, and calling
 of the Gentiles, 647
4. 16. 25, 26, 27. The apostle's doxology for the revelation
 of Christ by the gospel: or, a song of praise to the
 power and wisdom of God, 648
5. 1 Cor. 1. 24. The glory of God in Christ, *ib.*
6. 30. Christ's fourfold name, suited to the sinner's need, 649
7. 13. 1,—13. The excellency and preference of love, 650
8. 15. 54,—58. The song of triumph over death and the
 grave, 652
9. Gal. 6. 14. The world crucified by the cross of Christ, 653
10. Eph. 1. 3,—7. A doxology, or song of praise, for electing, regener-
 ating, and redeeming grace, and all spiritual blessings
 in Christ, *ib.*
11. 3. 19, 20, 21. The apostle's song, or doxology; or, a song
 to the love and power of God, 654
12. Phil. 2. 5,—11. Christ's deep humiliation, and high exaltation, *ib.*
13. 3. 7, 8, 9. Justification by faith alone in Christ's righteous-
 ness 655
- * 14. 1 Tim. 1. 15, 16, 17. Paul's doxology, or thanksgiving for sav-
 ing mercy, 656
15. 3. 16. The great gospel-mystery, *ib.*
16. 5. 16. A song of praise to God, as a powerful, immortal,
 and invisible Being, 657
17. 2 Tim. 4. 7, 8. 16, 17, 18. Paul's departing song, 658
18. Heb. 6. 17, 18, 19. The steady promise; or, the sure ground
 of the believer's faith, *ib.*
19. 13. 20, 21. A song to the God of peace and grace, 659
20. 1 Pet. 1. 3, 4, 5. A song of praise to God, for regeneration to
 a lively hope of eternal life, 660
21. 5. 8,—11. A doxology prefaced with a precept and a prayer;
 or, the devil defeated by faith, well fixed and furnished, 661

Song	Page
22. 2 Pet. 3. 18. Growth in grace, with a doxology,	661
23. 1 John 2. 15, 16. The world's three great temptations,	662
24. Jude ver. 24, 25. The apostle Jude's doxology: or, a song of praise for the ground and hope of perseverance and perfection,	<i>ib.</i>

P A R T III.

SONGS selected from the *Revelation*.

The introduction, shewing what suitable matter this book contains for psalmody.		663
1. Rev. 1. 5,—8. A song to the Redeemer,		664
2. 5. 1,—10. The song of the church to the Lamb, upon the opening of the sealed book,		<i>ib.</i>
3. 11, 12. The song of the angels and church together,		665
4. 13, 14. The song of all the creatures,		666
5. 7. 10,—17. The song of saints and angels, after the sealing of the servants of God: also, the happiness of faithful sufferers for Christ,		667
6. 11. 15,—18. The song of the saints and angels, after the sounding of the seventh trumpet: or, the kingdom of Christ, and the day of judgment,		668
7. 12. 7,—12. The church's song upon the devil's being vanquished; or, upon Michael's war with the dragon,		669
8. 14. 13. A song concerning the blessedness of the dead that die in the Lord,		670
9. 15. 2, 3, 4. The song of Moses and the Lamb; or, Babylon falling,		<i>ib.</i>
10. 18. 20, 21. A song on Babylon's being fallen,		671
11. 19. 1,—4. The triumphant song of saints and angels; for the fall of Babylon,		<i>ib.</i>
12. 5,—9. The epithalamium; or, marriage song,		672
13. 21. 1,—9. The new heaven and the new earth,		673
14. 22,—27. Heaven a glorious and holy state,		674
15. 22. 20. The church's prayer for Christ's second coming,		<i>ib.</i>
16. 21. The conclusion; or, ending prayer: or, the apostle's benediction,		675

TABLE of the MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

An elegiac poem to the memory of Mr. James Cuthbert,	681
An elegy on the death of Mr. Patrick Plenderlieth.	693
A funeral poem to the memory of Mr. Alexander Hamilton,	698
Scripture authorities for subjecting unto, and praying for civil magistrates,	707
A monumental inscription on Mr. Henry Erskine,	711
————— on Mr. Boston,	<i>ib.</i>
An epitaph on Mr. John Hunter,	<i>ib.</i>
————— on Mr. Wilson,	712
————— on Mr. Ballantine,	<i>ib.</i>
An inscription on the grave-stone of provost Brown,	713
A sacred ode on Margaret Dewar,	714

THE
POETICAL
WORKS
OF

THE LATE REVEREND AND LEARNED

MR. RALPH ERSKINE:

CONSISTING OF

I. THE GOSPEL - SONNETS: or, SPIRITUAL SONGS. In Six Parts.

II. A PARAPHRASE, or EXPLANATORY POEM, upon the *Song of Solomon*. In Eight Chapters.

III. SCRIPTURE SONGS, upon some Select Passages of the *Old and New Testaments*. In Two Books.

AND

IV. MISCELLANEOUS POEMS, on different Subjects.

(

A
fo
m
m
w
to
ra
is
m

A
"
"
"
"
f
t
t
l
e
t

A

DEFENCE

OF

RHYME and MUSICAL METRE. *

AS all the Poems and Songs here are written in the form of what is called *Rhyme* and *Common Metre*, so the reason thereof is to answer the design proposed to me, of making the Scripture Songs adapted to our common tunes, so as it may be practicable to sing them, as we do the Psalms of David: and it is owned, that as to the rhyme here, it is not designedly neglected, but rather exactly studied, notwithstanding that blank verse is now become very fashionable; that is, where the measure is kept without rhyme.

The Author of the book, intituled, *The Art of English Poetry*; p. 35. says, "Shakespear, to avoid the troublesome constraint of rhyme, was the first that invented blank verse; that our poets, since him, have made use of it in many of their comedies and tragedies; but that the most celebrated poem of this kind of verse, is Milton's *Paradise Lost*." In a short preface to which book of Milton's, I see an encomium upon that kind of verse that is written without rhyme, as is that of Homer in Greek, and Virgil in Latin, &c.

* This DEFENCE of RHYME and MUSICAL METRE, was first prefixed by our Author to his poems on the book of Job; but in regard the most of his poetical compositions are of this kind, it was judged proper now to make it front the whole of his Poetical Works.

“ Rhyme, says that author, being no necessary adjunct, or true ornament of poems, or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter, and lame metre.”— The same author goes on to disparage rhyme as “ a thing in itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only of apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, &c. not of jingling sounds of like endings, &c.; a fault avoided by the learned antients both in poetry and all good oratory.” Upon which he adds, in favour of that blank verse, “ that the neglect of rhyme is so little to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set (the first in English) of antient liberty reserved to heroic poems, from the troublesome and modern advantage of rhyming.”

It is necessary, in setting forth a book of Scriptural Songs, wherein so much rhyme is used, that we here vindicate the use thereof; which I am not to do, by saying any thing to the disparagement of blank verse, wherein so many fine and excellent thoughts are now delivered, but by offering a just defence of rhyme against such mighty attacks, as tend to the utter-disparagement thereof. Seeing, therefore, that such public advertisements of that kind, though they seem to make an exception of shorter poems, yet may tend to make any performance, coming forth in rhyme, to be the more despicable, and thereby the benefit that otherwise might be reaped by the following poems, in a great measure, be marred to some readers, I shall here endeavour to roll that stumbling-block out of the way, by giving the judgment of some of the most modern writers in favours of rhyme, who will be acknowledged, by all the readers of poesy, to be very competent judges.

By the way, such as are ready to conceive prejudice at rhyme, in favours only of modish blank verse, may remember, that rhyme, even as these who disparage do acknowledge, “ hath been graced by the use of our most famous English poets, both old and late,” without

out seeming, in the least, to be under any restraint or bondage thereby, any more than these that study blank verse are confined, by making them consist of apt numbers, and fit quantity of syllables, and the proper measure: besides, that that kind of verse appears to very many to agree much better with the Greek and Latin dialects, than with the English; and that the proper pause, at the end of Latin verses particularly, seems to be much more easy and natural, than it is in English blank verse; which, for the most part, seems to have such a blank, to their apprehension, that they are ready, either in humouring the measure, to lose the sense; or, in seeking the sense, to lose the measure; especially where the periods are long. This seems to be the sentiment even of a renowned poet, the famous and ingenious Dr. WATTS, in his preface to his *Lyric Poems*; where, after his very high commendation of Milton's works, he hath these words; "Yet all that vast reverence, with which I read his *Paradise Lost*, cannot persuade me to be charmed with every page of it: the length of his periods, and sometimes of his parentheses, run me out of breath; some of his numbers seem too *barsh* and *uneasy*. I could never believe that *roughness* and *obscurity* added any thing to the true grandeur of a poem; nor will I ever affect a *quaint uncouthness* of speech, in order to become perfectly Miltonian, &c. The *oddness* of any antique sound gives but a *false pleasure* to the ears, and abuse the *true relish* even where it works delight," &c. These being the sentiments of such an eminent Poet, concerning the measure and model of some blank verse, I have thought the less strange, that some very judicious persons, of my acquaintance, have wished, that Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Young's *Night Thoughts*, &c. had been written rather in poetic prose, such as Hervey's *Meditations*, and the like, that they might be the more easily and pleasantly read by them.

But further, that I may vindicate rhyme from the forementioned tash; in case any should think that I have studied too much exactness in humouring the sound, I shall, on this head, offer the judgment of some, whose

skill, in poetry, cannot well be questioned. One is Mr. EDWARD BASSHE, the author of the foresaid book, intituled, *The Art of English Poetry*, who says, that “the office of RHYME is to *content* and *please* the ear; and “being designed for music, the sound must be regarded, “as well as the measure; and that if care be not taken “in the propriety of the rhyme, that the sound of the “last syllable be not too weak and languishing, the “verses can never be graceful in the delivery, nor pleasing to the ear.” And in his Preface to his *Dictionary of Rhymes*, he says, p. 7. that, “RHYME is by all allowed “to be the *chief ornament* of versification, in many of “the modern languages; and therefore the more exact “we are in the observation of it, the greater applause “our productions of that nature will deservedly challenge and find.”

Another author I quote is the deservedly celebrated Mr. POPE, who, in our *Scots Magazine*, is designed the *British Homer*, and of whose death it is said, *The power of Song, and force of Music died*. In his Preface to his *Essay on Man*, he gives this as one of his reasons for writing it in rhyme: “This, says he, might have been “done in *prose*, but I choose *verse*, and even RHYME, “for two reasons; the one will appear obvious, that “principles, maxims, and precepts, so written, both “strike the reader more strongly at first; and are more “easily retained by him afterward.”

By these instances given, from such as cannot but be reckoned amongst the best judges of poetry, the readers of the following Poems may be guarded against the temptations of vilifying and undervaluing the sacred matter thereof, on account of the strict observance of the rhyme and metre, which, according to what is said above, ought rather to recommeud them; and which is here studied, not, I hope, for the sake of vain applause, such as Mr. BASSHE seems to speak of, but that the divine truths may be delivered in a strain tending both to please the ear, and by that to strike the heart of the reader, and facilitate the retention or remembrance of the poems, which, in that form, as Mr. POPE observes, are more easily committed to the memory,

espe-

especially if the truths delivered therein be duly apprehended by the mind, and embraced in the heart: and, indeed, I cannot imagine that the verses need be the less agreeable to the judgment that they are not harsh and ungrateful to the ear.

Though the verses in the book of *JOB* have rhyme, for the the most part, not only in the second and fourth, but even in the first and third lines of every stanza; for the neglect of which, Dr *WATTS* hopes his reader will forgive him, in some of his hymns: yet I cannot say that I was thereby brought under much restriction and confinement; because, when the matter was once conceived, the similar endings, together with the proper quantity of syllables, natively enough occurred, without much study: and if they be rendered thereby the more musical, I hope it shall not hence be the more exceptionable, at least to the ordinary ferocious readers, for whose sake I have not industriously neglected it.

It is evident, indeed, from the examples we have in the Greek and Latin poets, and also the English, since *Shakespear's* time, that rhyme is not essential to poetical writings, and that there may be the music of poetry, without the ornament of rhyme; but yet it seems as evident, that this ornament is no novelty. *Bailey's Dictionary* informs, that Mr. *Skinner* is of opinion, that rhyme was first brought into Europe by the Arabians, but that instances are given of rhymes in the Saxon poetry long before the Arabians made such a figure in the world. But if that be reckoned a barbarous age, it is of more consequence that is farther told us, that Mr *Dryden* says, *Monseur le Clerc* has made it out, that *DAVID's Psalms* were written in as arrant [mere] rhyme as they are translated into. And if so, then this ornament has a very antient original, and is no modern invention.

Though I will never defend rhyme, without reason; or base jingling metre, without solid matter, and some sprightly metal (the great want whereof makes me far from commending my own:) nor would I ever commend what is only musical in the ear, without being also instructive to the mind; for, no doubt, right rhyme will

both delight the sense, and improve the intellectuals: yet such as have little taste for music at all, must allow others, yea, even all good judges, to agree with the foresaid eminent Mr. POPE, (in his encomium he makes of this *heavenly art*, as one expresses it, and in the advantage, as well as pleasure, it may always furnish to a well turned mind,) in the following words:

*Music the fiercest grief can charm
And fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below, it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.*

And hence it may be said, especially of sacred and spiritual songs, the more musical, the more celestial.

The following POEMS, of whatever sort, are subjected to what they cannot escape, namely, the censure of the public; a gantlet not easily run in such a learned and critical age, especially as the Songs are spiritual, set out into the midst of a carnal and corrupt age, most part whereof will, indeed, never bestow a glance of their eye upon them, and therefore their censure needs not be feared; or if they do, it is like it may be with such contempt of them, in comparison of wanton and profane sonnets, as a certain English poet expresses, in the following lines:

*This lewd and wicked age can't bear the wit
Of hymns and sonnets, from the sacred writ:
But let one blasphemy and bawdy write,
The lewd and modest both will take delight:
The blushing virgin pleas'd does love to look,
And plants the poem next her prayer-book.*

RALPH ERSKINE.

GOSPEL-SONNETS:

OR,

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

IN SIX PARTS.

- I. THE BELIEVER'S ESPOUSALS,
- II. THE BELIEVER'S JOINTURE,
- III. THE BELIEVER'S RIDDLE,
- IV. THE BELIEVER'S LODGING,
- V. THE BELIEVER'S SOLILOQUY,
- VI. THE BELIEVER'S PRINCIPLES,

CONCERNING

CREATION AND REDEMPTION,

LAW AND GOSPEL,

JUSTIFICATION AND SANCTIFICATION,

FAITH AND SENSE,

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

Mira canam, sed vera canam. BUCHAN. Psalm. lxxviii.

OO

THE
a copy
to the
I was
one of
the na
the fa
yet, le
ful, I h
allowin
becaus
lical t
the tit
Sev
the P
Jerem
to us i
by his
that a
and g
the m
who s
to lost
of such
seeing
fitted

 ○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○○

T H E

P R E F A C E

T O T H E

R E A D E R.

THE first edition of the first five parts of this little book, came forth under the title of GOSPEL-CANTICLES: and though I own a copy was got out of my hand under that name, and so was carried to the press by another hand: yet, upon the publication thereof, I was sometimes uneasy at its going abroad under that title, seeing one of the books of the holy scripture is ordinarily designed by the name of CANTICLES. And though the name, in itself, is much of the same significancy with that which is now assigned to this book; yet, lest it should not be reckoned so sober and becoming as were needful, I have embraced the first opportunity of altering the same, only allowing the other part of the title, which is but an adjunct, to stand; because the main design of the book being, to hold forth some evangelical truths, I thought I might presume to allow it to pass under the title of GOSPEL SONNETS.

Several places and books of scripture, such as the book of Job, the Psalms of David, the Song of Solomon, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, &c. in the original Hebrew, or first language, are delivered to us in a certain kind of verse, or holy poesy; and since the great God, by his holy Spirit, pleased to speak to us, as it were, in metre, I hope that any poor essay, to set forth some of the most necessary, scriptural, and gospel truths, shall not be the less regarded, that it is framed into the mould of common metre and homely rhyme. I own, that these who are skilled this way, will easily discern that I cannot pretend to lofty poesy; but perhaps it is better ordered, that my talent is not of such a soaring nature, as to please the critical palate of a learned age: seeing that, as there are heroic poems in abundance gone abroad, fitted for gratifying those of a polite education; so the exalted turn

of thought, and poetical flights, which would have made these lines capable of giving delight to the refined taste, would, in all likelihood, have rendered them unintelligible, and consequently unserviceable to those of a meaner capacity, and to the common sort of people, for whose instruction and edification these lines are principally designed.

I am abundantly satisfied, on the one hand, that the *matter* contained in these Sonnets, is not below the consideration of the most learned and knowing persons, since there is a brief essay, therein, at the elucidation, or opening up of some of the great mysteries of the gospel, "Which things the angels desire to pry into;" and, therefore, cannot but administer a specious field for exercising the most elevated thoughts of men; yea, they are such as transcend their most sublimated apprehensions, and none but these that are *Θεοδιδάκτοι*, or *taught of God*, can have the saving and spiritual uptaking of. I am sufficiently apprised, on the other hand, that the *manner* wherein these truths are here delivered, is for the most part so low and flat, as may be disagreeable to the gust of the most learned and intelligent, into whose hands these lines may perhaps fall; yet I could wish, that such persons would be so merciful to the rest of the rude and illiterate world, as to be well-pleased and content that some essays, of this nature are sunk to the level of vulgar capacities, considering that *to the poor the gospel is preached*.

I can offer no other apology for my rudeness of expression, besides the want of a cultivated poetical genius, than this, That most of these lines are set down in the very first unrefined dress, wherein they were presented to my mind, when I thought and wrote upon these subjects; nor could the vacant minutes, borrowed from my other weighty work, allow me leisure to study that politeness and elegance of phrase, which more time, leisure and pains, might have hammered out: Which is the reason also, that, in the whole book, I have confined myself to four sorts of metre, which are such as most natively occurred to myself; and yet, I suppose, most adapted for gratifying only those of the most common taste. The favour, therefore, that I ask of the more judicious Readers especially is, that their Christian charity may excuse what weakness is found in the *manner* of treating; and that they, together with all the serious Readers, may have their minds principally intent upon the weight of the *matter*.

If there be any mistake, as well as defects, in the *matter* of these Sonnets, it may be an excuse, that you have this treasure in earthen vessels: only let not the treasure be rejected, because of either the coarseness or chinks of the vessel. As the salvation of sinners is not of the free-will of man, nor of works; but of the free-will of God, and of grace: so the main design of the gospel, is, to depress self, and self-righteousness, to the lowest, and to exalt Christ, and his righteousness, to the highest; and my great desire, in these lines, is to fall in with this design. I am convinced that many dark apprehensions concerning the gospel, flow from mistaking the nature of the

the
quen
Divi
have
with
them
the
it is
"Ac
and
prop
form
cond
us in
tion
"giv
I kno
gone
the
expla
I am
and n
in the
confe
elect
of th
even
the m
to ou
deal
the m
My
to rid
Sancti
appre
may l
of exp
of tru
ortho
I a
of spe
of the
"a ju
"defe
"beli
That
"the
"and
"and
That

the covenant of grace, and the proper parties therein; and consequently the proper condition thereof. And though many excellent Divines (for whose character I have a very great reverence and regard) have represented it as a mutual bargain between God and man, with stipulation and restipulation; yet, without disparagement to them, I owe more regard to our excellent Standards, agreeable to the word of God (to which I own myself solemnly bound) wherein it is held forth as a covenant that "was made with Christ as the second Adam, and in him with all the elect as his seed." And if God and Christ be the parties; we may thence consider what are the proper terms, or what is the condition thereof, and by whom performed. Hence our Standards bring in faith, not as the proper condition of the covenant, but as the condition (or mean) to interest us in Christ; and so, as a part of the divine method in the application of the covenant, and a promise thereof, "He promising and giving his holy Spirit to all his elect, to work in them that faith."—I know that many sound Divines, who either never used, or have gone off from this way of speaking in our Standards, concerning the covenant of grace, as standing between God and Christ, have explained themselves into the most orthodox and sound sense; yet, I am persuaded, that the general receding from this good old way and manner of speaking, and the confounding of the parties contracting in the covenant of grace, namely, God and CHRIST, with the parties consenting in a day of power, and brought into the covenant, namely, elect believers; together with the confounding of the proper condition of the covenant, with the proper qualities of the covenanted; and even the covenant itself, with the manner of its manifestation, and the method of its application; and the not duly attending and adhering to our Standards, in this and the like matters, is at the root of a great deal of mistaken views, even among those that would seem to be the most zealous espousers of our excellent Confession and Catechisms.

My principal design, especially in the sixth part of this book, was to rid marches between the Law and the Gospel, Justification and Sanctification, &c.; from the confounding whereof, many erroneous apprehensions and positions do proceed. And, abstracting from what may be called poetical licence, I have endeavoured, in my manner of expression, to keep close by the form of sound words, the scriptures of truth, our received Standards, and the sentiments of the most eminent orthodox Divines.

I am not fond of novelties, new schemes of doctrine, nor new ways of speaking, which I find some late writers have run into, in the heat of their disputes; such as, "That the sins of believers, though in a justified state, bring on them a liability to the threatened and deserved punishment, from the penal sanction of the law."—"That believers are under the threatening of eternal death and wrath."—"That they are under the penal sanction of the moral law."—"That they ought to be influenced in their obedience by the threatenings and fears of hell, which are filial, and of falling into eternal wrath; and by the fear of losing their sonship, and being disinherited."—"That their obedience, as such, and good works have the promise of life

"and glory annexed to them, &c." These, and the like expressions, seem to import some new scheme of divinity, some new notions of doctrine, and new modes of speaking, not known in our Standards. In opposition to which, I prefer the truths; and ways of expressing the same; which are laid down in our excellent Confession of Faith and Catechisms, plainly founded on the scriptures of truth, and which we in this church are strictly and solemnly bound to maintain: The language whereof, on these points, seems to have another sort of a sound, while it is there declared, "That these that are justified, can never fall from the state of justification; yet they may, by their sins, fall under God's fatherly displeasure 1.—That they are delivered from the moral law as a covenant of works, so as thereby they are neither justified nor condemned 2.—That they are freed from the guilt of sin, the condemning wrath of God, and the curse of the moral law 3.—That justification doth equally free all believers from the revenging wrath of God, and that perfectly in this life 4.—That they are to yield obedience to God, not out of slavish fear, but a child-like love and willing mind; and, being delivered out of the hands of their enemies, are to serve the Lord without fear, in holiness and righteousness, before him, all the days of their life 5.—That the persons of believers being accepted through Christ, their good works are also accepted in him, he looking upon them in his Son, &c." 6 These are a part of our Form of Sound Words, worthy to be considered and compared with the former different sound above-mentioned, in order to try if they can make a comfort. But it is not my work to enlarge on these things at present; only, it is upon these, and the like positions in our Standards, that the foundation of the most of the following Sonnets is laid, not upon any new notions.

I fear, indeed, the tendency of some new phrases, expressions, and positions, that have been spread abroad, beside these now mentioned; such as,

1. "That sinners must leave their sins, in order to come to Christ:" Whereas it is certainly a safer way of speaking, to say, "That sinners must come to Christ, that he may sanctify them, and take away their sins; his name being Jesus, because he saves his people from their sins." Or rather, to use the words of our Confession, namely, "That their duty, with respect to saving faith, lies in accepting, receiving, and resting upon Christ alone for justification, SANCTIFICATION, and eternal life, by virtue of the covenant of grace." 7—The former way of speaking, in contradistinction from this, tends to make people think their salvation depends partly on themselves, and partly upon Christ.

2. "That gospel repentance is necessary as a condition, in order to our justification in the sight of God." Whereas it is safer to stand by the words of our Confession; "That repentance is not to be rested in as any satisfaction for sin, or any cause of the pardon thereof,

1 Confession of Faith, chap. xi. sect. 5. 2 Larger Catechism, quest. 97.
3 Confess. chap. xx. sect. 1. 4 Larger Cat. quest. 77. 5 Confess. chap. xx.
sect. 1. 3. 6 Ibid. chap. xvi. sect. 6. 7 Ibid. chap. xiv. sect. 2.

"which is God's act of free grace in Christ; and yet is of such necessity to all sinners, that none may expect pardon without it *," no more than they can expect pardon without amendment; for only "He that *confesseth* and *forgeth* shall find mercy:" and, yet who will say, that this amendment of life is a necessary condition, in order to our justification?

3. "That unbelievers are not under the commanding power of the covenant of works; why, because they are not obliged to seek justification by their own works;" as if the seeking justification, that way, were the precise form of that covenant; whereas Adam might have been justified by his works, though he had never sought justification that way; since, as hath been well cleared by others, "The annexing of the promise of life, and threatening of death, to the precept, and making perfect obedience the covenant-condition upon which these were suspended," was the precise form of the covenant of works; and not man's being obliged to *seek* or aim at justification by his works, which was but a consequent thereof: for, if he had fulfilled the condition of that covenant, or yielded that perfect obedience, to which life was thus annexed, without seeking or aiming at any thing else, but the pleasing and glorifying of God, he had been justified by his works. Hence, even these that are obliged to seek life and justification by the obedience of another; yet while they do it not, but remain in unbelief, they abide under the commanding, as well as the condemning power of the covenant of works; that is, under an obligation to perfect obedience, upon pain of death; and the forfeiture of eternal life and all title thereto, by reason of their want of that obedience, and the violation of that covenant: hence our Standards make it the privilege only of believers, "That they are not under the moral law as a covenant of works, to be thereby either justified or condemned †:" Which plainly says, not only that the moral law was turned into the form of a covenant of works, by its being made a covenant of life and justification upon *doing*, and of death and condemnation upon *not doing*; but also, that as unbelievers are under the *condemning* power of that covenant, which condemns the disobedient to eternal death for their sins; so they are under the *commanding* power of that same covenant,—which justifies all that can and do obey it, and would justify them also, if they had the power, and did yield obedience to it, in the manner it requires; which is not so with the believer, who, though he had a personal righteousness in perfection, as he will have it in heaven, yet there is no connection between it and his justification, or title to eternal life, which is to him *the gift of God through Jesus Christ*; he being brought under another covenant, which makes his title to life stand upon another foundation: but now, to free unbelievers from being under the *commanding* power of the covenant of works; is, in my opinion, to free them also from the *condemning* power of it; for, if they were not under obligation to the command of it, how

* Confession of Faith, Chap. xv. Sect. 2. † Ibid. Chap. xv. Sect. 3.

Ibid. Chap. xix. Sect. 6.

could they justly be condemned by it for want of obedience thereto, or transgressing thereof? Where no command, no transgression; where no transgression, no penalty. Nay, Reader, the debt stands upon their head, though they be insolvent debtors and bankrupts; and that is the very thing that makes them need to seek the active, as well as passive obedience of Christ (who, as Surety, came to fulfil the righteousness of the law only as a covenant of works) for their justification and eternal life: whereas, if they were not under obligation to the command of the covenant of works, I see no need they would have of Christ's active obedience in their room. Our old way of speaking hath been to this purpose, That all men are under a covenant of works intirely, so long as they remain out of Christ, and so out of the covenant of grace; and that they need his complete righteousness, both of doing and suffering, for their justification; and it is not meet that we be driven out of the good old way, by new quirks and sophisms.

4. Another way of speaking, that I find amidst these late alterations or debates, is, That "faith having its chief seat in the will, doubting is not contrary to faith; and that, to espouse the definition of faith that past current at the Reformation, or among the Reformers, is a receding from our Standards." As the Reader will find some little hint concerning *faith* in the following SONNETS, so I agree cordially with our Standards in their definitions of faith; and also think that the complex assurance therein mentioned (including that of spiritual sense as well as faith, that which is reflex as well as direct) "is not of the essence of faith, or so of the essence of it, but that a true believer may wait long, and conflict with many difficulties, before he be partaker of it *." But I am not fond of confining faith to the will as its chief seat; but rather, with the learned and judicious Dr. OWEN, judge, "That it is seated in the understanding, as to its being and subsistence; and in the will and heart, as to its effectual working;" which makes it, under the conduct of the Spirit of faith, to be a "cordial assent to the divine testimony concerning Christ," who can be no otherwise believingly received by us, but in a word, or as offered in the gospel. Far less am I fond of making faith consistent with doubting in its nature, (though faith and doubting may both be in the same subject) seeing Christ hath set them at odds, saying, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" Where I see the believer may have doubts: yea, and be wholly over-run with them, because he hath unbelief; and yet his faith and doubting differ, as faith and unbelief do. But least of all am I fond of making our Standards clash with the doctrine of our Reformers; especially seeing our Assembly 1647, in their acts receiving these Standards, declared, "That upon due examination thereof, they were found to be most agreeable to the word of God; and in nothing contrary to the received doctrine of this Kirk:" which was the doctrine of the Reformation, and of other reformed Churches, on these points.—Several other new and strange ways of speaking are interspersed among
some

* Confession of Faith, Chap. xviii. sect. 3.

some late writings, but it was not my purpose to insist so long as I have done upon these matters.

Serious Reader, I shall only add here, that my principal design, in the following SONNETS, was to commend Christ to your soul; especially as he is the Lord your righteousness. And, I hope, you know that I cannot hyperbolize, or exceed in the commendation of Christ's righteousness alone, as the matter of our justification before God. I think it worth the remarking here, how strict and accurate the words of our Confession are, in excluding all works from having any share in this matter, saying, "These whom God effectually calleth, he also freely justifieth; not by infusing righteousness into them, but by pardoning their sins, and accounting and accepting their persons as righteous; not for any thing wrought in them, or done by them, but for Christ's sake alone; not by imputing faith itself, the act of believing, or any other evangelical obedience, to them, as their righteousness, but by imputing the obedience and satisfaction of Christ unto them, they receiving and resting on him by faith; which faith they have not of themselves, it is the gift of God." *

Reader, in all your mental debates, or verbal altercations about these things, and this subject in particular, seriously bethink yourself what is like to be your opinion thereof, when you come to die, and are about to face the awful tribunal of a just and holy God. And, in all such points of eternal moment, ever think that part the safest, which doth least humour man's pride, and most exalt God's glory; since the scope of the gospel is, to shut out boasting, to bring in self-denial, and to magnify the righteousness of Christ, by which he hath magnified the law, and made it honourable; and in the true and lively faith of which, all true peace, heart-holiness, and practical godliness is rooted, Rom. v. i. Acts xv. 9. Titus iii. 5. 8. Gal. iii. 16. 19. Many opposers of this doctrine in their lives, have owned it as the best divinity at their death, and before it; such as Bellarmine, who was not alone in his *Tutissimum est*, &c. "It is the safest way to rest upon the mercy of God in Christ alone for salvation."

Reader, whatever other apologies this book has formerly been pre-faced with † (as to the manner in which many lines in it are written) shall be here altogether dropt and forborn. I now dismiss it as it is, under the conduct of divine providence, to take its hazard in the world; since it has already served its apprenticeship under several impressions, and gone through both kind and hard usage; through good report and bad report. It never promised much to them that seek nothing but pleasure and satisfaction to their fancy; but I have heard,

* Confession of Faith, chap. xi. sect. 1.

† What follows is all the Preface usually of late prefixed to the small copy of the GOSPEL SONNETS.

that it has done some service (and, I hope, through the blessing of Heaven, it may yet do more) to them that seek profit and edification to their souls.

The late edition of this book at London being more full and complete than any that was formerly emitted, it is fit here to acquaint the reader, that this is printed exactly off the London copy, without any material addition or alteration, except in the Third Part of the Book that comes under the name of Riddles, or Mysteries; and Part Sixth, chap. iii. sect. i. intitled, "The Believer's Principles concerning the Mysteries of the Law and Gospel;" both of which (because there were several demands in this country for a new edition) I thought fit to confirm by scripture-texts, cited at the bottom of the page, for the benefit of those that are weak in knowledge, and unacquainted with the Scripture †. I have directed them by a reference at every branch of the sentence that is either seemingly or really opposite to the other, unto some scriptural text, one or more, for evincing the truth thereof: by which means the weakest, that is willing, may come to understand the most difficult paradox or mystery, mentioned in this book; at least so far as to see that every part of it is founded on the word of God, either directly, or by plain and necessary consequence.

Only this general rule is to be observed, namely, That the Reader always consider what is the subject treated in every section or stanza; and this for the sake of the more illiterate, I shall illustrate by two examples, the one concerning the *law*, and the other concerning the *believer*. The former you see, Part III. sect. vi. ver. 25. where it is said,

*I'm not oblig'd to keep it more;
Yet more oblig'd than e'er before.*

Here you are to remark, that as the subject spoken of, is the Law; so the Law, in scripture, is considered two ways, viz. both as a covenant of works, and as a rule of duty. Now that the believer is under no obligation to the law as it is a covenant of works, or to perform obedience to it as a ground of justification (which is also the subject treated in that section) is confirmed in the foot-notes, by the following scriptures, to which you are directed by the reference; Rom. vi. 14. Gal. v. 1,—4. where you may see believers are said to be not under the law, but under grace; and exhorted to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made them free: and assured that Christ is become of no effect to them, whosoever of them are justified by the law; they are fallen from grace. Again, that the believer is under more obligation than ever before he was justified, to yield obedience to the law as it is a rule of life (which is the other branch of that paradox) is confirmed by these following texts of scripture, to which you are directed by the reference, Rom. vi. 1, 2, 15. where it is said, "Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound?"

God

† The Scriptures in this edition are extended.

"God forbid: How shall we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein? What then? Shall we sin, because we are not under the law, but under grace? God forbid." From which texts, together with their contexts, it is evident, that the believer's freedom from the law, as a covenant, does not at all free him from obligation to it as a rule, but superadds to the natural obligation, that of grace, which both argumentatively and effectively teaches what the law does authoritatively and preceptively, namely, "To deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world," Titus ii. 11, 12.

The other example I adduce, you may read, Part III. sect. x. ver. 47. where the words are:

*To good and evil equal bent;
I'm both a devil and a saint.*

Here the Reader may notice, that the subject spoken of, is the Believer, or the Saint's old and new man described (which is part of the title of that section) or considered as to his regenerate and unregenerate part; in which view he is frequently spoken of in scripture; *ex. gr.* John iii. 6. 9. it is said of the believer, or the person born of God, that *he sinneth not*; and that *he cannot sin, because he is born of God*: there he is spoken of as to his new nature, or regenerate part. But, 1 John i. 8. the words are, "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us:" where the apostle speaks of believers unregenerate and corrupt part. Now, this being the scriptural representation of the believer, the foresaid paradox is easily proven from scripture.

The *first* branch is, That he is equally bent to good and to evil.—For the proof of this, you are directed in the foot-note to Rom. vii. 21. where the apostle Paul, speaking both of his corrupt and renewed part, says, "I find a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me." And if you read the preceeding and following context, you will find him complaining how corruption bends him as far one way, as grace another.

The *other* part of the same paradox is, That the believer is, on these accounts, both a devil and a saint. Now, that the believer is, by nature and corruption, a *devil*, is one branch of this position here to be confirmed. That he is so by *nature*, is proven by the following scriptures, in the forecited place at the bottom, John vi. 70. and viii. 44. compared; where Christ, speaking of some that were in a natural state, *viz.* of Judas and the Jews, discovers what is the state of all men by nature, "That they are of their father the devil, since the lusts of their father they will do;" and therefore may be called devils, as our Lord calls Judas, saying, "I have chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil." And such are believers also naturally, as descendants of the first Adam, being "Children of disobedience, and children of wrath by nature, even as others," Eph. ii. 2, 3. And that the believer is so, not only by nature, but also by reason of remaining *corruption*, is proven at the foot,
in

in the same place, from James iii. 15. where that apostle, speaking of strife and envy that may be even among the children of God, (which, indeed, has too much taken place in all ages), says, "This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish." Again, that though the believer be by nature and corruption a devil, yet he is by grace and regeneration a saint, is documented also in the same place, from 1 Cor. vi. 11. "Such were some of you; but ye "are sanctified," &c.

In this manner you may go over all the rest of the paradoxes, riddles, or mysteries contained in this book, and find them evidently confirmed by the scriptures of truth, the word of God. This might be no unprofitable exercise, but tend to lead you to the true knowledge of the gospel, to which mysteries are so essential, that it is designed by them, and called, "The wisdom of God in a mystery;" 1 Cor. ii. 7.; and the knowledge of which is so essential to Christianity, and so absolutely necessary to salvation, that the same apostle declares, that "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost; in whom the god "of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, "lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image "of God, should shine unto them," 2 Cor. iv. 3, 4.

Again, if you search the scriptures, you will see many more proofs for every point than I have adduced, and perhaps many much more apposite; for these only are set down at the bottom of the page, that first occurred to me: yet, I suppose, though sometimes but one, and sometimes more scriptures are pointed out, they are such as sufficiently confirm the positions they relate to. But that other scriptures might have been adduced in plenty, I shall give one instance in the paradox just now mentioned, viz. That every believer, while in the world, is both a devil and a saint. The latter clause is what none will deny, namely, That every believer is a saint; for further proof of which, you might see, Acts xv. 9. and xxvi. 18, &c. But because the first clause may seem more harsh, it may, by scripture, be also farther evinced two ways: (1.) In respect of the daily commission of sin he has to challenge himself with: for the scripture says, Eccles. vii. 20. "There is not a just man upon earth, that doth good, "and sinneth not." And with this compare 1 John iii. 8. "He that "committeth sin, is of the devil." Hence it is plain, there is not a just man upon earth, but may, in respect of the commission of sin, be called a devil. (2.) In respect of prevalent temptations, by which he may be hurried into those things that savour not of God, but of men; on which account Christ says to Peter, Matth. xvi. 23. "Get thee "behind me, Satan." And if Christ calls Peter a devil, whom he had described as a saint of the first magnitude, ver. 17. one divinely blessed and enlightened; what occasion may every believer have to call himself a devil? Yea, it is a part of his faith and sanctity, to see and acknowledge, with shame before the Lord, his own devilish and desperately wicked heart and nature, which a blind, self-conceited world are ignorant of, being neither acquainted with themselves, nor with God and his word. However, so it is, that the more any shall search the scripture, the more, I hope, will they discern, not only by the texts

I have quoted, but from many others also, the truth and evidence of every part of this book, however mysterious—some passages of it may seem to many.

Though some of these lines may want the politeness that can please the curious age; yet, while they stand firm upon a scriptural foundation, none of them want authority, and that of the highest nature, except in the account of mockers, and those (of whom there are too many in our day) that are either Deists, who undervalue the scripture, or Atheists, who deride it: and it is sadly to be regretted, that those people are hardened in their wicked principles and practices, by some that perhaps have a higher profession. For I have seen two prints, one called the *Groan*, and another the *Laugh*, wherein some lines, picked out among others, have been exposed to ridicule: but however such gentlemen may laugh at their own sport, and wickedly divert themselves with serious matters for a time, I fear their laughing will issue in weeping for ever; if God, by giving them repentance, do not make them groan to purpose, for the evidences they thus give of either their grievous ignorance of the scripture, or their gross profanity, and of their readiness to yield themselves instruments of the devil, to promote the Atheistical spirit of the age, which is bent enough (without any such provocations) to laugh at every thing serious, sacred, and scriptural. This is so palpable, without my observations upon it, and so self-evident to all that fear God, and have had the patience to read such prints, that I would not have thought them worth my noticing so far, as to make this bare mention of them, had not Providence put the pen in my hand to preface this edition, wherein scriptural proofs are added to that part of the book.

Reader, It gives me satisfaction enough to understand, that this book has already been useful and edifying to some, however it is entertained by others. The gospel itself is to some the savour of life, to others the savour of death; to some wisdom, to others foolishness; to some matter of faith, love, and comfort; to others matter of mockery and scorn. I shall be far from thinking it any discredit or disparagement to this book, if it meet with the like entertainment.

May the Lord of heaven and earth, who over-rules all things, accompany it in its journies, abroad or at home, with his blessing to their souls, for their holy recreation and their spiritual edification and comfort: and to his care I commend it, in the words of a famous and justly celebrated Scots poet, upon Psalm xxxv. 1.

*Rerum sancte Opifex, ades,
Et patrocinio protege me tuo.*

BUCH.

Which may be adapted to the matter in hand thus,

The truth which hell may criticize,
Great God, be near to patronize.

R. ERSKINE.

A
P O E M,

DEDICATED TO THE

REVEREND MR. RALPH ERSKINE,

By a LADY in NEW ENGLAND, on reading his GOSPEL SONNETS.

ERSKINE, thou blessed herald, sound,
Till sin's black empire totter to the ground.
Well hast thou *Sinai's* awful flames display'd,
And rebels doom before their conscience laid:
From sin, from self, from trust in duty fly,
Commit thy naked soul to Christ, or die.
Go on and prosper in the name of God,
Seraphic preacher, through the thorny road:
The gracious Christ thy labours will reward;
His angel-bands be thy perpetual guard:
Though hell's dark regions at the present hiss,
The God of glory thy strong refuge is.
Mere moral preachers have no pow'r to charm,
Thy lines are such my nobler passions warm;
These glorious truths hath set my soul on fire,
And while I read, I'm love and pure desire.
May the black train of errors hatch'd in hell;
No longer in this globe in quiet dwell:
May more like you be rais'd to show their shame,
And call them by their diabolic name.
Exalt the Lamb in lovely white and red,
Angels and saints his lasting honours spread;
My trembling soul shall bear her feeble part,
'Tis he hath charm'd my soul, and won my heart.
Bless'd be the Father, for electing love;
Bless'd be the Son, who does my guilt remove;
Bless'd be the Dove, who does his grace apply.
Oh! may I praising live, and praising die!

* * * * *

GOSPEL-SONNETS.

P A R T I.

The BELIEVER's ESPOUSALS:

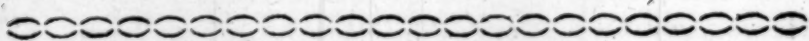
A POEM upon Isa. liv. 5. *Thy Maker is thy Husband.*

P R E F A C E.

HARK, dying mortal, if the Sonnet prove,
A song of living and immortal love,
'Tis then thy grand concern the theme to know,
If life and immortality be so.
Are eyes to read, or ears to hear a trust?
Shall both in death be cram'd anon with dust?
Then trifle not to please thine ear and eye,
But read thou, hear thou, for eternity.
Pursue not shadows wing'd, but be thy chase,
The God of glory on the field of grace:
The mighty hunter's name is lost and vain,
That runs not this substantial prize to gain.
These humble lines assume no high pretence,
To please thy fancy, or allure thy sense;
But aim, if everlasting life's thy chase,
To clear thy mind, and warm thy heart thro' grace.
A marriage so mysterious I proclaim,
Betwixt two parties of such diff'rent fame,
That human tongues may blush their names to tell,
To wit, the Prince of heav'n, the heir of hell!

D

But, on so vast a subject who can find
 Words suiting the conceptions of his mind?
 Or, if our language with our thought could vie,
 What mortal thought can raise itself so high?
 When words and thoughts both fail, may faith and pray'r
 Ascend by climbing up the scripture-stair:
 From sacred writ these strange espousals may
 Be explicated in the following way.



C H A P. I.

A general account of Man's fall in Adam, and the remedy provided in Christ; and a particular account of man's being naturally wedded to the law, as a covenant of works.

S E C T. I.

The Fall of Adam.

OLD Adam once a heav'n of pleasure found,
 While he with perfect innocence was crown'd:
 His wing'd affections to his God could move
 In raptures of desire, and strains of love.
 Man standing spotless, pure, and innocent,
 Could well the law of works with works content;
 Tho' then, (nor since,) it could demand no less
 Than personal and perfect righteousness:
 These unto sinless men were easy terms,
 Tho' now beyond the reach of wither'd arms.
 The legal cov'nant then upon the field,
 Perfection fought, man could perfection yield.
 Rich had he and his progeny remain'd,
 Had he primeval innocence maintain'd:
 His life had been a rest without annoy,
 A scene of bliss, a paradise of joy.
 But subtle Satan, in the serpent hid,
 Proposing fair the fruit that God forbid,
 Man soon seduc'd by hell's alluring art,
 Did, disobedient, from the rule depart,

Devour'd the bait, and by his bold offence
 Fell from his blissful state of innocence *.
 Prostrate, he lost his God, his life, his crown,
 From all his glory tumbled headlong down,
 Plung'd in a deep abyfs of sin and wo,
 Where, void of heart to will, or hand to do :
 For's own relief he can't command a thought,
 The total sum of what he can is nought.
 He's able only now t' increase his thrall,
 He can destroy himself, and this is all.
 But can the hellish brat Heav'n's law fulfil ?
 Whose precepts high surmount his strength and skill.
 Can filthy dross produce a golden beam ?
 Or poison'd springs a salutif'rous stream ?
 Can carnal minds, fierce enmity's wide maw,
 Be duly subject to the divine law ?
 Nay, now its direful threatenings must take place
 On all the disobedient human race,
 Who do by guilt Omnipotence provoke,
 Obnoxious stand to his uplifted stroke.
 They must engulf themselves in endless woes,
 Who to the living God are deadly foes ;
 Who natively his holy will gainfay,
 Must to his awful justice fall a prey :
 In vain do mankind now expect, in vain
 By legal deeds immortal life to gain :
 Nay, death is threatened, threats must have their due.
 Or souls that sin, must die† ; as God is true.

S E C T. II.

Redemption through Christ.

THE second Adam, sov'reign Lord of all,
 Did, by his Father's authorizing call,
 From bosom of eternal love descend,
 To save the guilty race that him offend ;
 To treat an everlasting peace with those,
 Who were, and ever would have been his foes.

* Gen. iii. 1,--6.

† Ezek. xviii. 4.

His errand, never-ending life to give
 To them, whose malice would not let him live;
 To make a match with rebels, and espouse
 The brat which at his love her spite avows.
 Himself he humbled, to depress her pride,
 And make his mortal foe his loving bride.
 But, ere the marriage can be solemniz'd,
 All lets must be remov'd, all parties pleas'd.
 Law-righteousness requir'd, must be procur'd,
 Law-vengeance threaten'd, must be full endur'd.
 Stern justice must have credit by the match,
 Sweet mercy by the heart the bride must catch.
 Poor Bankrupt! all her debt must first be paid,
 Her former husband in the grave be laid:
 Her present Lover must be at the cost,
 To save and ransom to the uttermost.
 If all these things this Suitor kind can do,
 Then he may win her, and her blessing too.
 Hard terms indeed! while death's the first demand:
 But love is strong as death*, and will not stand
 To carry on the suit, and make it good,
 Tho' at the dearest rate of wounds and blood.
 The burden's heavy, but the back is broad,
 The glorious Lover is the mighty God †.
 Kind bowels yearning in the eternal Son,
 He left his Father's court, his heav'nly throne:
 Aside he threw his most divine array,
 And wrapt his Godhead in a vail of clay.
 Angelic armies, who in glory crown'd,
 With joyful harps his awful throne surround,
 Down to the crystal frontier of the sky,
 To see the Saviour born, did eager fly ‡;
 And ever since behold with wonder fresh
 Their Sov'reign and our Saviour wrapt in flesh.
 Who in this garb did mighty love display,
 Restoring what he never took away §;
 To God his glory, to the law its due,
 To heav'n its honour, to the earth its hue;
 To man a righteousness, divine, complete,
 A royal robe, to suit the nuptial rite.

* Song viii. 6. † Isa. ix. 6. ‡ Luke ii. 9,---14. § Psal. lxix. 4.

He in her favours, whom he lov'd so well,
At once did purchase heav'n, and vanquish hell.
O! unexampled love! so vast, so strong,
So great, so high, so deep, so broad, so long!
Can finite thought this ocean huge explore,
Unconscious of a bottom or a shore?
His love admits no parallel; for why,
At one great draught of love he drank hell dry.
No drop of wrathful gall he left behind,
No dreg to witness that he was unkind.
The sword of awful justice pierc'd his side,
That mercy thence might gush upon the bride.
The meritorious labours of his life,
And glorious conquests of his dying strife;
Her debt of doing, suff'ring, both cancell'd,
And broke the bars his lawful captive held.
Down to the ground the hellish hosts he threw,
Then mounting high, the trump of triumph blew,
Attended with a bright seraphic band,
Sat down enthron'd sublime on God's right hand;
Where glorious choirs their various harps employ
To sound his praises with confed'rate joy.
There he, the bride's strong Intercessor sits,
And thence the blessings of his blood transmits.
Sprinkling all o'er the flaming throne of God,
Pleads for her pardon his atoning blood;
Sends down his holy co-eternal Dove,
To shew the wonders of incarnate love,
To woo and win the bride's reluctant heart,
And pierce it with his kindly killing dart:
By gospel-light to manifest that now
She has no further with the law to do;
That her new Lord has loos'd the fœd'ral tye,
That once hard bound her, or to do or die;
That precepts, threats, no single mite can crave.
Thus for her former spouse he digg'd a grave;
The law fast to his cross did nail and pin,
Then bury'd the defunct his tomb within,
That he the lonely widow to himself might win.

S E C T. III.

Man's legal disposition.

BUT, after all, the bride's so malecontent,
 No argument, save pow'r, is prevalent
 To bow her will, and gain her heart's consent.
 The glorious Prince's suit she disapproves,
 The law her old primordial husband loves;
 Hopeful in its embraces life to have,
 Though dead and bury'd in her Suitor's grave;
 Unable to give life, as once before;
 Unfit to be a husband any more.
 Yet proudly she the new address disdains,
 And all the blest Redeemer's love and pains;
 Tho' now his head, that cruel thorns did wound,
 Is with immortal glory circled round;
 Archangels at his awful footstool bow,
 And drawing love sits smiling on his brow.
 Tho' down he sends in gospel-tidings good
 Epistles of his love, sign'd with his blood:
 Yet lordly she the royal suit rejects,
 Eternal life by legal works affects;
 In vain the living seeks among the dead *,
 Sues quickning comforts in a killing head.
 Her dead and bury'd husband has her heart,
 Which can nor death remove, nor life impart.
 Thus all revolting Adam's blinded race
 In their first spouse their hope and comfort place.
 They natively expect, if guilt them press,
 Salvation by a home-bred righteousness:
 They look for favour in JEHOVAH's eyes,
 By careful doing all that in them lies.
 'Tis still their primary attempt to draw
 Their life and comfort from the vet'ran law;
 They flee not to the hope the gospel gives;
 To trust a promise bare, their minds aggrieves,
 Which judge the man that does, the man that lives.
 As native as they draw their vital breath,
 Their fond recourse is to the legal path.

* Luke xxiv. 5.

Why, says old nature in law-wedded man,
 " Won't Heav'n be pleas'd, if I do all I can?
 " If I conform my walk to Nature's light,
 " And strive, intent to practise what is right?
 " Thus, won't I by the God of heav'n be bless'd,
 " And win his favour, if I do my best?
 " Good God! he cries, when press'd with debt and thrall,
 " Have patience with me, and I'll pay thee all *."
 Upon their all, their best, they're fondly mad,
 Tho' yet their ail is naught, their best is bad.
 Proud man his *can-does* mightily exalts,
 Yet are his brightest works but splendid faults.
 A sinner may have shews of good, but still
 The best he can, even at his best, is ill.
 Can heav'n or divine favour e'er be win
 By those that are a mass of hell and sin?
 The righteous law does num'rous woes denounce
 Against the wretched soul that fails but once:
 What heaps of curses on their heads it tears,
 That have amass'd the guilt of num'rous years!

S E C T. IV.

*Man's strict attachment to legal terms, or to the law as
 a condition of life.*

SAY, on what terms then Heav'n appears'd will be?
 Why, sure, perfection is the least degree.
 Yea, more, full satisfaction must be giv'n
 For trespass done against the laws of Heav'n.
 These are the terms: what mortal back so broad,
 But must for ever sink beneath the load?
 A ransom must be found, or die they must,
 Sure, even as justice infinite is just.
 But, says the legal, proud, self-righteous heart,
 Which cannot with her ancient consort part,
 " What! won't the goodness of the God of heav'n
 " Admit of smalls when greater can't be given?
 " He knows our falls diminish'd all our funds,
 " Won't he accept of pennies now for pounds?

* Mat. xvi. 26.

"Sincere endeavours for perfection take,
 "Or terms more possible for mankind make?"
 Ah! poor divinity, and jargon loose;
 Such hay and straw will never build the house.
 Mistake not here, proud mortal; don't mistake;
 God changes not, nor other terms will make.
 Will divine faithfulness itself deny,
 Which swore solemnly, Man shall do or die?
 Will God, most true, extend to us, forsooth,
 His goodness to the damage of his truth?
 Will spotless holiness be baffled thus?
 Or awful justice be unjust for us?
 Shall faithfulness be faithless for our sake,
 And he his threats, as we his precepts break?
 Will our great Creditor deny himself?
 And for full payment take our filthy pelf?
 Dispense with justice, to let mercy vent?
 And stain his royal crown with 'minish'd rent?
 Unworthy thought! O let no mortal clod
 Hold such base notions of a glorious God.
 Heav'n's holy covenant, made for human race,
 Consists, or whole of works, or whole of grace.
 If works will take the field, then works must be
 For ever perfect to the last degree:
 Will God dispense with less? Nay sure, he won't
 With ragged toll his royal law affront.
 Can rags, that Sinai flames will soon dispatch,
 E'er prove the fiery law's adequate match?
 Vain man must be divorc'd, and choose to take
 Another husband, or a burning lake.

We find the divine volume no-where teach
 New legal terms within our mortal reach.
 Some make, tho' in the sacred page unknown,
 Sincerity assume perfection's throne:
 But who will boast this base usurper's sway,
 Save minister's of darkness, that display,
 Invented night to stifle scripture-day?
 The nat'ralist's sincerity is naught;
 That of the gracious is divinely taught;
 Which teaching keeps their graces, if sincere,
 Within the limits of the gospel-sphere,

Chap

Wh

Nor

Sinc

The

Of p

But

H

The

And

Wit

Thu

Mist

The

But

The

No

For

But

Res

Wit

Her

But

Wit

And

Men

j

B

Suc

So

All

Ma

She

W

Th

Sh

Where vaunting, none created graces sing,
 Nor boast of streams, but of the Lord the spring.
 Sincerity's the soul of ev'ry grace,
 The quality of all the ransom'd race.
 Of promis'd favour 'tis a fruit, a clause;
 But no procuring term, no moving cause.

How unadvis'd the legal mind confounds
 The marks of divine favour with the grounds,
 And qualities of covenanted friends
 With the condition of the cov'nant blends?
 Thus holding gospel-truths with legal arms,
 Mistakes new-cov'nant fruits for fœd'ral terms.
 The joyful sound no change of terms allows,
 But change of persons, or another spouse.
 The nature same that sinn'd must do or die;
 No milder terms in gospel-offers lie.
 For grace no other law-abatement shews,
 But how law-debtors may restore its dues;
 Restore, yea, thro' a Surety in their place,
 With double int'rest and a better grace.
 Here we of no new terms of life are told,
 But of a husband to fulfil the old;
 With him alone by faith we're call'd to wed,
 And let no rival *bruik the marriage-bed.

S E C T. V.

*Men's vain attempt to seek life by Christ's righteousness,
 joined with their own; and legal hopes natural to all.*

BUT still the bride reluctant disallows
 The junior suit, and hugs the senior spouse.
 Such the old selfish folly of her mind,
 So bent to lick the dust, and grasp the wind,
 Alledging works and duties of her own
 May for her criminal offence atone;
 She will her antic dirty robe provide,
 Which vain the hopes will all pollution hide.
 The filthy rags that faints away have flung,
 She holding, wraps and rolls herself in dung.

* Enjoy.

Thus, maugre all the light that gospel gives,
 Unto her nat'ral consort fondly cleaves.
 Though mercy set the royal match in view,
 She's loth to bid her ancient mate adieu.
 When light of scripture, reason, common sense,
 Can hardly mortify her vain pretence
 To legal righteousness; yet if at last
 Her conscience rous'd begins to stand aghast,
 Press'd with the dread of hell, she'll rashly patch,
 And halve a bargain with the proffer'd match;
 In hopes his help, together with her own,
 Will turn to peaceful smiles the wrathful frown.
 Though grace the rising sun delightful sings,
 With full salvation in his golden wings,
 And righteousness complete; the faithless soul,
 Receiving half the light rejects the whole;
 Revolves the sacred page, but reads purblind
 The gospel-messsage with a legal mind.
 Men dream their state, ah! too too slightly view'd,
 Needs only be amended, not renew'd;
 Scorn to be wholly debtors unto grace,
 Hopeful their works may meliorate their case.
 They fancy present pray'rs and future pains
 Will for their former failings make amends:
 To legal yokes they bow their servile necks,
 And, least foul slips their false repose perplex,
 Think Jesus' merits make up all defects.
 They patch his glorious robe with filthy rags,
 And burn but incense to their proper drags,*
 Disdain to use his righteousness alone,
 But as an aiding stirr'p to mount their own;
 Thus in Christ's room his rival self enthrone,
 And vainly would, dress'd up in legal trim,
 Divide salvation 'twixt themselves and him.
 But know, vain man, that to his share must fall
 The glory of the whole, or none at all.
 In him all wisdom's hidden treasures lie, †
 And all the fulness of the Deity. ‡
 This store alone, immense and never spent,
 Might poor insolvent debtors well content;

* Hab. i. 16.

† Col. ii. 3.

Col. ii. 9.

But to hell-prison justly Heav'n will doom
Proud fools that on their petty stock presume.
The softest couch that gilded nature knows
Can give the waken'd nature no repose.
When God arraigns, what mortal pow'r can stand
Beneath the terror of his lifted hand?
Our safety lies beyond the nat'ral line,
Beneath the purple covert all divine.
Yet how is precious Christ the way, despis'd,
And high the way of life by doing priz'd?
But can its vot'ries all its levy show?
They prize it most, who least its burden know:
Who by the law, in part, would save his soul,
Becomes a debtor to fulfil the whole. *
Its pris'ner he remains, and without bail,
'Till ev'ry mite be paid; and if he fail,
(As sure he must, since, by our sinful breach,
Perfection far surmounts all mortal reach)
Then curst for ever must his soul remain;
And all the folk of God must say, AMEN. †
Why, seeking that the law should help afford;
In honouring the law, he flights its Lord,
Who gives his law-fulfilling righteousness
To be the naked sinner's perfect dress,
In which he might with spotless beauty shine
Before the face of majesty divine:
Yet, lo! the sinner works with mighty pains
A garment of his own to hide his stains;
Ungrateful, overlooks the gift of God,
The robe wrought by his hand, dy'd in his blood.

In vain the Son of God this web did weave,
Could our vile rags sufficient shelter give.
In vain he ev'ry thread of it did draw,
Could sinners be o'ermantled by the law.
Can mens salvation on their works be built,
Whose fairest actions nothing are but guilt?
Or can the law suppress th' avenging flame,
When now its only office is to damn?
Did life come by the law, in part or whole,
Bless'd Jesus dy'd in vain to save a soul.

* Gal. v. 3.

† Deut. xxvii. 26.

Those then who life by legal means expect,
To them is Christ become of no effect; *
Because their legal mixtures do, in fact,
Wisdom's grand project plainly counteract.
How close proud carnal reasonings combine,
To frustrate sov'reign grace's great design?
Man's heart by nature weds the law alone,
Nor will another paramour enthrone.

True, many seem by course of life profane,
No favour for the law to entertain;
But break the bands, and cast the cords away,
That would their raging lusts and passions stay:
Yet ev'n this reigning madness may declare,
How strictly wedded to the law they are;
For now (however rich they seem'd before)
Hopeless to pay law-debt, they give it o'er,
Like desp'rate debtors mad, still run themselves in more.
Despair of success shews their strong desires,
'Till legal hopes are parch'd in lustful fires.
"Let's give, say they, our lawless will free scope,
"And live at random, for there is no hope†."
The law, that can't 'em help, they stab with hate,
Yet scorn to beg, or court another mate.
Here lusts, most opposite their hearts divide,
Their beastly passion, and their bankrupt pride.
In passion they their native mate deface,
In pride disdain to be obliged to grace.
Hence plainly, as a rule 'gainst law they live,
Yet closely to it as a cov'nant cleave.
Thus legal pride lies hid beneath the patch;
And strong aversion to the gospel-match.

* Gal. ii. 21. v. 2. 4. † Jer. xviii. 12.

C H A P. II.

The manner of a Sinner's divorce from the law in a work of humiliation, and of his marriage to the Lord JESUS CHRIST; Or, The way how a Sinner comes to be a Believer.

S E C T. I.

Of a Law-work, and the workings of legal pride under it.

SO proud's the bride, so backwardly dispos'd;
How then shall e'er the happy match be clos'd?
Kind grace the tumults of her heart must quell,
And draw her heav'nward by the gates of hell.
The Bridegroom's Father makes by's holy Sp'rit
His stern command with her stiff conscience meet;
To dash her pride, and shew her utmost need,
Pursues for double debt with awful dread.
He makes her former husband's frightful ghost
Appear and damn her, as a bankrupt lost;
With curses, threats, and Sinai thunder-claps,
Her lofty tow'r of legal boasting saps.
These humbling storms, in high or low degrees,
Heav'n's Majesty will measure as he please:
But still he makes the fiery law at least
Pronounce its awful sentence in her breast,
'Till thro' the law * convict of being lost,
She hopeless to the law gives up the ghost:
Which now in rigour comes full debt to crave,
And in close prison cast; but not to save.
For now 'tis weak, and can't (thro' our default)
Its greatest votaries to life exalt.
But well it can command with fire and flame,
And to the lowest pit of ruin damn.
Thus doth it by commission from above,
Deal with the bride, when heav'n would court her love.
Lo! now she startles at the Sinai trump,
Which throws her soul into a dismal dump;

* Gal. ii. 19.

Conscious another husband she must have,
Else die for ever in destruction's grave.

While in conviction's jail she's thus inclos'd,
Glad news are heard, the royal mate's propos'd.
And now the scornful bride's inverted stir
Is racking fear, he scorn to match with her.
She dreads his fury, and despairs that he
Will ever wed so vile a wretch as she.

And here the legal humour stirs again,
To her prodigious loss and grievous pain :
For when the Prince presents himself to be
Her Husband, then she deems ; Ah ! is not he
Too fair a match for such a filthy bride ?
Unconscious that the thought bewrays her pride,
Ev'n pride of merit, pride of righteousness,
Expecting Heav'n should love her for her dress ;
Unmindful how the fall her face did stain,
And made her but a black unlovely swain,
Her whole primeval beauty quite defac'd,
And to the rank of fiends her form debas'd ;
Without disfigur'd, and defil'd within,
Incapable of any thing but sin.

Heav'n courts not any for their comely face,
But for the glorious praise of sov'reign grace,
Else ne'er had courted one of Adam's race,
Which all as children of corruption be,
Heirs rightful of immortal misery.

Yet here the bride employs her foolish wit,
For this bright match her ugly form to fit ;
To daub her features o'er with legal paint,
That with a grace she may herself present.
Hopeful the Prince with credit might her wed,
If once some comely qualities she had.

In humble pride, her haughty spirit flags ;
She cannot think of coming all in rags.
Were she a humble, faithful penitent,
She dreams he'd then contract with full content.
Base varlet ! think she'd be a match for him,
Did she but deck herself in handsome trim.
Ah ! foolish thoughts ! in legal depths that plod ;
Ah ! sorry notions of a sov'reign God !

Will God expose his great, his glorious Son,
For our vile baggage to be sold and won?
Should sinful modesty the match decline,
Until its garb be brisk and superfine;
Alas! when should we see the marriage-day?
The happy bargain must flee up for ay.
Presumptuous souls, in surly modesty,
Half-favours of themselves would fondly be,
Then hopeful th' other half their due will fall,
Disdain to be in Jesus' debt for all.
Vainly they first would wash themselves, and then
Address the fountain to be wash'd more clean;
First heal themselves, and then expect the balm:
Ah! many slightly cure their sudden qualm.
They heal their conscience with a tear or pray'r;
And seek no other Christ, but perish there.
O sinner, search the house, and see the thief
That spoils thy Saviour's crown, thy soul's relief,
The hid, but heinous sin, of unbelief.
Who can possess a quality that's good,
'Till first he come to Jesus' cleansing blood?
The pow'r that draws the bride, will also shew
Unto her by the way her hellish hue,
As void of ev'ry virtue to commend,
And full of ev'ry vice that will offend.
'Till sov'reign grace the sullen bride shall catch,
She'll never fit herself for such a match.
Most qualify'd they are in heav'n to dwell,
Who see themselves most qualify'd for hell;
And, ere the bride can drink salvation's cup,
Kind Heav'n must reach to hell and lift her up:
For no decorum e'er about her found,
Is she belov'd; but on a nobler ground.
JEHOVAH's love is like his nature, free;
Nor must his creature challenge his decree;
But low at sov'reign grace's footstool creep,
Whose ways are searchless, and his judgments deep.
Yet grace's suit meets with resistance rude
From haughty souls; for lack of innate good
To recommend them. Thus the backward bride
Affronts her Suitor with her modest pride.

Black hatred for his cover'd love repays,
 Pride under mask of modesty displays :
 In part would save herself; hence, saucy soul !
 Rejects the matchless mate would save in whole.

S E C T. II.

*Conviction of sin and wrath, carried on more deeply and
 effectually in the heart.*

SO proudly forward is the-bridè, and now,
 Stern Heav'n begins to stare with cloudy brow ;
 Law-curses come with more condemning pow'r,
 To scorch her conscience with a fiery show'r,
 And more refulgent flashes darted in ;
 For by the law the knowledge is of sin*.
 Black Sinai, thund'ring louder than before,
 Does awful in her lofty bosom roar.
 Heav'n's furious storms now rise from ev'ry airth †,
 In ways more terrible to shake the earth ‡,
 'Till haughtiness of men be sunk thereby,
 That Christ alone may be exalted high.
 Now, stable earth seems from her centre tost,
 And lofty mountains in the ocean lost,
 Hard rocks of flint, and haughty hills of pride,
 Are torn in pieces by the roaring tide.
 Each flash of new conviction's lucid rays,
 Heart-errors, undiscern'd till now, displays ;
 Wrath's massy cloud upon the conscience breaks,
 And thus menacing, Heav'n in thunder speaks ;
 " Black wretch, thou madly under foot hast trode
 " Th' authority of a commanding God ;
 " Thou, like thy kindred that in Adam fell,
 " Art but a law-renversing lump of hell,
 " And there by law and justice doom'd to dwell."
 Now, now, the daunted bride her state bewails,
 And downward furls her self-exalting sails ;
 With pungent fear, and piercing terror brought
 To mortify her lofty legal thought.

* Rom. iii. 20. † Wind, or quarter. ‡ Isa. ii. 17. 19.

Why, the commandment comes, sin is reviv'd*,
That lay so hid, while to the law she liv'd;
Infinite majesty in God is seen,
And infinite malignity in sin:
That to its expiation must amount
A sacrifice of infinite account.
Justice its dire severity displays,
The law its vast dimensions open lays.
She sees for this broad standard nothing meet,
Save an obedience, sinless and complete.
Her cob web righteousness, once in renown,
Is with a happy vengeance now swept down.
She who of daily faults could once but prate,
Sees now her sinful miserable state.
Her heart, where once she thought some good to dwell,
The devil's cabinet fill'd with trash of hell.
Her boasted features now unmasked bare,
Her vaunted hopes are plung'd in deep despair.
Her haunted shelter-house in bypast years
Comes tumbling down about her frightened ears.
Her former rotten faith, love, penitence,
She sees a bowing wall, and tott'ring fence.
Excellencies of thought, and word, and deed,
All swimming, drowning in a sea of dread:
Her beauty now deformity she deems;
Her heart much blacker than the devil seems.
With ready lips she can herself declare
The vilest ever breath'd in vital air.
Her former hopes, as refuges of lies,
Are swept away, and all her boasting dies.
She once imagin'd Heav'n would be unjust
To damn so many lumps of human dust,
Form'd by himself; but now she owns it true,
Damnation surely is the sinner's due:
Yea, now applauds the law's just doom so well,
That justly she condemns herself to hell;
Does herein divine equity acquit,
Herself adjudging to the lowest pit.
Her language, "Oh! if God condemn, I must
" From bottom of my soul declare him just.

* Rom. vii. 9.

" But if his great salvation me embrace,
 " How loudly will I sing surprising grace ?
 " If from the pit he to the throne me raise,
 " I'll rival angels in his endless praise.
 " If hell deserving me to heaven he bring,
 " No heart so glad, no tongue so loud shall sing.
 " If wisdom has not laid the saving plan,
 " I nothing have to claim, I nothing can.
 " My works but sin, my merit death I see ;
 " Oh ! mercy, mercy, mercy ! pity me."
 Thus all self-justifying pleas are dropp'd,
 Most guilty she becomes, her mouth is stopp'd.
 Pungent remorse does her past conduct blame,
 And flush her conscious cheek with spreading shame.
 Her self-concited heart is self-convict'd,
 With barbed arrows of compunction prick'd :
 Wonders how justice spares her vital breath,
 How patient Heav'n adjourns the day of wrath ;
 How pliant earth does not with open jaws
 Devour her, Korah-like, for equal cause ;
 How yawning hell, that gapes for such a prey,
 Is frustrate with a further hour's delay.
 She that could once her mighty works exalt,
 And boast devotion fram'd without a fault.
 Extol her nat'ral pow'rs, is now brought down,
 Her former madness, not her pow'rs, to own.
 Her present beggar state, most void of grace,
 Unable even to wail her woful case,
 Quite pow'rless to believe, repent, or pray ;
 Thus pride of duties flies and dies away.
 She, like a harden'd wretch, a stupid stone,
 Lies in the dust, and cries, Undone, undone.

S E C T. III.

The deeply humbled soul relieved with some saving discoveries of Christ the Redeemer.

WHEN thus the wounded bride perceives full well
 Herself the vilest sinner out of hell,
 The blackest monster in the universe :
 Pensive if clouds of wo shall e'er disperse.

When in her breast Heav'n's wrath so fiercely glows,
'Twixt fear and guilt her bones have no repose.
When flowing billows of amazing dread
Swell to a deluge o'er her sinking head;
When nothing in her heart is found to dwell,
But horrid atheism, enmity, and hell;
When endless death and ruin seems at hand,
And yet she cannot for her soul command
A sigh to ease it, or a gracious thought,
'Tho' heav'n could at this petty rate be bought.
When darkness and confusion overcloud
And unto black despair temptations croud;
When wholly without strength to move or stir,
And not a star by night appears to her:
But she, while to the brim her troubles flow,
Stands trembling on the outmost brink of wo.

Ah! weary case! But, lo! in this sad plight
The sun arises with surprising light.
The darkest midnight is his usual time
Of rising and appearing in his prime.
To shew the hills from whence salvation springs,
And chase the gloomy shade with golden wings,
The glorious Husband now unveils his face,
And shews his glory full of truth and grace; *
Presents unto the bride in that dark hour,
Himself a Saviour, both by price and pow'r:
A mighty helper to redeem the lost.
Relieve and ransom to the uttermost; †
To seek the vagrant sheep to desert driv'n,
And save from lowest hell to highest heav'n.
Her doleful case he sees, his bowels move,
And make her time of need a time of love. ‡
He shews, to prove himself her mighty shield,
His name is Jesus, by his Father seal'd: †
A name with attributes engrav'd within,
To save from every attribute of sin.
With wisdom sin's great folly to expose,
And righteousness its chain of guilt to loose,

* John i. 14. † Heb. vii. 25. ‡ Ezek. xvi. 6. 8. † Mat. i. 21.

Sanctification to subdue its sway,
 Redemption all its woful brood to slay *.
 Each golden letter of his glorious name
 Bears full deliv'rance both from sin and shame.
 Yea, not privation bare from sin and wo,
 But thence all positive salvations flow,
 To make her wise, just, holy, happy too.
 He now appears a match exactly meet,
 To make her every way in him complete,
 In whom the fulness of the Godhead dwells †,
 That she may boast in him, and nothing else.
 In gospel-lines she now perceives the dawn
 Of Jesus' love with bloody pencil drawn;
 How God in him is infinitely pleas'd,
 And Heav'n's revenging fury whole appeas'd :
 Law-precepts magnify'd by her belov'd,
 And ev'ry let to stop the match remov'd.
 Now in her view the prison-gates break ope,
 Wide to the walls flies up the door of hope;
 And now she sees with pleasure unexpress'd
 For shatter'd barks a happy shore of rest.

S E C T. IV.

The workings of the Spirit of faith in separating the heart from all self-righteousness, and drawing out its consent to, and desire after Christ alone and wholly.

THE bride at Sinai little understood,
 How these law-humblings were design'd for good, }
 T' enhance the value of the Husband's blood. }
 The tow'r of tott'ring pride thus batter'd down,
 Makes way for Christ alone to wear the crown.
 Conviction's arrows pierc'd her heart that so
 The blood from his pierc'd heart to hers might flow.
 The law's sharp plough tears up the fallow ground,
 Where not a grain of grace was to be found,
 Till straight perhaps behind the plough is sown,
 The hidden seed of faith as yet unknown.
 Hence now the once reluctant bride's inclin'd
 To give the gospel an assenting mind,

* 1 Cor. i. 30. † Col. ii. 9, 10:

Dispos'd to take, would grace the pow'r impart,
Heav'n's offer with a free consenting heart.

His Spirit in the gospel-chariot rides,
And shews his loving heart to draw the bride's
Tho' oft in clouds his drawing pow'r he hides.

His love in gracious offers to her bears,
In kindly answers to her doubts and fears,
Resolving all objections, more or less,

From former sins, or present worthlessness.
Persuades her mind of's conjugal consent,
And then impowers her heart to say, Content.

Content to be divorced from the law,
No more the yoke of legal terms to draw.

Content that he dissolve the former match,
And to himself alone her heart attach.

Content to join with Christ at any rate,
And wed him as her everlasting mate.

Content that he should ever wear the bays,
And of her whole salvation have the praise.

Content that he should rise, tho' she should fall,
And to be nothing, that he may be all,

Content that he, because she nought can do,
Do for her all her work, and in her too.

Here she a peremptory mind displays,
That he do all the work, get all the praise.

And now she is, which ne'er till now took place,
Content intirely to be sav'd by grace.

She owns that her damnation just would be,
And therefore her salvation must be free :

That nothing being hers but sin and thrall,
She must be debtor unto grace for all.

Hence comes she to him in her naked case,
To be invested with his righteousness.

She comes, as guilty, to a pardon free ;

As vile and filthy, to a cleansing sea ;

As poor and empty, to the richest stock ;

As weak and feeble to the strongest rock ;

As perishing, unto a shield from thrall ;

As worse than nothing, to an all in all.

She, as a blinded mole, an ign'rant fool,

Comes for instruction to the Prophet's school.

She, with a hell-deserving conscious breast,
Flees for atonement to the worthy Priest.
She, as a slave to sin and Satan, wings
Her flight for help unto the King of kings.
She all her maladies and plagues brings forth
To this Physician of eternal worth.
She spreads before his throne her filthy fore,
And lays her broken bones down at his door.
No mite she has to buy a crumb of bliss,
And therefore comes improv'rish'd as she is.
By sin and Satan of all good bereft,
Comes e'en as bare as they her soul have left.
To sense, as free of holiness within,
As Christ, the spotless Lamb, was free of sin.
She comes by faith, true; but it shews her want,
And brings her as a sinner, not a saint;
A wretched sinner flying for her good
To justifying, sanctifying blood.
Strong faith no strength nor pow'r of acting vaunts,
But acts in sense of weakness and of wants.
Drain'd now of ev'ry thing that men may call
Terms and conditions of relief from thrall;
Except this one, that Jesus be her all.
When to the bride he gives espousing faith,
It finds her under sin, and guilt, and wrath;
And makes her as a plagued wretch to fall
At Jesus' footstool for the cure of all.
Her whole salvation now in him she seeks,
And musing thus perhaps in secret speaks:
"Lo! all my burdens may in him be eas'd;
"The justice I offended, he has pleas'd;
"The bliss that I have forfeit, he procur'd;
"The curse that I deserved, he endur'd;
"The law that I have broken, he obey'd;
"The debt that I contracted, he has paid:
"And tho' a match unfit for him I be,
"I find him ev'ry way most fit for me.
"Sweet Lord, I think, would thou thyself impart,
"I'd welcome thee with open hand and heart.
"But thou that sav'st by price, must save by pow'r;
"O send thy Spirit in a fiery show'r,

" This cold and frozen heart of mine to thaw,
 " That nought save cords of burning love can draw.
 " O draw me, Lord; then will I run to thee,
 " And glad into thy glowing bosom flee.
 " I own myself a mass of sin and hell,
 " A brat that can do nothing but rebel:
 " But didst thou not, as sacred pages shew *,
 " (When rising up to spoil the hellish crew,
 " That had, by thousands, sinners captive made,
 " And hadst in conqu'ring chains them captive led)
 " Get donatives, not for thy proper gain,
 " But royal bounties for rebellious men;
 " Gifts, graces, and the Spirit without bounds,
 " For God's new house with man on firmer grounds?
 " O then let me a rebel now come speed,
 " Thy holy Spirit is the gift I need.
 " His precious graces too, the glorious grant,
 " Thou kindly promis'd, and I greatly want.
 " Thou art exalted to the highest place,
 " To give repentance forth and ev'ry grace †.
 " O giver of spiritual life and breath,
 " The author and the finisher of faith ‡;
 " Thou Husband-like must ev'ry thing provide,
 " If e'er the like of me become thy bride."

S E C T. V.

Faith's view of the freedom of grace, cordial renunciation of all its own ragged righteousness, and formal acceptance of and closing with the person of glorious Christ.

THE bride with open eyes, that once were dim,
 Sees now her whole salvation lies in him;
 The Prince, who is not in dispensing nice,
 But freely gives without her pains or price.
 This magnifies the wonder in her eye,
 Who not a farthing has wherewith to buy;
 For now her humbled mind can disavow,
 Her boasted beauty and assuming brow;
 With conscious eye discern her emptiness,
 With candid lips her poverty confess.
 " O glory to the Lord that grace is free,
 " Else never would it light on guilty me.

* Psal. lxxviii. 18.

† Acts v. 31.

‡ Heb. xii. 2.

" I nothing have with me to be its price,
" But hellish blackness, enmity and vice."
In former times she durst presuming come,
To grace's market with a pretty sum
Of duties, prayers, tears, a boasted set,
Expecting heav'n would thus be in her debt.
These were the price, at least she did suppose,
She'd be the welcomer because of those :
But now she sees the vileness of her vogue,
The dung that close doth ev'ry duty clog,
The sin that doth her holiness reprove,
The enmity that close attends her love,
The great heart-hardness of her penitence,
The stupid dulness of her vaunted sense,
The unbelief of former blazed faith,
The utter nothingness of all she hath.
The blackness of her beauty she can see,
The pompous pride of strain'd humility,
The naughtiness of all her tears and pray'rs;
And now renounces all her worthless wares;
And finding nothing to commend herself,
But what might damn her, her embezzled pelf;
At sov'reign grace's feet doth prostrate fall,
Content to be in Jesus' debt for all.
Her noised virtues vanish out of sight,
As starry tapers at meridian light;
While sweetly, humbly, she beholds at length
Christ, as her only righteousness and strength.
He with the view throws down his loving dart,
Imprest with pow'r into her tender heart.
The deeper that the law's fierce dart was thrown,
The deeper now the dart of love goes down :
Hence, sweetly pain'd, her cries to heav'n do flee ;
" O none but Jesus, none but Christ for me !
" O glorious Christ ! O beauty, beauty rare !
" Ten thousand thousand heav'ns are not so fair,
" In him at once all beauties meet and shine,
" The white and ruddy, human and divine.
" As in his low, he's in his high abode,
" The brightest image of the unseen God *.

* Heb. i. 3.

- " How justly do the harpers sing above,
 " His doing, dying, rising, reigning love ?
 " How justly does he, when his work is done,
 " Possess the centre of his Father's throne ?
 " How justly do his awful throne before
 " Seraphic armies prostrate, him adore ;
 " That's both by nature and donation crown'd,
 " With all the grandeur of the Godhead round ?
 " But wilt thou, Lord, in very deed come dwell
 " With me, that was a burning brand of hell ?
 " With me, so justly reckon'd worse and less
 " Than insect, mite, or atom can express ?
 " Wilt thou debase thy high imperial form,
 " To match with such a mortal, crawling worm ?
 " Yea, sure thine errand to our earthly coast,
 " Was in deep love to seek and save the lost : *
 " And since thou deign'st the like of me to wed,
 " O come and make my heart thy marriage-bed.
 " Fair Jesus, wilt thou marry filthy me !
 " Amen, Amen, Amen ; so let it be."



C H A P. III.

The FRUITS of the Believer's Marriage with CHRIST;
 particularly gospel-holiness, and obedience to the
 law as a rule.

S E C T. I.

*The sweet solemnity of the marriage now over, and the
 sad effects of the remains of a legal spirit.*

THE match is made, with little din 'tis done ;
 But with great pow'r unequal prizes won.

The Lamb has fairly won his worthless bride ;

She her great Lord, and all his store beside.

He made the poorest bargain, though most wise ;

And she, the fool, has won the worthy prize.

Deep floods of everlasting love and grace,

That under ground ran an eternal space,

* Luke xix. 10.

Now rise aloft 'bove banks of sin and hell,
 And o'er the tops of massy mountains swell.
 In streams of blood are tow'rs of guilt o'erflown,
 Down with the rapid purple current thrown.

The bride now as her all can Jesus own,
 And prostrate at his footstool cast her crown,
 Disclaiming all her former groundless hope,
 While in the dark her soul did weary grope.
 Down tumble all the hills of self-conceit,
 In him alone she sees herself complete ;
 Does his fair person with fond arms embrace,
 And all her hopes on his full merit place ;
 Discard her former mate, and henceforth draw
 No hope, no expectation from the law.

Tho' thus her new-created nature soars,
 And lives aloft on Jesus' heav'nly stores ;
 Yet, apt to stray, her old adult'rous heart
 Oft takes her old renounced husband's part :
 A legal cov'nant is so deep ingrain'd
 Upon the human nature, laps'd and stain'd,
 That, till her spirit mount the purest clime,
 She's never totally divorc'd in time.
 Hid in her corrupt part's proud bosom lurks
 Some hope of life still by the law of works.

Hence flow the following evils, more or less ;
 Preferring oft her partial holy dress,
 Before her Husband's perfect righteousness. }

Hence joying more in grace already giv'n,
 Than in her Head and stock that's all in heav'n.
 Hence grieving more the want of frames and grace,
 Than of himself the spring of all solace.

Hence guilt her soul imprisons, lusts prevail,
 While to the law her rents insolvent fail,
 And yet her faithless heart rejects her Husband's bail. }

Hence foul disorders rise, and racking fears,
 While doubtful of his clearing past arrears ;
 Vain dreaming, since her own obedience fails,
 His likewise little for her help avails.

Hence duties are a task, while all in view
 Is heavy yokes of laws, or old or new :

Whereas, were once her legal biafs broke,
She'd find her Lord's commands an easy yoke.
No galling precepts on her back he lays,
Nor any debt demands, save what he pays
By promis'd aid, but, lo! the grievious law
Demanding brick, won't aid her with a straw.

Hence also fretful, grudging, discontent,
Crav'd by the law, finding her treasure spent,
And doubting if her Lord will pay the rent.
Hence pride of duties too does often swell,
Presuming she perform'd so very well.

Hence pride of graces and inherent worth
Springs from her corrupt legal biafs forth;
And boasting more a present with'ring frame,
Than her exalted Lord's unfading name.

Hence many falls and plunges in the mire,
As many new conversions do require:
Because her faithless heart's sad follies breed
Much lewd departure from her living Head,
Who to reprove her aggravated crimes,
Leaves her abandon'd to herself at times;
That, falling into frightful deeps, she may
From sad experience learn more stresse to lay,
Not on her native efforts, but at length
On Christ alone, her righteousness and strength:
Conscious, while in her works she seeks repose,
Her legal spirit breeds her many woes.

S E C T. II.

*Faith's victories over sin and Satan, thro' new and farther
discoveries of Christ, making believers more fruitful in
holiness than all other pretenders to works.*

THE gospel-path leads heav'nward; hence the fray,
Hell-pow'rs still push the bride the legal way.

So hot's the war, her life's a troubled flood,
A field of battle, and a scene of blood.
But he that once commenc'd the work in her,
Whose working fingers drop the sweetest myrrh,
Will still advance it by alluring force,
And, from her ancient mate, more clean divorce:

Since 'tis her antiquated spouse the law
 The strength of sin and hell did on her draw.
 Piece-meal she finds hell's mighty force abate,
 By new recruits from her almighty Mate.
 Fresh armour, sent from grace's magazine,
 Makes her proclaim eternal war with sin.
 The shield of faith dipt in the Surety's blood,
 Drowns fiery darts, as in a crimson flood.
 The Captain's ruddy banner, lifted high,
 Makes hell retire, and all the furies fly.
 Yea, of his glory ev'ry recent glance
 Makes sin decay and holiness advance.
 In kindness therefore does her heav'nly Lord
 Renew'd discov'ries of his love afford,
 That her enamour'd soul may with the view
 Be cast into his holy mould anew :
 For when he manifests his glorious grace,
 The charming favour of his smiling face,
 Into his image fair transforms her soul, *
 And wafts her upward to the heav'nly pole,
 From glory unto glory by degrees,
 'Till vision and fruition shall suffice.
 And thus in holy beauty Jesus' bride
 Shines far beyond the painted sons of pride.
 Vain merit-vouchers, and their subtile apes,
 In all their most refin'd, delusive shapes.
 No lawful child is ere the marriage born ;
 Though therefore virtues feign'd their life adorn,
 The fruit they bear is but a spurious brood,
 Before this happy marriage be made good.
 And 'tis not strange, for from a corrupt tree
 No fruit divinely good produc'd can be. †
 But, lo ! the bride, grafted in the living root,
 Brings forth most precious aromatic fruit.
 When her new heart and her new Husband meet,
 Her fruitful womb is like a heap of wheat,
 Beset with fragrant lilies round about, ‡
 All divine graces in a comely root,
 Burning within, and shining bright without.

* 2 Cor. iii. 18. † Matth. vii. 17, 18. ‡ Cant. vii. 2.

And thus the bride, as sacred scripture saith,
 When dead unto the law through Jesus' death *;
 And match'd with him, bears to her God and Lord
 Accepted fruit, with incense pure decor'd.
 Freed from law-debt, and blest'd with gospel-ease,
 Her work is now her dearest Lord to please,
 By living on him as her ample stock,
 And leaning to him as her potent rock,
 The fruit that each law-wedded mortal brings,
 To self attresces, as from self it brings,
 So base a rise must have a base recourse,
 The spring can mount no higher than its source.
 But Jesus can his bride's sweet fruit commend,
 As brought from him the root, to him the end.
 She does by such an offspring him avow
 To be her ALPHA and OMEGA too.
 The work and warfare he begins, he crowns,
 Though maugre various conflicts, ups and downs.
 Thus through the darksome veil she makes her way,
 Until the morning dawn of glorious day.

S E C T. III.

*True saving Faith magnifying the Law, both as a covenant
 and as a rule. False faith unfruitful and ruining.*

PROUD nature may reject this gospel-theme,
 And curse it as an Antinomian scheme.
 Let slander bark, let envy grin and fight,
 'The curse that is so causeless shall not light. †
 If they that fain would make 'by holy force
 'Twixt sinners and the law a clean divorce,
 And court the Lamb a virgin chaste to wife,
 Be charg'd as foes to holiness of life,
 Well may they suffer gladly on this score,
 Apostles great were so malign'd before.
 "Do we make void the law thro' faith? ‡ nay, why,
 We do it more fulfil and magnify
 Than fiery seraphs can with holiest flash;
 Avaunt, vain legalists, unworthy trash.

* Rom. vii. 4.

† Prov. xvi. 2.

‡ Rom. iii. 21.

When as a cov'nant stern the law commands,
 Faith puts her Lamb's obedience in its hands :
 And when its threats hush out a fiery flood,
 Faith stops the current with her victim's blood.
 The law can crave no more, yet craves no less,
 Than active, passive, perfect righteousness.
 Yet here is all, yea, more than its demand,
 All render'd to it by a divine hand.
 Mankind is bound law-service still to pay,
 Yea, angel-kind is also bound t'obey.
 It may by human and angelic blaze
 Have honour, but in finite partial ways.
 These natures have its lustre once defac'd,
 'Twill be by part of both for ay disgrac'd.
 Yet, had they all obsequious stood and true,
 They'd giv'n the law no more than homage due.
 But faith gives't honour yet more great, more odd,
 The high, the humble service of its God.

Again, to view the holy law's command,
 As lodged in a Mediator's hand ;
 Faith gives it honour, as a rule of life,
 And makes the bride the Lamb's obedient wife.
 Due homage to the law those never did,
 To whom th' obedience pure of faith is hid.
 " Faith works by love *, and purifies the heart †,"
 And truth advances in the inward part ;
 On carnal hearts impresses divine stamps,
 And fully'd lives inverts to shining lamps,
 From Abram's seed, that are most strong in faith,
 The law most honour, God most glory hath.
 But due respect to neither can be found,
 Where unbelief ne'er got a mortal wound,
 To still the virtue-vaunter's empty sound.
 Good works he boasts, a path he never trode,
 Who is not yet the workmanship of God, ‡
 In Jesus thereunto created new ;
 Nois'd works that spring not hence are but a shew.
 True faith, that's of a noble divine race,
 Is still a holy, sanctifying grace ;

* Gal. v. 6. † Acts xv. 9. ‡ Eph. ii. 9.

And greater honour to the law does share,
Than boasters all that breathe the vital air.
E'en heathen morals vastly may outshine
The works that flow not from a faith divine.

Pretensions high to faith a number have,
But, ah! it is a faith that cannot save:
"We trust, say they, in Christ, we hope in God;"
Nor blush to blaze their rotten faith abroad.
Nor try the trust of which they make a shew,
If of a saving or a damning hue.
They own their sins are ill; true, but, 'tis sad,
They never thought their faith and hope were bad.
How evident's their home-bred nat'ral blaze,
Who dream they have believ'd well all their days;
Yet never felt their unbelief, nor knew
The need of pow'r their natures to renew?
Blind souls that boast of faith, yet live in sin,
May hence conclude their faith is to begin;
Or know they shall, by such an airy faith,
Believe themselves to everlasting wrath.
Faith that nor leads to good, nor keeps from ill,
Will never lead to heav'n, nor keep from hell.
The body without breath is dead no less*: no less
Is faith without the works of holiness†.
How rare is saving faith, when earth is cramm'd
With such as will believe, and yet be damn'd;
Believe the gospel, yet with dread and awe
Have never truly yet believ'd the law?
That matter shall be well, they hope too soon,
Who never yet have seen themselves undone.
Can of salvation their belief be true,
Who never yet believ'd damnation due?
Can these of endless life have solid faith,
Who never fear'd law-threats of endless death?
Nay, sail'd they ha'nt yet to the healing shore,
Who never felt their sinful woful sore.

Imaginary faith is but a blind,
That bears no fruit, but of a deadly kind;
Nor can from such a wild, unwholesome root
The least production raise of living fruit.

* James ii. 26.

† James ii. 17. 20.

But saving faith can such an offspring breed,
 Her native product is a holy feed.
 The fairest issues of the vital breath
 Spring from the fertile womb of heav'n-born faith;
 Yet boasts she nothing of her own, but brings
 Auxiliaries from the King of kings,
 Who graves his royal law in rocky hearts,
 And gracious aid in softning show'rs imparts:
 This gives prolific virtue to the faith,
 Inspir'd at first by his almighty breath.
 Hence, fetching all her succours from abroad,
 She still employs this mighty pow'r of God.
 Drain'd clean of native pow'rs and legal aims,
 No strength but in and from JEHOVAH claims.
 And thus her service to the law o'ertops
 The tow'ring zeal of Pharisaic fops.

S E C T. IV.

The Believer only, being married to Christ, is justified and sanctified; and the more gospel-freedom from the law as a covenant, the more holy conformity to it: as a rule.

THUS doth the Husband by his Father's will
 Both for and in his bride the law fulfil:
 For her, as 'tis a covenant; and then
 In her, as 'tis a rule of life to men.
 First all law-debt he most completely pays;
 Then of law-duties all the charge defrays.
 Does-first assume her guilt, and loose her chains;
 And then with living water wash her stains:
 Her fund restore, and then her form repair,
 And make his filthy bride a beauty fair;
 His perfect righteousness most-freely grant,
 And then his holy image deep implant;
 Into her heart his precious seed indrop,
 Which, in his time, will yield a glorious crop.
 But by alternate turns his plants he brings
 Thro' robbing winters and repairing springs.
 Hence, pining oft, they suffer sad decays,
 By dint of shady nights and stormy days.

But blest with sap, and influence from above,
 They live and grow anew in faith and love;
 Until transplanted to the higher soil,
 Where furies tread no more, nor foxes spoil.
 While Christ, the living root remains on high,
 The noble plant of grace can never die:
 Nature decays, and so will all the fruit,
 That merely rises on a mortal root.

Their works, however splendid, are but dead,
 That from a living fountain don't proceed;
 Their fairest fruit is but a garnish'd shrine,
 That are not grafted in the glorious vine.
 Devoutest hypocrites are rank'd in rolls
 Of painted puppets, not of living souls.

No offspring but of Christ's fair bride is good,
 This happy marriage has a holy brood.

Let sinners learn this mystery to read,
 We bear to glorious Christ no precious seed,
 'Till, thro' the law, we to the law be dead.*

No true obedience to the law, but forc'd,
 Can any yield, 'till from the law divorc'd.

Nor to it as a rule, is homage giv'n,
 Till from it, as a cov'nant, men be driv'n.

Yea more, till once they this divorce attain,
 Divorce from sin they but attempt in vain;

The curst yoke of sin they basely draw,
 'Till once unyoked from the curst law.

Sin's full dominion keeps its native place,

While men are under law, not under grace.†

For mighty hills of enmity won't move,

'Till touch'd by sov'reign grace and mighty love.

Were but the gospel-secret understood,

How God can pardon where he sees no good;

How grace and mercy free, that can't be bought,

Reign thro' a righteousness already wrought:

Were woful reigning unbelief depos'd,

Mysterious grace to blinded minds disclos'd:

Did heav'n with gospel-news its pow'r convey,

And sinners hear a faithful God but say,

"No more law-debt remains for you to pay;

* Gal. ii. 19.

† Rom. vi. 14.

"Lo! by the loving Surety all's discharg'd."
 Their hearts behov'd with love to be enlarg'd :
 Love, the succinct fulfilling of the law *,
 Were then the easy yoke they'd sweetly draw,
 Love would constrain and to his service move,
 Who left them nothing else to do but love.
 Slight now his loving precepts if they can ;
 No, no; his conqu'ring kindness leads the van.
 When everlasting love exerts the sway,
 They judge themselves more kindly bound t'obey ;
 Bound by redeeming grace in stricter sense
 Than ever Adam was in innocence.
 Why now they are not bound, as formerly,
 To do and live, nor yet to do or die ;
 Both life and death are put in Jesus' hands,
 Who urges neither in his kind commands,
 Not servile work their life and heav'n to win,
 Nor slavish labour death and hell to shun.
 Their aims are purer, since they understood (blood.
 Their heav'n was bought, their hell was quench'd with
 The oars of gospel-service now they steer,
 Without or legal hope or slavish fear.

The bride in sweet security can dwell,
 Nor bound to purchase heav'n, nor vanquish hell :
 But bound for him the race of love to run,
 Whose love to her left none of these undone ;
 She's bound to be the Lamb's obedient wife :
 And in his strength to serve him during life,
 To glorify his loving name for ay,
 Who left her not a single mite to pay
 Of legal debt, but wrote for her at large,
 In characters of blood, a full discharge.
 Henceforth no servile task her labours prove,
 But grateful fruits of reverential love.

* Rom. xiii. 10.

S E C T. V.

*Gospel-grace giving no liberty nor freedom to sin, but to
holy service and pure obedience.*

THE glorious Husband's love can't lead the wife
To whoredom, or licentiousness of life :
Nay, nay; she finds his warmest love within,
The hottest fire to melt her heart for sin.
His kind embrace is still the strongest cord
To bind her to the service of her Lord.
The more her faith insures this love of his,
The more his law her delectation is.
Some dream, they might, who this assurance win,
Take latitude and liberty to sin.
Ah! such bewray their ignorance, and prove
They want the lively sense of drawing love,
And how its sweet constraining force can move. }
The ark of grace came never in to dwell,
But Dagon-lusts before it headlong fell.
Men basely can unto lasciviousness
Abuse the doctrine, not the work of grace.
Huggers of divine love in vice's path,
Have but the fancy of it, not the faith.
They never soar'd aloft on grace's wing,
That knew not grace to be a holy thing;
When regnant she the pow'rs of hell appals,
And sin's dominion in the ruin falls.
Curst is the crew, whose Antinomian dress
Makes grace a cover to their idleness.
The bride of Christ will sure be very loth
To make his love a pillow for her sloth.
Why, may'nt she sin the more that grace abounds?
Oh! God forbid! the very thought confounds.
When dead unto the law, she's dead to sin;
How can she any longer live therein *?
To neither of them is she now a slave,
But shares the conquest of the great, the brave,
The mighty Gen'ral, her victorious Head,
Who broke the double chain to free the bride.

* Rom. vi. 1, 2.

Hence, prompted now with gratitude and love,
 Her chearful feet in swift obedience move.
 More strong the cords of love to duty draw,
 Than hell and all the curses of the law.
 When with seraphic love the breast's inspir'd,
 By that are all the other grace's fir'd;
 These kindling round, the burning heart and frame
 In life and walk send forth a holy flame.

C H A P. IV.

A CAUTION to all against a *legal spirit*; especially to those that have a profession without power, and learning without grace.

WHY, says the haughty heart of legalists,
 Bound to the law of works by nat'ral twists,
 " Why such ado about a law-divorce;
 " Men's lives are bad, and would you have 'em worse?
 " Such Antinomian stuff, with labour'd toil,
 " Would human beauty's native lustre spoil.
 " What wickedness beneath the cov'ring lurks,
 " That lewdly would divorce us from all works?
 " Why such a stir about the law and grace?
 " We know that merit cannot now take place,
 " And what need more?" Well, to let slander drop,
 Be merit for a little here the scope.

Ah! many learn to lisp in gospel-terms,
 Who yet embrace the law with legal arms.
 By wholesome education some are taught
 To own that human merit now is naught;
 Who faintly but renounce proud merit's name,
 And cleave refin'dly to the Popish scheme.
 For graceful works expecting divine blifs;
 And, when they fail, trust Christ for what's amiss.
 Thus to his righteousness profess to flee;
 Yet by it still would their own saviours be.
 They seem to works of merit bloody foes;
 Yet seek salvation, as it were *, by those.

* Rom. ix. 32.

Blind Gentiles found, who did not seek nor know;
But Isra'l lost it whole, who sought it so*.

Let all that love to wear the gospel-dress,
Know that as sin, so dastard righteousness
Has slain its thousands; who, in tow'ring pride,
The righteousness of Jesus Christ deride:
A robe divinely wrought, divinely won,
Yet cast by men for rags that are their own.
But some to legal works seem whole deny'd,
Yet would by gospel-works be justify'd,
By faith, repentance, love, and other such:
These dreamers being righteous overmuch †,
Like Uzza give the ark a wrongful touch.
By legal deeds, however gospeliz'd,
Can e'er tremendous justice be appeas'd?
Or sinners justify'd before that God,
Whose law is perfect and exceeding broad ‡?
Nay, faith itself, that leading gospel-grace,
Holds, as a work, no justifying place.
Just Heav'n to man for righteousness imputes
Not faith itself, or in its acts or fruits;
But Jesus' meritorious life and death,
Faith's proper object, all the honour hath.
From this doth faith derive its glorious fame,
Its great renown and justifying name;
Receiving all things, but deserving nought;
By faith all's begg'd and taken, nothing bought.
Its highest name is from the wedding-vote,
So instrumental in the marriage-knot.
JEHOVAH lends the bride, in that blest hour,
Th' exceeding greatness of his mighty pow'r †;
Which sweetly does her heart-consent command
To reach the wealthy Prince her naked hand.
For close to his embrace she'd never stir,
If first his loving arms embrac'd not her:
But this he does by kindly gradual chase,
Of rousing, reaching, teaching, drawing grace.
He shews her, in his sweetest love-address,
His glory, as the Sun of righteousness;

* Rom. ix. 30, 31. † Eccl. vii. 16. ‡ Psal. xix. 7. Rom. vii. 12.

† Eph. i. 19.

At which all dying glories earth adorn
 Shrink like the sick moon at the wholesome morn.
 This glorious Sun arising with a grace,
 Dark shades of creature-righteousness to chase,
 Faith now disclaims itself, and all the train
 Of virtues formerly accounted gain;
 And counts them dung*, with holy, meek disdain.
 For now appears the height, the depth immense
 Of divine bounty and benevolence;
 Amazing mercy, ignorant of bounds!
 Which most enlarged faculties confounds.
 How vain, how void now seem the vulgar charms,
 The monarch's pomp of courts, and pride of arms?
 The boasted beauties of the human kind,
 The pow'rs of body, and the gifts of mind?
 Lo! in the grandeur of IMMANUEL'S train,
 All's swallow'd up, as rivers in the main.
 He's seen, when gospel-light and sight is giv'n,
 Encompass'd round with all the pomp of heav'n.

The soul, now taught of God, sees human schools
 Make Christless Rabbi's only lit'rate fools;
 And that, till divine teaching pow'rful draw,
 No learning will divorce them from the law.
 Mere argument may clear the head, and force
 A verbal, not a cordial clean divorce.
 Hence many, taught the wholesome terms of art,
 Have gospel-heads, but still a legal heart.
 'Till sov'reign grace and pow'r the sinner catch,
 He takes not Jesus for his only match,
 Nay, works compete! Ah! true, however odd,
 Dead works are rival with the living God.
 'Till Heav'n's preventing mercy clear the sight,
 Confound the pride with supernat'ral light;
 No haughty soul of human kind is brought
 To mortify her self-exalting thought.

Yet holiest creatures in clay-tents that lodge,
 Be but their lives scann'd by the dreadful Judge;
 How shall they e'er his awful search endure,
 Before whose purest eyes heav'n is not pure?

* Phil. iii. 7, 8.

How must their black indictment be enlarg'd,
When by him angels are with folly charg'd?
What human worth shall stand, when he shall scan?
O may his glory stain the pride of man.

How wondrous are the tracts of divine grace?
How searchless are his ways, how vast th' abyfs?
Let haughty reason stop, and fear to leap;
Angelic plummet cannot sound the deep.
With scorn he turns his eyes from haughty kings,
With pleasure looks on low and worthless things;
Deep are his judgments, sov'reign is his will,
Let ev'ry mortal worm be dumb, be still.
In vain proud reason swells beyond its bound;
God and his counsels are a gulf profound,
An ocean wherein all our thoughts are drown'd.

C H A P. V.

Arguments and Encouragements to Gospel-ministers to
avoid a legal strain of doctrine, and endeavour the
sinner's match with Christ by gospel-means.

S E C T. I.

A legal Spirit the root of damnable errors.

YE heralds great, that blow in name of God,
The silver trump of gospel-grace abroad;
And sound, by warrant from the great I AM,
The nuptial treaty with the worthy Lamb:
Might ye but stoop the unpolish'd muse to brook,
And from a shrub an wholesome berry pluck;
Ye'd take encouragement from what is said,
By gospel-means to make the marriage-bed,
And to your glorious Lord a virgin chaste to wed.

The more proud nature bears a legal sway,
The more should preachers bend the gospel-way:
Oft in the church arise destructive schisms
From anti-evangelic aphorisms;
A legal spirit may be justly nam'd.
The fertile womb of ev'ry error damn'd.

Hence Pop'ry, so connat'ral since the fall,
Makes legal works like saviours merit all ;
Yea, more than merit on their shoulder loads,
To supererogate like demi-gods.

Hence proud Socinians set their reason high,
'Bove ev'ry precious gospel-mystery,
Its divine author stab, and without fear
The purple covert of his chariot tear.

With these run Arian monsters in a line,
All gospel truth at once to undermine ;
To darken and delete, like hellish foes,
The brightest colour of the Sharon Rose.
At best its human red they but decry,
That blot the divine white, the native dye.

Hence dare Arminians too, with brazen face,
Give man's free-will the throne of God's free grace ;
Whose self-exalting tenets clearly shew
Great ignorance of law and gospel too.

Hence Neonomians spring, as sundry call
The new law-makers, to redress our fall.
The law of works into repentance, faith,
Is chang'd, as their Baxterian Bible faith.
Shaping the gospel to an easy law,
They build their tott'ring house with hay and straw ;
Yet hide, like Rachel's idols in the stuff,
Their legal hands within a gospel-muff.

Yea, hence spring Antinomian vile refuse,
Whose gross abettors gospel-grace abuse ;
Unskill'd how grace's filken latchet binds
Her captives to the law with willing minds.

S E C T. II.

A legal Strain of Doctrine discovered and discarded.

NO wonder Paul the legal spirit curse,
Of fatal errors such a feeding nurse.
He, in JEHOVAH's great tremendous name,
Condemns perverters of the gospel-scheme.
He damn'd the sophist rude, the babbling priest
Would venture to corrupt it in the least ;

Yea, curst the heav'nly angel down to hell,
That daring would another gospel tell*.
Which crime is charg'd on these that dare dispense
The self-same gospel in another sense.

Christ is not preach'd in truth, but in disguise,
If his bright glory half absconded lies.
When gospel-foldiers, that divide the word,
Scarce brandish any but the legal sword.
While Christ the author of the law they press,
More than the end of it for righteousness;
Christ as a seeker of our service trace,
More than a giver of enabling grace.
The king commanding holiness they show,
More than the Prince exalted to bestow;
Yea, more on Christ the sin-revenger dwell,
'Than Christ Redeemer both from sin and hell.

With legal spade the gospel-field he'delves,
Who thus drives sinners in unto themselves;
Halving the truth that should be all reveal'd,
The sweetest part of Christ is oft conceal'd.
We bid men turn from sin, but seldom say,
"Behold the Lamb that takes all sin away†!"
Christ, by the gospel rightly understood,
Not only treats a peace but makes it good.
Those suitors therefore of the bride, who hope
By force to drag her with the legal rope,
Nor use the drawing cord of conqu'ring grace,
Pursue with flaming zeal a fruitless chase;
In vain lame doings urge, with solemn awe,
To bribe the fury of the fiery law:
With equal success to the fool that aims
By paper walls to bound devouring flames.
The law's but mock'd by their most graceful deed,
That wed not first the law-fulfilling Head;
It values neither how they wrought nor wept,
That slight the ark wherein alone 'tis kept.
Yet legalists, DO, DO, with ardour press,
And with prepos't'rous zeal and warm address,
Would seem the greatest friends to holiness:

* Gal. i. 7, 8.

† John i. 29.

But vainly (could such opposites accord)
 Respect the law, and yet reject the Lord.
 They shew not Jesus as the way to bliss,
 But Judas-like betray him with a kiss
 Of boasted works, or mere profession puff,
 Law-boasters proving but law-breakers oft.

S E C T. III.

*The Hurtfulness of not preaching Christ, and distinguishing
 duty between law and gospel.*

HELL cares not how crude holiness be preach'd,
 If sinner's match with Christ be never reach'd;
 Knowing their holiness is but a sham,
 Who ne'er are marry'd to the holy Lamb.
 Let words have never such a pious shew,
 And blaze aloft in rude professors view,
 With sacred aromatics richly spic'd,
 If they but drown in silence glorious Christ;
 Or, if he may some vacant room supply,
 Make him a subject only by the bye;
 They mar true holiness with tickling chat,
 To breed a bastard Pharisaic brat.
 They wofully the gospel-message broke,
 Make fearful havock of their Master's flock;
 Yet please themselves and the blind multitude,
 By whom the gospel's little understood.
 Rude souls, perhaps, imagine little odds
 Between the legal and the gospel roads:
 But vainly men attempt to blend the two;
 They differ more than Christ and Moses do.
 Moses, evangelizing in a shade,
 By types the news of light approaching spread;
 But from the law of works, by him proclaim'd,
 No ray of gospel-grace or mercy gleam'd.
 By nature's light the law to all is known,
 But lightsome news of gospel-grace to none.
 The doing cov'nant now, in part or whole,
 Is strong to damn, but weak to save a soul.
 It hurts, and cannot help, but as it tends
 Thro' mercy to subserve some gospel-ends.

Law-thunder roughly to the gospel tames,
 The gospel mildly to the law reclaims.
 The fiery law, as 'tis a covenant,
 Schools men to see the gospel-aid they want;
 Then gospel-aid does sweetly them incline
 Back to the law, as 'tis a rule divine.
 Heav'n's healing work is oft commenc'd with wounds,
 Terror begins what loving-kindness crowns.
 Preachers may therefore press the fiery law,
 To strike the Christless men with dreadful awe.
 Law-threats which for his sins to hell depress.
 Yea, damn him for his rotten righteousness;
 That while he views the law exceeding broad,
 He fain may wed the righteousness of God.

But, ah! to press law-works as terms of life,
 Was ne'er the way to court the Lamb a wife.
 To urge conditions in the legal frame,
 Is to renew the vain old cov'nant game.
 The law is good, when lawfully 'tis us'd*,
 But most destructive, when it is abus'd.
 They set not duties in the proper sphere,
 Who duly law and gospel don't sever;
 But under massy chains let sinners lie,
 As tributaries, or to DO or DIE.
 Nor make the law a squaring rule of life,
 But in the gospel-throat a bloody knife.

S E C T. IV.

Damnable Pride and Self-righteousness, so natural to all men, has little need to be encouraged by legal preaching.

THE legal path proud nature loves so well,
 (Tho' yet 'tis but the cleanest road to hell)
 That, lo! e'en these that take the foulest ways,
 Whose lewdness no controuling bridle stays;
 If but their drowsy conscience raise its voice,
 'Twill speak the law of works their native choice,
 And echo to the rousing sound, "Ah! true:
 "I cannot hope to live, unless I DO."

* 1 Tim. i. 2.

No conscious breast of mortal kind can trace
 The myst'ry deep of being fav'd by grace.
 Of this nor is the nat'ral conscience skill'd;
 Nor will admit it, when it is reveal'd;
 But pushes at the gospel like a ram,
 As proxy for the law, against the Lamb.

The proud self-righteous Pharisaic strain

Is, "Blest be God I'm not like other men;

"I read and pray, give alms, I mourn and fast*;

"And therefore hope to get to heav'n at last:

"For tho' from ev'ry sin I be not free,

"Great multitudes of men are worse than me.

"I'm none of those that swear, cheat, drink and whore!"

Thus on the law he builds his Babel tow'r.

Yea, ev'n the vilest cursed debauchee
 Will make the law of works his very plea;

"Why, says the rake, what take you me to be?"

"A Turk or infidel (you lie) I can't

"Be term'd so base, but by a sycophant;

"Only I hate to act the whining saint.

"I am a Christian true; and therefore bode,

"It shall be well with me, I hope in God.

"An't I an honest man? Yea, I defy

"The tongue that dare assert black to mine eye."

Perhaps, when the reprov'er turns his back,

He'll vend the viler wares o' 's op'ned pack,

And with his fellows, in a strain more big,

"Bid damn the base, uncharitable whig.

"These scoundrel hypocrites (he'll proudly say)

"Think none shall ever merit heav'n but they.

"And yet we may compete with them; for see,

"The best have blemishes as well as we.

"We have as good a heart (we trust) as these,

"Tho' not their vain superfluous shew and blaze.

"Bigotted zealots, whose full crimes are hid,

"Would damn us all to hell; but, God forbid.

"Whatever such a whining sect profess,

"'Tis but a nice, morose, affected dress.

"And tho' we don't profess so much as they,

"We hope to compass heav'n a shorter way;

* Luke xviii. 11, 12.

" We seek God's mercy, and are all along
" Most free of malice, and do no man wrong.
" But whims fantastick sha'n't our heads annoy,
" That would our social liberties destroy.
" Sure, right religion never was design'd
" To mar the native mirth of human kind.
" How weak are those that would be thought nonsuch!
" How mad, that would be righteous o'ermuch!
" We have sufficient, though we be not cram'd:
" We'll therefore hope the best, let them be damn'd."

Ah! horrid talk! yet so the legal strain
Lards ev'n the language of the most profane.
Thus devilish pride o'erlooks a thousand faults,
And on a legal ground itself exalts.

This DO and LIVE, tho' doing pow'r be lost,
In ev'ry mortal is proud nature's boast.

How does a vain conceit of goodness swell
And feed false hope, amidst the shades of hell?
Shall we, who should by gospel-methods draw,
Send sinners to their nat'ral spouse the law;
And harp upon the doing string to such,
Who ignorantly dream they do so much?
Why, thus, instead of courting Christ a bride,
We harden rebels in their native pride.

Much rather ought we in God's name to place
His great artill'ry straight against their face;
And throw hot Sinai thunderbolts around,
To burn their tow'ring hopes down to the ground.
To make the pillars of their pride to shake,
And damn their doing to the burning lake.
To curse the doers unto endless thrall,
That never did continue to do all*.

To scorch their conscience with the flaming air,
And sink their haughty thoughts in deep despair;
Denouncing Ebal's black revenging doom,
To blast their expectation in the bloom;

'Till once vain hope of life by works give place
Unto a solid hope of life by grace.

The vig'rous use of means is safely urg'd,
When pressing calls from legal dregs are purg'd;

But most unsafely in a fœd'ral dress,
 Confounding terms of life with means of grace.
 Oh! dang'rous is th' attempt proud flesh to please,
 Or send a sinner to the law for ease;
 Who rather needs to feel its piercing dart,
 'Till dreadful pangs invade his trembling heart;
 And thither only should be sent for flames
 Of fire to burn his rotten hopes and claims;
 That thus disarm'd, he gladly may embrace,
 And grasp with eagerness the news of grace.

S E C T. V.

*The Gospel of divine Grace the only means of converting
 sinners; and should be preached therefore most clearly,
 fully, and freely.*

THEY ought, who royal grace's heralds be,
 To trumpet loud salvation, full and free;
 Nor safely can, to humour mortal pride,
 In silence evangelic myst'ries hide.
 What heav'n is pleas'd to give, dare we refuse;
 Or under ground conceal, lest men abuse?
 Suppress the gospel-flow'r, upon pretence
 That some vile spiders may suck poison thence?
 Christ is a stumbling-block *, shall we neglect
 To preach him, lest the blind should break their neck?
 That high he's for the fall of many set
 As well as for the rise †, must prove no let.
 No grain of precious truth must be suppress'd,
 Tho' reprobates should to their ruin wrest.
 Shall heav'n's corruscant lamp be dimm'd, that pays
 Its daily tribute down in golden rays?
 Because some, blinded with the blazing gleams,
 Share not the pleasure of the lightning beams.
 Let those be hardned, petrify'd, and harm'd,
 The rest are mollify'd and kindly warm'd.
 A various favour ‡, flowers in grace's field,
 Of life to some, of death to others yield.
 Must then the rose be vail'd, the lily hid,
 The fragrant savour stifled? God forbid.

* 1 Cor. i. 23.

† Luke ii. 34.

‡ 2 Cor. ii. 16.

The revelation of the gospel-flow'r,
 Is still the organ fram'd of saving pow'r :
 Most justly then are legal minds condemn'd,
 That of the glorious gospel are asham'd :
 For this the divine arm, and only this,
 " The pow'r of God unto salvation is *.
 For therein is reveal'd, to screen from wrath,
 The righteousness of God, from faith to faith?"
 The happy change in guilty sinner's case
 They owe to free displays of sov'reign grace;
 Whose joyful tidings of amazing love
 The ministration of the Spirit prove.
 The glorious vent the gospel-news express,
 Of God's free grace, thro' Christ's full righteousness,
 Is Heav'n's gay chariot, where the Spirit bides,
 And in his conqu'ring pow'r triumphant rides.
 The gospel-field is still the Spirit's soil,
 The golden pipe that bears the holy oil;
 The orb where he outshines the radiant sun,
 The silver channel where his graces run.
 Within the gospel-banks his flowing tide
 Of lightning, quickning motions sweetly glide.
 " Received ye the Spirit, scripture saith †,
 By legal works, or by the word of faith?"
 If by the gospel only, then let none
 Dare to be wiser than the wisest One.

We must, who freely get, as freely give
 The vital word that makes the dead to live.
 For ev'n to sinners dead within our reach
 We in his living name may most successful preach.

The Spirit and the scripture both agree
 Jointly (says Christ) to testify of me ‡.
 The preacher then will from his text decline,
 That scorns to harmonize with this design.
 Press moral duties to the last degree?
 Why not? but mind, lest we successless be,
 No light, no hope, nor strength for duties spring,
 Where Jesus is not Prophet, Priest, and King.
 No light to see the way, unless he teach;
 No joyful hope, save in his blood we reach;
 No strength, unless his royal arm he stretch.

* Rom. i. 16, 17.

† Gal. iii. 2.

‡ John xv. 26. v. 39.

Then from our leading scope how gross we fall,
 If, like his name, in ev'ry gospel-call,
 We make not him the First, the Last, the All*!

Our office is to bear the radiant torch,
 Of gospel-light, into the dark'ned porch
 Of human understandings, and display
 The joyful dawn of everlasting day;
 To draw the golden chariot of free grace,
 The dark'ned shades with shining rays to chase,
 'Till Heav'n's bright lamp on circling wheels be hurl'd,
 With sparkling grandeur round the dusky world;
 And thus to bring, in dying mortals sight,
 New life and immortality to light †.
 We're charg'd to preach the gospel, unconfin'd,
 To ev'ry creature ‡ of the human kind;
 To call, with tenders of salvation free,
 All corners of the earth to come and see †:
 And ev'ry sinner must excuseless make,
 By urging rich and poor to come and take **: :

"Ho, ev'ry one that thirsts ††," is grace's call
 Direct to needy sinners great and small;
 Not meaning those alone, whose holy thirst
 Denominates their souls already blest.
 If only those were call'd, then none but saints;
 Nor would the gospel suit the sinner's wants.
 But here the call does signally import
 Sinners and thirsty souls of every sort;
 And mainly to their door the message brings,
 Who yet are thirsting after empty things;
 "Who spend their means no living bread to buy,
 And pains for that which cannot satisfy."
 Such thirsty sinners here invited are,
 Who vainly spend their money, thought, and care,
 On passing shades, vile lusts and trash, so base
 As yield the immortal souls no true solace.
 The call directs them, as they would be blest,
 To chuse a purer object of their thirst.
 All are invited by the joyful sound
 To drink who need, as does the parched ground,

* Rev. i. 11. Col. iii. 11. † 2 Tim. i. 10. ‡ Mark xvi. 15.—
 † Isa. xlv. 22. John i. 39. 46. ** Rev. xxii. 17. †† Isa. lv. 1, 2.

Whose wide-mouth'd clefts speak to the brazen sky
 Its passive thirst without an active cry,
 The gospel-preacher then with holy skill
 Must offer Christ to whosoever will,
 To sinners of all sorts that can be nam'd;
 The blind, the lame, the poor, the halt, the maim'd *.
 Not daring to restrict th' extensive call,
 But op'ning wide the net to catch 'em all.
 No soul must be excluded that will come,
 Nor right of access be confin'd to some,
 Though none will come till conscious of their want,
 Yet right to come they have by sov'reign grant;
 Such right to Christ, his promise, and his grace,
 That all are damn'd who hear and don't embrace :
 So freely is th' unbounded call dispens'd,
 We therein find ev'n sinners unconvinc'd;
 Who know not they are naked, blind and poor †,
 Counsell'd to buy, or beg at Jesus' door,
 And take the glorious robe, eye-salve, and golden store. }
 This prize they are oblig'd by faith to win,
 Else unbelief would never be their sin.
 Yea, gospel-offers but a sham we make,
 If ev'ry sinner has not right to take :
 Be gospel-heralds fortify'd from this
 To trumpet grace, how'er the serpent hiss.
 Did hell's malicious mouth in dreadful shape
 'Gainst innocence itself malignant gape ;
 Then sacred truth's devoted vouchers may
 For dire reproach their measures constant lay.
 With cruel calumny of old commenc'd,
 This sect will ev'ry-where be spoke against ‡.
 While to and fro he runs the earth across
 Whose name is ADELPHON KATEGOROS †.
 In spite of hell be then our constant strife
 To win the glorious Lamb a virgin-wife.

* Luke xiv. 21. † Rev. iii. 17, 18. ‡ Acts xxviii. 22.

† Or, *The accuser of the brethren*, Rev. xii. 10.

C H A P. VI.

An *Exhortation* to all that are out of CHRIST; in order to their closing the match with him: containing also *motives* and *directions*.

READER, into thine hands these lines are giv'n,
 But not without the providence of heav'n;
 Or to advance thy bliss, if thou art wise;
 Or aggravate thy wo, if thou despise.
 For thee, for thee, perhaps the omniscient ken
 Has form'd the counsel here, and led the pen.
 The writer then does thy attention plead,
 In his great name that gave thee eyes to read.

S E C T. I.

Conviction offered to sinners, especially such as are wedded strictly to the law, or self-righteous, that they may see the need of CHRIST's righteousness.

IF never yet thou didst fair Jesus wed,
 Nor yield thy heart to be his marriage bed;
 But hitherto are wedded to the law,
 Which never could thy chain'd affections draw
 From brutish lusts and sordid lovers' charms;
 Lo! thou art yet in Satan's folded arms.
 Hell's pow'r invisible thy soul retains
 His captive slave, lock'd up in massy chains.
 O sinner, then, as thou regard'st thy life,
 Seek, seek with ardent care and earnest strife
 To be the glorious Lamb's betrothed wife.
 For base corrivals never let him lose
 Thy heart, his bed of conjugal repose.
 Wed Christ alone, and with severe remorse
 From other mates pursue a clean divorce;
 For they thy ruin seek by fraud or force.
 As lurking serpents in the shady bow'rs
 Conceal their malice under spreading flow'rs;
 So thy deceitful lusts with cruel spite
 Hide ghastly danger under gay delight.

Art thou a legal zealot, soft or 'rude?
 Renounce thy nat'ral and acquired good.
 As base deceitful lulls may work thy smart,
 So may deceitful frames upon thy heart.
 Seeming good motions may in some be found,
 Much joy in hearing, like the stony ground; *
 Much sorrow too in praying, as appears
 In Esau's careful suit with rueful tears. †
 Touching the law, they blameless may appear, ‡
 From spurious views most specious virtues bear.
 Nor merely be devout in mens esteem,
 But prove to be sincerely what they seem,
 Friends to the holy law in heart and life,
 Suers of heav'n with utmost legal strife;
 Yet still with innate pride so rankly spic'd,
 Converted but to duties, not to Christ;
 That Publicans and harlots heav'n obtain †
 Before a crew so righteous and so vain.
 Sooner will those shake off their vicious dress,
 Than these blind zealots will their righteousness,
 Who judge they have (which fortifies their pride)
 The law of God itself upon their side.
 Old nature, new brush'd up with legal pains,
 Such strict attachment to the law retains,
 No means, no motives can to Jesus draw
 Vain souls, so doubly wedded to the law.

But wouldst the glorious Princee in marriage have,
 Know that thy nat'ral husband cannot save.
 Thy best essays to pay the legal rent
 Can never, in the least, the law content.
 Didst thou in pray'rs employ the morning light,
 In tears and groans the watches of the night,
 Pass thy whole life in close devotion o'er;
 'Tis nothing to the law still craving more.
 There's no proportion 'twixt its high commands,
 And puny works from thy polluted hands;
 Perfection is the least that it demands.
 "Wouldst enter into life, then keep the law ††;"
 But keep it perfectly without a flaw.

* Luke viii. 13. † Heb. xii. 17. ‡ Phil. iii. 6.

† Mat. xxvi. 31. †† Mat. xx. 17.

It won't have less, nor will abate at last
A drop of vengeance for the sin that's past:

Tell, sinful mortal, is thy stock so large

As duly can defray this double charge?

"Why these are mere imp'ssibles," sayst thou:

"Yea, truly so they are; and therefore now,

That down thy legal confidence may fall,

The law's black doom home to thy bosom call.

"Lo! I (the divine law,) demand no less

"Than perfect, everlasting righteousness;

"But thou hast fail'd, and lost thy strength to Do:

"Therefore I doom thee to eternal wo;

"In prison clo'ss to be shut up for ay,

"Ere I be baffled with thy partial pay.

"Thou always didst, and dost my precepts break;

"I therefore curse thee to the burning lake.

"In God, the great Lawgiver's glorious name,

"I judge thy soul to everlasting shame."

No flesh can by the law be justified *.

Yet dar'st thou thy legal duties plead?

As Paul appeal'd to Cesar, wilt thou so

Unto the law? then to it thou shalt go,

And find it doom thee to eternal wo.

What! would ye have us plung'd in deep despair?

Amen; yea, God himself would have you there.

His will it is that you despair of life,

And safety by the law or legal strife;

*That cleanly thence divorc'd at any rate

His fairest Son may have a faithful mate.

*Till this law-sentence pass within your breast,

You'll never wed the law-discharging Priest.

You prize not heav'n, till he through hell you draw;

Nor love the gospel, till ye know the law.

Know then, the divine law most perfect cares

For none of thy imperfect legal wares;

Dooms thee to vengeance for thy sinful state,

As well as sinful actions small or great.

If any sin can be accounted small,

To hell it dooms thy soul for one and all.

* Rom. iii. 26.

For sins of nature, practice, heart, and way,
 Damnation-rent it summons thee to pay.
 Yea, not for sin alone, which is thy shame,
 But for thy boasted service too, so lame,
 The Law adjudges thee and hell to meet,
 Because thy righteousness is incomplete.
 As tow'ring flames burn up the wither'd flags,
 So will the fiery law thy filthy rags.

S E C T. II.

DIRECTION given with reference to the right use of the Means, that we rest not on these instead of CHRIST, the glorious Husband, in whom our help lies.

ADAM, where art thou *? Soul, where art thou now?
 Oh! art thou saying, Sir, what shall I do †?
 I dare not use that proud self-raising strain,
 Go help yourself, and God will help you then.
 Nay; rather know, O Israel, that thou hast
 Destroy'd thyself, and canst not in the least
 From sin nor wrath thyself the captive free.
 Thy help, says Jesus, only lies in me ‡.
 Heav'n's oracles direct to him alone,
 Full help is laid upon thy mighty One.
 In him, in him complete salvation dwells;
 He's God the helper, and there is none else †.
 Fig-leaves won't hide thee from the fiery show'r,
 'Tis he alone that saves by price and pow'r.

Must we do nothing then, will mockers say,
 But rest in sloth till Heav'n the help convey?
 Pray, stop a little sinner; don't abuse
 God's awful word, that charges thee to use
 Means, ordinances, which he's pleas'd to place
 As precious channels of his pow'rful grace.
 Restless improve all these, until from heav'n
 The whole salvation needful thus be giv'n.
 Wait in his path according to his call,
 On him whose pow'r alone effecteth all.

* Gen. iii. 9. † Mark x. 17. ‡ Hof. xiii. 9.
 † Isa. xlv. 22.

Would'st thou him wed? In duties wait, I say;
 But marry not thy duties by the way.
 Thou'lt wofully come short of saving grace,
 If duties only be thy resting place.
 Nay, go a little further * through them all,
 To him whose office is to save from thrall,
 Thus in a gospel-manner hopeful wait,
 Striving to enter by the narrow gate †;
 So strait and narrow, that it won't admit
 The bunch upon thy back to enter it.
 Not only bulky lusts may cease to press,
 But ev'n the bunch of boasted righteousness.

Many, as in the sacred page we see,
 Shall strive to enter, but unable be ‡:
 Because, mistaking this new way of life,
 They push a legal, not a gospel-strife:
 As if their duties did JEHOVAH bind,
 Because 'tis written, "Seek, and ye shall find †."
 Perverted scripture does their error sence,
 They read the letter, but neglect the sense.
 While to the word no gospel-gloss they give;
 Their *seek* and *find*'s the same with *do* and *live*.
 Hence would they a connection native place
 Between their moral pains, and saving grace:
 Their nat'ral poor essays the Judge won't miss,
 In justice, to infer eternal bliss.

Thus commentaries on the word they make,
 Which to their ruin are a grand mistake:
 For, through the legal bias in their breast,
 They scripture to their own destruction wrest.
 Why, if we seek, we get, they gather hence;
 Which is not truth, save in the scripture-sense.
 There Jesus deals with friends, and elsewhere faith,
 These seekers only speed that ask in faith **.
 "The prayer of the wicked is abhorr'd,
 "As an abomination to the Lord ††."
 Their suits are sins, but their neglects no less,
 Which can't their guilt diminish, but increase.

* Song iii. 1,—4. † Matth. vii. 13, 14. ‡ Luke xiii. 24.

† Matth. vii. 7. ** James i. 6. †† Prov. xv. 9. xxviii. 9.

They ought, like beggars, lie in grace's way;
Hence Peter taught the forgerer to pray *;
For though mere nat'ral mens addreis or pray'rs
Can no acceptance gain as work of theirs,
Nor have, as their performance, any sway;
Yet as a divine ordinance they may.
But spotless truth has bound itself to grant
The suit of none but the believing saint.

In Jesus persons once accepted, do
Acceptance find in him for duties too.
For he, whose Son they do in marriage take,
Is bound to hear them for their Husband's sake.

But let no Christle's soul, at pray'r appear,
As if JEHOVAH were oblig'd to hear:
But use the means, because a sov'reign God
May come with alms in this his wonted road.
He wills thee to frequent kind wisdom's gate,
To read, hear, meditate, to pray and wait;
Thy Spirit then be on these duties bent,
As gospel means, but not as legal rent,
From these don't thy salvation hope nor claim,
But from JEHOVAH in the use of them.
The beggar's spirit never was so dull,
While waiting at the gate call'd Beautiful,
To hope for succour from the temple-gate,
At which he daily did so careful wait:
But from the rich and charitable sort,
Who to the temple daily made resort.

Means, ordinances, are the comely gate,
At which kind heav'n has bid us constant wait:
Not that from these we have our alms, but from
The lib'ral God, who there is wont to come.
If either we these means shall dare neglect,
Or yet from these th' enriching bliss expect,
We from the glory of the King defalk;
Who in the galleries is won't to walk;
We move not regular in duties road,
But base, invert them to an idol-god.

Seek then, if gospel-means you would essay,
Through grace to use them in a gospel-way:

* Acts viii. 22.

Not deeming that your duties are the price
Of divine favour, or of Paradise;
Nor that your best efforts employ'd in these
Are fit exploits your awful Judge to please.
Why, thus you basely idolize your trash,
And make it with the blood of Jesus clash.
You'd buy the blessing with your vile refuse,
And so his precious righteousness abuse.
What! buy his gifts with filthy lumber? nay,
Whoever offers this, must hear him say,
"Thy money perish with thy soul for ay *."

Duties are means, which to the marriage-bed
Should chastly lead us, like the chamber-maid;
But if with her, instead of Christ, we match,
We not our safety, but our ruin hatch.
To Cesar, what is Cesar's, should be giv'n;
But Cesar must not have what's due to Heav'n:
So duties should have duty's room, 'tis true;
But nothing of the glorious Husband's due.
While means the debt of close attendance crave,
Our whole dependance God alone must have.
If duties, tears, our conscience pacify,
They with the blood of Christ presume to vie.
Means are his vassals; shall we without grudge
Discard the master, and espouse the drudge?
The hypocrite, the legalist does sin,
To live on duties, not on Christ therein.
He only feeds on empty dishes, plates,
Who dotes on means, but at the manna frets.
Let never means content thy soul at all,
Without the Husband, who is all in all †.
Cry daily for the happy marriage hour:
To him belongs the mean, to him the pow'r.

S E C T. III.

*A CALL to believe in JESUS CHRIST, with some hints
at the Act and Object of Faith.*

FRIEND, is the question on thy heart engrav'd,
"What shall I do to be for ever sav'd?" ‡

* Acts viii. 20.

† Col. iii. 3.

‡ Acts xvi. 30.

Lo! here's a living rock to build upon;
 Believe in Jesus *; and on him alone
 For righteousness and strength thine anchor drop;
 Renouncing all thy former legal hope.
 "Believe, say thou! I can no more believe,
 "Than keep the law of works, the *Do and Live.*"
 True; and it were thy mercy, didst thou see
 Thine utter want of all ability.
 New cov'nant graces he alone can grant,
 Whom God has giv'n to be the covenant †;
 E'en Jesus, whom the sacred letters call
 Faith's object, author, finisher, and all;
 In him alone, not in thy act of faith,
 Thy soul believing full salvation hath.

In this new cov'nant judge not faith to hold
 The room of perfect doing in the old.
 Faith is not giv'n to be the fed'ral price
 Of other blessings, or of paradise:
 But Heav'n by giving this, strikes out a door
 At which is carry'd in still more and more.
 No sinner must upon his faith lay stress,
 As if it were a perfect righteousness.
 God ne'er assign'd unto it such a place;
 'Tis but at best a bankrupt begging grace.
 Its object makes its fame to fly abroad,
 So close it grips the righteousness of God;
 Which righteousness receiv'd, is, without strife,
 The true condition of eternal life.

But still, say you, pow'r to believe I miss.
 You may; but know you what believing is?
 Faith lies not in your building up a tower
 Of some great action by your proper pow'r.
 For Heav'n well knows, that by the killing fall
 No pow'r, no will remains in man at all
 For acts divinely good; 'till sov'reign grace
 By pow'rful drawing virtue turn the chase.
 Hence none believe in Jesus, as they ought,
 'Till once they do believe they can do nought,
 Nor are sufficient e'en to form a thought ‡.

* Acts xvi. 31.

† Isa. xlii. 6.

‡ 2 Cor. iii. 5.

They're conscious in the right believing hour,
Of human weakness, and of divine pow'r.
Faith acts not in the sense of strength and might,
But in the sense of weakness acts outright.
It is (no boasting arm of pow'r or length)
But weakness acting on almighty strength *.
It is the pow'rless, helpless sinner's flight
Into the open arms of saving might :
'Tis an employing Jesus to do all
That can within salvation's compass fall ;
To be the agent kind in ev'ry thing
Belonging to the Prophet, Priest, and King ;
To teach, to pardon, sanctify, and save,
And nothing to the creature's pow'r to leave.
Faith makes us joyfully content that he
Our Head, our Husband, and our All should be ;
Our righteousness and strength, our stock and store,
Our fund for food and raiment, grace and glory.
It makes the creature down to nothing fall,
Content that Christ alone be all in all.

The plan of grace is faith's delightful view,
With which it closes both as good and true.
Unto the truth, the mind's assent is full ;
Unto the good, a free consenting will.
The holy Spirit here, the agent chief,
Creates this faith, and dashes unbelief.
That very God who calls us to believe,
The very faith he seeks, must also give.
Why calls he then ? say you. Pray, man, be wise ;
Why did he call dead Lazarus to rise ?
Because the orders in their bosom bear
Almighty pow'r to make the carcase hear.

But Heav'n may not this mighty pow'r display.
Most true ; yet still thou art oblig'd t'obey.
But God is not at all oblig'd to stretch
His saving arm to such a sinful wretch.
All who within salvation-rolls have place,
Are sav'd by a prerogative of grace :
But vessels all that shall with wrath be cramm'd,
Are by an act of holy justice damn'd.

* 2 Cor. xii. 9.

Take then, dear soul, as from a friendly heart,
'The counsel which the following lines impart.

S E C T. IV.

An ADVICE to Sinners to apply to the sovereign Mercy of GOD, as it is discovered through CHRIST, to the highest honour of Justice and other divine attributes, in order to further their Faith in him unto salvation.

GO, friend, and at JEHOVAH's footstool bow :
Thou know'lt not what a sov'reign God may do,

Confess, if he commiserate thy case,

'Twill be an act of pow'rful sov'reign grace:

Sequestrate carefully some solemn hours,

To sue thy grand concern in secret bow'rs.

Then in th' ensuing strain to God impart,

And pour into his bosom all thy heart.

‘ O glorious, gracious, pow'rful, sov'reign Lord,

‘ Thy help unto a sinful worm afford ;

‘ Who from my wretched birth to this sad hour,

‘ Have still been destitute of will and pow'r

‘ To close with glorious Christ ; yea, fill'd with spite

‘ At thy fair darling, and thy saints delight,

‘ Resist'g all his grace with all my might.

‘ Come, Lord, and sap my enmity's strong tow'r ;

‘ O haste the marriage-day, the day of pow'r ;

‘ That sweetly, by resistless grace inclin'd,

‘ My once reluctant be a willing mind.

‘ Thou spak'st to being ev'ry thing we see,

‘ When thy almighty will said, *Let it be,*

‘ Nothings to being in a moment pass :

‘ “ Let there be light, thou saidst ; and so it was.” *

‘ A pow'rful word like this, a mighty call,

‘ Must say, Let there be faith, and then it shall.

‘ Thou seek'lt my faith and light from sin and guilt ;

‘ Give what thou seek'lt, Lord ; then seek what thou wilt.

‘ What good can issue from a root so ill ?

‘ This heart of mine's a wicked lump of hell ;

‘ 'Twill all thy common motions still resist,

‘ Unless with special drawing virtue blest.

* Gen. i. 3.

' Thou calls, but with the call thy pow'r convey ;
 ' Command me to believe, and I'll obey,
 ' Nor any more thy gracious call gainstay.
 ' Command, O Lord ; effectually command,
 ' And grant I be not able to withstand ;
 ' Then pow'rless I will stretch the wither'd hand.
 ' I to thy favour can pretend no claim,
 ' But what is borrow'd from thy glorious name ;
 ' Which though most justly thou may'st glorifie,
 ' In damning such a guilty wretch as me,
 ' A faggot fitted for the burning fire
 ' Of thine incensed everlasting ire :
 ' Yet, Lord, since now I hear thy glorious Son,
 ' In favour of a race that was undone,
 ' Did in thy name, by thy authority,
 ' Once to the full stern justice satisfy ;
 ' And paid more glorious tribute thereunto
 ' Than hell and all its torments e'er can do.
 ' Since my salvation through his blood can raise
 ' A revenue to justice' highest praise,
 ' Higher than rents which hell for ever pays :
 ' These to tremendous justice never bring
 ' A satisfaction equal and condign.
 ' But Jesus, our once dying God, performs
 ' What never could by ever-dying worms :
 ' Since thus thy threat'ning law is honour'd more
 ' Than e'er my sins affronted it before :
 ' Since justice stern may greater glory won,
 ' By justifying in thy darling Son,
 ' Than by condemning ev'n the rebel me ;
 ' To this device of wisdom, lo ! I flee.
 ' Let justice, Lord, according to thy will,
 ' Be glorify'd with glory great and full ;
 ' Not now in hell, where justice' petty pay
 ' Is but extorted parcels mine'd for ay :
 ' But glorify'd in Christ, who down has told
 ' The total sum at once in liquid gold,
 ' In lowest hell low praise is only won,
 ' But justice has the highest in thy Son,
 ' The Sun of righteousness that set in red,
 ' To shew the glorious morning would succeed.

- ‘ In him then save thou me from sin and shame,
‘ And to the highest glorify thy name.
‘ Since this bright scene thy glories all express,
‘ And grace as empress reigns through righteousness;
‘ Since mercy fair runs in a crimson flood,
‘ And vents through justice-satisfying blood:
‘ Not only then for mercy’s sake I sue,
‘ But for the glory of thy justice’ too.
‘ And since each letter of thy name divine
‘ Has in fair Jesus’ face the brightest shine,
‘ This glorious Husband be for ever mine.
‘ On this strong argument so sweet, so blest,
‘ With thy allowance, Lord, I must insist.
‘ Great God, since thou allow’st unworthy me
‘ To make thy glorious name my humble plea;
‘ No glory worthy of it wilt thou gain
‘ By casting me into the burning main.
‘ My feeble back can never suit the load,
‘ That speaks thy name a sin-revenging God.
‘ Scarce would that name seem a consuming fire
‘ Upon a worm unworthy of thine ire.
‘ But see the worthy Lamb, thy chosen Priest,
‘ With justice’ burning-glass against his breast,
‘ Contracting all the beams of ’vening wrath,
‘ As in their centre, ’till he burnt to death.
‘ Vengeance can never be so much proclaim’d
‘ By scatter’d beams among the millions damn’d.
‘ Then, Lord, in him me to the utmost save,
‘ And thou shalt glory to the highest have:
‘ Glory to Wisdom, that contriv’st so well!
‘ Glory to Pow’r, that bore and bury’d hell!
‘ Glory to Holiness, which sin defac’d,
‘ With sinless service now divinely grac’d!
‘ Glory to Justice’ sword, that flaming stood,
‘ Now drunk to pleasure with atoning blood!
‘ Glory to Truth, that now, in scarlet clad,
‘ Has seal’d both threats and promises with red!
‘ Glory to Mercy, now in purple streams,
‘ So sweetly gliding through the divine flames
‘ Of other once offended, now exalted names!

' Each attribute conspires with joint embrace,
 ' To shew its sparkling rays in Jesus' face ;
 ' And thus to deck the crown of matchless grace.
 ' But to thy name in heil ne'er can accrue
 ' The thousandth part of this great revenue.
 ' O ravishing contrivance ! light that blinds
 ' Cherubic gazers, and seraphic minds.
 ' They pry into the deep, and love to learn
 ' What yet should vastly more be my concern.
 ' Lord, once my hope most reasonless could dream
 ' Of heav'n, without regard to thy great name ;
 ' But here is laid, my lasting hope to found,
 ' A highly rational, a lasting ground.
 ' 'Tis reasonable, I expect thou'lt take
 ' The way that most will for thine honour make.
 ' Is this the plan ? Lord, let me build my claim
 ' To life, on this high glory of thy name.
 ' Nor let my faithless heart or think, or say,
 ' That all this glory shall be thrown away
 ' In my perdition ; which will never raise
 ' To thy great name so vast a rent of praise.
 ' O then a rebel into favour take ;
 ' Lord, shield and save me for thy glory's sake.
 ' My endless ruin is not worth the cost,
 ' That so much glory be for ever lost.
 ' I'll of the greatest sinner bear the shame,
 ' To bring the greatest honour to thy name.
 ' Small loss, though I should perish endless days,
 ' But thousand pities grace should lose the praise.
 ' O hear, JEHOVAH, get the glory then,
 ' And to my supplication say, AMEN.'

S E C T. V.

*The terrible Doom of Unbelievers, and Rejecters of
 CHRIST, or Despisers of the Gospel.*

THUS, sinner, into Jesus' bosom flee,
 Then there is hope in Isra'l sure for thee.
 Slight not the call, as running by in rhyme,
 Lest thou repent for ay, if not in time.
 'Tis most unlawful to contemn and shun
 All wholesome counsels that in metre run ;

Since the prime fountains of the sacred writ
Much heav'nly truth in holy rhimes transmit.
If this don't please, yet hence it is no crime
To verify the word, and preach in rhyme,
But in whatever mould the doctrine lies,
Some erring minds will gospel-truth despise
Without remede, till heav'n anoint their eyes.
These lines pretend no conqu'ring art nor skill,
But shew in weak attempts a strong good-will
To mortify all native legal pride,
And court the Lamb of God a virgin bride.
If he thy conjunct match be never giv'n,
Thou'rt doom'd to hell, as sure as God's in heav'n.
If gospel-grace and goodness don't thee draw,
Thou art condemn'd already by the law.
Yea, hence damnation deep will doubly brace,
If still thy heart contemn redeeming grace.
No argument from fear or hope will move,
Or draw thy heart, if not the bond of love:
Nor flowing joys, nor flaming terrors chase
To Christ the hav'n, without the gales of grace.
O sligher then of grace's joyful sound,
Thou'rt over to the wrathful ocean bound.
Anon thou'lt sink into the gulf of woes,
Whene'er thy wasting hours are at a close;
Thy false old legal hope will then be lost,
And with thy wretched soul give up the ghost.
Then farewell God and Christ, and grace and glore;
Undone thou art, undone for evermore,
For ever sinking underneath the load
And pressure of a sin-revenging God.
The sacred awful text asserts, "To fall
" Into his living hands, is fearful thrall;
" When no more sacrifice for sin reminds," *
But ever living wrath, and lasting chains;
Heav'n still upholding life in dreadful death,
Still throwing down hot thunderbolts of wrath,
As full of terror, and as manifold,
As finite vessels of his wrath can hold.

* Heb. x. 29. 31.

Then, then we may suppose the wretch to cry,
 ' Oh ! if this damning God would let me die,
 ' And not torment me to eternity !
 ' Why from the silent womb of stupid earth
 ' Did Heav'n awake, and push me into birth ?
 ' Curs'd be the day that ever gave me life ;
 ' Curs'd be the cruel parents, man and wife,
 ' Means of my being, instruments of woe ;
 ' For now I'm damn'd, I'm damn'd, and always so !
 ' Curs'd be the day that ever made me hear
 ' The gospel-call, which brought salvation near.
 ' The endless sound of slighted mercy's bell,
 ' Has in mine ears the most tormenting knell.
 ' Of offer'd grace I vain repent the loss,
 ' The joyful sound with horror recognise.
 ' The hollow vault reverberates the sound,
 ' This killing echo strikes the deepest wound,
 ' And with too late remorse does now confound.
 ' Into the dungeon of despair I'm lock'd,
 ' Th' once open door of hope for ever block'd :
 ' Hopeless I sink into the dark abyss,
 ' Banish'd for ever from eternal bliss.
 ' In boiling waves of vengeance must I lie ?
 ' O could I curse this dreadful God, and die !
 ' Infinite years in torments shall I spend,
 ' And never, never, never at an end !
 ' Ah ! must I live in torturing despair
 ' As many years as atoms in the air ?
 ' When these are spent, as many thousands more
 ' As grains of sand that croud the ebbing shore ?
 ' When these are done, as many yet behind
 ' As leaves of forest shaken with the wind ?
 ' When these are gone, as many to ensue
 ' As stems of grass on hills and dales that grew ?
 ' When these run out, as many on the march
 ' As starry lamps that gild the spangled arch ?
 ' When these expire, as many millions more
 ' As moments in the millions past before ?
 ' When all these doleful years are spent in pain,
 ' And multiplied by myriads again,
 ' 'Tis numbers drown the thought ! could I suppose
 ' That then my wretched years were at a close,

• This would afford some ease : but, ah ! I shiver
• To think upon the dreadful sound, *for ever !*
• The burning gulph, where I blaspheming ly,
• Is *time* no more, but vast ETERNITY !
• The growing torment I endure for sin,
• Through ages all is always to begin.
• How did I but a grain of pleasure sow,
• To reap an harvest of immortal wo ?
• Bound at the bottom of the burning main,
• Gnawing my chains, I wish for death in vain.
• Just doom ! since I, that bear th' eternal load
• Contemn'd the death of an eternal God.
• Oh ! if the God that curs'd me to the last,
• Would bless me back to nothing with a dash !
• But hopeless I the just avenger hate,
• Blaspheme the wrathful God, and curse my fate !

To these this word of terror I direct,
Who now the great salvation dare neglect * :
To all the Christ-despising multitude,
That trample on the great Redeemer's blood ;
That see no beauty in his glorious face,
But slight his offers, and refuse his grace.
A messenger of wrath to none I am,
But those that hate to wed the worthy Lamb.
For though the smallest sins, if small can be,
Will plunge the Christless soul in misery :
Yet, lo ! the greatest that to mortals cleave
Shan't damn the souls in Jesus that believe ;
Because they on the very method fall
That well can make amends to God for all.
Whereas proud souls, thro' unbelief, won't let
The glorious God a reputation get
Of all his honour, in his darling Son,
For all the great dishonours they have done.
A faithless soul the glorious God bereaves
Of all the satisfaction that he craves ;
Hence under divine hottest fury lies,
And with a double vengeance justly dies.
The blackest part of Tophet is their place,
Who slight the tenders of redeeming grace.

* Heb. ii. 3.

That sacrilegious monster, Unbelief,
 So hard'ned 'gainst remorse and pious grief,
 Robs God of all the glory of his names,
 And ev'ry divine attribute defames.
 It loudly calls the truth of God a lie;
 The God of truth a liar *, horrid cry!
 Doubts and denies his precious words of grace,
 Spits venom in the royal Suitor's face!
 This monster cannot cease all sin to hatch,
 Because it proudly mars the happy match.
 As each law-wedded soul is join'd to sin,
 And destitute of holiness within;
 So all that wed the law, must wed the curse,
 Which rent they scorn to pay with Christ's full purse.
 They clear may read their dreadful doom in brief,
 Whose fester'd sore is final unbelief:
 Though to the law their life exalted fram'd,
 For zealous acts and passions too were fam'd;
 Yet, lo! *He that believes not, shall be damn'd †.*

*But now 'tis proper, on the other side,
 With words of comfort to address the bride.
 She in her glorious Husband does possess
 Adorning grace, acquitting righteousness:
 And hence to her pertain the golden mines
 Of comfort op'ned in the following lines.*

* John v. 10.

† John iii. 18.

GOSPEL-SONNETS.

P A R T II.

The BELIEVER's JOINTURE:

O R,

The POEM continued on ISAIAH liv. 5.

Thy Maker is thy Husband.

N. B. The following lines being primarily intended for the use and edification of piously-exercised souls, and especially those of a more common and ordinary capacity; the Author thought fit, through the whole of this second part of the book, to continue, as in the former editions, to repeat that part of the text, *Thy Husband*, in the last line of every verse; because, however it tended to limit him, and restrict his liberty of words in the composition; yet, having ground to judge, that this appropriating compellation, still resumed, had rendered these lines formerly the more savoury to some exercised Christians, to whom the name of CHRIST (particularly as their Head and Husband) is as ointment poured forth; he chose rather to subject himself to that restriction, than to withhold what may tend to the satisfaction and comfort of those to whom CHRIST is *all in all*; and to whom his name, as their Husband, so many various ways applied, will be no nauseous repetition.

C H A P. I.

Containing the PRIVILEGES of the Believer that is espoused to CHRIST by Faith of divine Operation.

S E C T. I.

The BELIEVER's perfect Beauty, free Acceptance, and full Security, through the Imputation of CHRIST's perfect Righteousness, though imparted Grace be imperfect.

O Happy soul, JEHOVAH's bride,
The Lamb's beloved spouse;
Strong consolation's flowing tide,
Thy Husband thee allows.

H 2

In thee, though like thy father's race,
By nature black as hell;
Yet now, so beautify'd by grace,
Thy Husband loves to dwell.
Fair as the moon thy robes appear,
While graces are in dress:
Clear as the sun *, while found to wear
Thy Husband's righteousness.
Thy moon-like graces, changing much,
Have here and there a spot:
Thy sun-like glory is not such,
Thy Husband changes not.
Thy white and ruddy vesture fair
Outvies the rosy leaf;
For 'mong ten thousand beauties rare
Thy Husband is the chief.
Cloth'd with the sun, thy robes of light
The morning-rays outline;
The lamps of heav'n are not so bright,
Thy Husband decks thee fine.
Though hellish smock thy duties stain,
And sin deforms thee quite;
Thy Surety's merit makes thee clean,
Thy Husband's beauty's white.
Thy pray'rs and tears, nor pure nor good,
But vile and lothsome seem;
Yet gain, by dipping in his blood,
Thy Husband's high esteem.
No fear thou starve, though wants be great,
In him thou art complete †.
Thy hungry soul may hopeful wait,
Thy Husband gives thee meat.
Thy money, merit, pow'r, and pelf,
Were squander'd by thy fall;
Yet, having nothing in thyself,
Thy Husband is thy all.
Law-precepts, threats, may both beset
To crave thee of their due;
But justice for thy double debt
Thy Husband did pursue.

* Song vi. 8.

† Col. ii. 10:

Though justice stern as much belong
 As mercy to a God;
 Yet justice suffered here no wrong,
 Thy Husband's back was broad.
 He bore the load of wrath alone,
 That mercy might take vent;
 Heav'n's pointed arrows all upon
 Thy Husband's heart were spent.
 No partial pay could justice still,
 No farthing was retrench'd;
 Vengeance exacted all, until
 Thy Husband all advanc'd.
 He paid in liquid golden red,
 Each mite the law requir'd,
 Till, with a loud, *'Tis finished* *,
 Thy Husband's breath expir'd.
 No process more the law can 'tent;
 Thou stand'st within its verge,
 And may'st, at pleasure, now present
 Thy Husband's full discharge.
 Though new-contracted guilt beget,
 New fears of divine ire;
 Yet fear thou not, though drown'd in debt,
 Thy Husband is the payer.
 God might in rigour thee indite
 Of highest crimes and flaws;
 But on thy head no curse can light,
 Thy Husband is the cause.

S E C T. II.

CHRIST *the Believer's Friend, Prophet, Priest, King,
 Defence, Guard, Help, and Healer.*

DEAR soul, when all the human race
 Lay wett'ring in their gore,
 Vast numbers in that dismal case,
 Thy Husband pass'd o'er.
 But, pray, why did he thousands pass,
 And set his heart on thee?
 The deep, the searchless reason was,
 Thy Husband's love is free.

* John xix. 30.

The forms of favour, names of grace,
And offices of love,
He bears for thee, with open face,
Thy Husband's kindness prove.
'Gainst darkness black, and error blind,
Thou hast a Sun and Shield *;
And, to reveal the Father's mind,
Thy Husband Prophet seal'd,
He likewise, to procure thy peace,
And save from sin's arrest,
Resign'd himself a sacrifice;
Thy Husband is thy Priest.
And that he might thy will subject,
And sweetly captive bring,
Thy sins subdue, his throne erect,
Thy Husband is thy King.
Though num'rous and assaulting foes
Thy joyful peace may mar;
And thou a thousand battles lose,
Thy Husband wins the war.
Hell's forces, which thy mind apall,
His arm can soon dispatch;
How strong foe'er, yet for them all,
Thy Husband's more than match.
Though secret lusts with hid contest,
By heavy groans reveal'd,
And devils rage; yet, do their best,
Thy Husband keeps the field.
When, in desertion's ev'ning dark,
Thy steps are apt to slide,
His conduct seek, his counsel mark,
Thy Husband is thy Guide.
In doubts, renouncing self-conceit,
His word and Spirit prize:
He never counsell'd wrong as yet,
Thy Husband is so wise.
When weak, thy Refuge see'st at hand,
Yet cannot run the length;
'Tis present pow'r to understand
Thy Husband is thy strength.

When shaking storms annoy thy heart,
His word commands a calm :
When bleeding wounds, to ease thy smart
Thy Husband's blood's the balm.
Trust creatures nor to help thy thrall,
Nor to assuage thy grief ;
Use means, but look beyond them all,
Thy Husband's thy relief.
If Heav'n prescribe a bitter drug,
Fret not with froward will ;
This carriage may thy cure prorogue ;
Thy Husband wants not skill.
He sees the sore, he knows the cure
Will most adapted be ;
'Tis then most reasonable, sure,
Thy Husband choose for thee.
Friendship is in his chastisements,
And favour in his frowns ;
Then judge not then in heavy plaints,
Thy Husband thee disowns.
The deeper his sharp lancet go
In ripping up thy wound,
The more thy healing shall unto
Thy Husband's praise redound.

S E C T. III.

*CHRIST the Believer's wonderful Physician, and
wealthy Friend.*

KIND Jesus empties whom he'll fill,
Casts down whom he will raise ;
He quickens whom he seems to kill ;
Thy husband thus gets praise.
When awful rods are in his hand,
There's mercy in his mind ;
When clouds upon his brow do stand,
Thy Husband's heart is kind.
In various changes to and fro,
He'll ever constant prove ;
Nor can his kindness come and go,
Thy Husband's name is Love.

His friends, in most afflicted lot,
His favour most have felt;
For when they're try'd in furnace hot,
Thy Husband's bowels melt.
When he his bride or wounds or heals,
Heart-kindness does him move;
And wraps in frowns as well as smiles
Thy Husband's lasting love.
In's hand no cure could ever fail,
Though of a hopeless state;
He can in desperate cases heal,
Thy Husband's art's so great.
The medicine he did prepare,
Can't fail to work for good:
O balm pow'rful, precious, rare,
Thy Husband's sacred blood;
Which freely from his breached breast
Gush'd out like pent-up fire.
His cures are best, his wages least,
Thy Husband takes no hire.
Thou hast no worth, no might, no good;
His favour to procure:
But see his store, his pow'r, his blood;
Thy Husband's never poor.
Himself he humbled wond'rously
Once to the lowest pitch,
That bankrupts through his poverty
Thy Husband might enrich.
His treasure is more excellent
Than hills of Ophir gold:
In telling stores were ages spent,
Thy Husband's can't be told.
All things that fly on wings of fame,
Compar'd with this, are dross;
Thy searchless riches in his name
Thy Husband doth ingross.
The great IMMANUEL, God-man,
Includes such store divine;
Angels and saints will never scan
Thy Husband's golden mine.

He's full of grace and truth * indeed,
 Of Spirit †, merit, might;
 Of all the wealth that bankrupts need
 Thy Husband's heir by right.
 Tho' heav'n's his throne ‡, he came from thence,
 To seek and save the lost; †
 Whatever be the vast expence,
 Thy Husband's at the cost.
 Pleas'd to expend each drop of blood
 That fill'd his royal veins,
 He frank the sacred victim stood;
 Thy Husband spar'd no pains.
 His cost immense was in thy place;
 Thy freedom cost his thrall;
 Thy glory cost him deep disgrace,
 Thy Husband paid for all.

S E C T. IV.

*The Believer's SAFETY under the Covert of CHRIST's
 atoning Blood, and powerful Intercession.*

WHEN Heav'n proclaim'd hot war and wrath,
 And sin increas'd the strife;
 By rich obedience unto death
 Thy Husband bought thy life.
 The charges could not be abridg'd,
 But on these noble terms;
 Which all that prize, are hugg'd amidst
 Thy Husband's folded arms.
 When law condemns, and justice too
 To prison would thee hale;
 As sureties kind for bankrupts do,
 Thy Husband offers bail.
 God on these terms is reconcil'd,
 And thou his heart has won;
 In Christ thou art his favour'd child,
 Thy Husband is his Son.
 Vindictive wrath is whole appeas'd,
 Thou needst not then be mov'd;
 In Jesus always he's well pleas'd,
 Thy Husband his Belov'd **.

* John i. 14. † John iii. 34. ‡ Isa. lxvi. 1.

† Luke xix. 10. ** Matth. iii. 17.

What can be laid unto thy charge,
When God does not condemn?
Bills of complaint though foes enlarge,
Thy Husband answers them.
When fear thy guilty mind confounds,
Full ransom this may yield;
Thy ransom-bill, with blood and wounds,
Thy Husband kind has seal'd.
His promise is the fair extract
Thou hast at hand to shew;
Stern justice can no more exact,
Thy Husband paid its due.
No terms he left thee to fulfil,
No clog to mar thy faith;
His bond is sign'd, his latter-will
Thy Husband seal'd by death.
The great condition of the band
Of promise and of bliss,
Is wrought by him, and brought to hand,
Thy Husband's righteousness.
When therefore press'd in time of need
To sue the promis'd good,
Thou hast no more to do but plead
Thy Husband's sealing blood.
This can thee more to God commend,
And cloudy wrath dispel,
Than e'er thy sinning could offend;
Thy Husband vanquish'd hell.
When vengeance seems, for broken laws,
To light on thee with dread,
Let Christ be umpire of thy cause;
Thy Husband well can plead.
He pleads his righteousness, that brought
All rents the law could crave;
Whate'er its precepts, threat'nings, sought,
Thy Husband fully gave.
Did holiness in precepts stand,
And for perfection call,
Justice in threat'nings death demand?
Thy Husband gave it all.

His blood the fiery law did quench,
Its summons need not scare;
Tho't cite thee to Heav'n's awful bench,
Thy Husband's at the bar.

This Advocate has much to say,
His clients need not fear;
For God the Father hears him ay,
Thy Husband hath his ear.

A cause fail'd never in his hand,
So strong his pleading is;
His Father grants his whole demand,
Thy Husband's will is his.

Hell-forces all may rendezvous,
Accusers may combine;
Yet fear thou not who art his spouse,
Thy Husband's cause is thine.

By solemn oath JEHOVAH did
His priesthood ratify;
Let earth and hell then counterplead,
Thy Husband gains the plea.

S E C T. V.

*The Believer's FAITH and HOPE encouraged, even in
the darkest Nights of Desertion and Distress.*

THE cunning serpent may accuse,
But never shall succeed;
The God of peace will Satan bruise,
Thy Husband broke his head *

Hell furies threaten to devour,
Like lions robb'd of whelps:
But, lo! in ev'ry per'lous hour,
Thy Husband always helps.

That feeble faith may never fail,
Thine Advocate has pray'd;
Though winnowing tempests may assail,
Thy Husband's near to aid.

Though grievous trials grow apace,
And put thee to a stand;
Thou may'st rejoice in ev'ry case.
Thy Husband's help at hand.

* Rom. xvi. 20.

Trust, though, when in desertion dark,
No twinkling star by night,
No ray appear, no glimm'ring spark;
Thy Husband is thy light.
His beams anon the clouds can rent,
And through the vapours run;
For of the brightest firmament
Thy Husband is the sun.
Without the sun who mourning go,
And scarce the way can find,
He brings, through paths they do not know*;
Thy Husband leads the blind.
Through fire and water he with skill
Brings to a wealthy land;
Rude flames and roaring waves be still,
Thy Husband can command.
When sin disorders heavy brings,
That press thy soul with weight;
Then mind how many crooked things
Thy Husband has made straight.
Still look to him with longing eyes,
Though both thine eyes should fail;
Cry, and at length, though not thy cries,
Thy Husband shall prevail.
Still hope for favour at his hand,
Though favour don't appear:
When help seems most aloof to stand;
Thy Husband's then most near.
In cases hopeless-like, faint hopes
May fail, and fears annoy;
But most when stript of earthly props,
Thy Husband thou'lt enjoy,
If providence the promise thwart,
And yet thy humbled mind
'Gainst hope believes in hope †, thou art
Thy Husband's dearest friend.
Art thou a weakling, poor and faint,
In jeopardy each hour?
Let not thy weakness move thy plaint,
Thy Husband has the pow'r.

* Isa. xlii. 16.

† Rom. iv. 18.

Dread not thy foes that foil'd thee long,
 Will ruin thee at length:
 When thou art weak then art thou strong,
 Thy Husband is thy strength.
 When foes are mighty, many too,
 Don't fear, nor quit the field;
 'Tis not with thee they have to do,
 Thy Husband is thy shield.
 'Tis hard to strive against an host,
 Or strive against the stream;
 But, lo! when all seems to be lost,
 Thy Husband will redeem.

S E C T. VI.

BENEFITS accruing to Believers, from the Offices, Names, Natures, and Sufferings of CHRIST.

ART thou by lusts a captive led,
 Which breeds thy deepest grief?
 To ransom captives is his trade,
 Thy Husband's thy relief.
 His precious name is *JESUS*, why?
 Because he saves from sin *;
 Redemption's right he won't deny,
 Thy Husband's near of kin.
 His wounds have sav'd thee once from woes,
 His blood from vengeance screen'd;
 When heav'n, and earth, and hell were foes,
 Thy Husband was a friend:
 And will thy Captain now look on,
 And see thee trampled down?
 When, lo! thy Champion has the throne,
 Thy Husband wears the crown.
 Yield not, though cunning Satan bribe,
 Or like a lion roar;
 The Lion strong of Judah's tribe,
 Thy Husband's to the fore.

* *Matth. i. 28.*

And that he never will forsake *,
His credit fair he pawn'd;
In hottest broils, then, courage take,
Thy Husband's at thy hand.
No storm needs drive thee to a strait,
Who dost his aid invoke:
Fierce winds may blow, proud waves may beat;
Thy Husband is the rock.
Renounce thine own ability,
Lean to his promis'd might;
The strength of Isra'l cannot lie,
Thy Husband's pow'r is plight.
An awful truth does here present,
Whoever think it odd;
In him thou art omnipotent,
Thy Husband is a God.
JEHOVAH's strength is in thy Head,
Which faith may boldly scan;
God in thy nature does reside,
Thy Husband is a man.
Thy flesh is his, his Spirit thine;
And that you both are one,
One body, spirit, temple, vine,
Thy Husband deigns to own.
Kind, he assum'd thy flesh and blood
This union to pursue;
And without shame his brotherhood
Thy Husband does avow.
He bore the cross thy crown to win,
His blood he freely spilt:
The holy One assuming sin,
Thy Husband bore the guilt.
Lo! what a bless'd exchange is this?
What wisdom shines therein?
That thou might'st be made righteousness,
Thy Husband was made sin †.
The God of joy a man of grief,
Thy sorrows to discuss;
Pure Innocence hang'd as a thief:
Thy Husband lov'd thee thus.

* Heb. xiii. 5. † 2 Cor. v. 21.

Bright Beauty had his visage marr'd,
His comely form abus'd :
True Rest was from all rest debarr'd,
Thy Husband's heel was bruis'd.
The God of blessings was a curse,
The Lord of lords a drudge ;
The Heir of all things poor in purse :
Thy Husband did not grudge.
The Judge of all condemned was
The God immortal slain :
No favour, in the woful cause,
Thy Husband did obtain.

S E C T. VII.

CHRIST's Sufferings further improved; and Believers called to live by faith, both when they have and want sensible influences.

L OUD praises sing, without surcease,
To him that frankly came,
And gave his soul a sacrifice ;
Thy Husband was the Lamb.
What waken'd vengeance could denounce,
All round him did beset ;
And never left his soul, till once
Thy Husband paid the debt.
And though new debt thou still contract,
And run in deep arrears ;
Yet all thy burdens on his back
Thy Husband always bears.
Thy Judge will ne'er demand of thee
Two payments for one debt ;
Thee with one victim wholly free
Thy Husband kindly set.
That no grim vengeance might thee meet,
Thy Husband met with all ;
And, that thy soul might drink the sweet,
Thy Husband drank the gall.
Full breasts of joy he lov'd t' extend,
Like to a kindly nurse ;
And, that thy bliss might full be gain'd,
Thy Husband was a curse.

Thy sins he glu'd unto the tree,
His blood this virtue hath;
For, that thy heart to sin might die,
Thy Husband suffer'd death.
To purchase fully all thy good,
All evil him beset;
To win thy heav'n with streams of blood,
Thy Husband quenched hell.
That this kind Days-man, in one band,
Might God and man betroth,
He on both parties lays his hand;
Thy Husband pleases both.
The blood that could stern justice please,
And law-demands fulfil,
Can also guilty conscience ease;
Thy Husband clears the bill.
Thy highest glory is obtain'd
By his abasement deep;
And, that thy tears might all be drain'd,
Thy Husband chose to weep.
His bondage all thy freedom brought,
He stoop'd so lowly down;
He grappling all thy grandeur brought,
Thy Husband's cross thy crown.
'Tis by his shoke thy sceptre sways,
His warfare ends thy strife;
His poverty thy wealth conveys,
Thy Husband's death thy life.
Do mortal damps invade thy heart,
And deadness seize thee fore?
Rejoice in this, that life t' impart
Thy Husband has in store.
And when new life imparted seems
Establish'd as a rock,
Boast in the fountain, not the streams;
Thy Husband is thy stock.
The streams may take a various turn,
The fountain never moves:
Cease then o'er failing streams to mourn,
Thy Husband thus thee proves.

That glad thou mayst, when drops are gone,
Joy in the spacious sea:

When incomes fail, then still upon
Thy Husband keep thine eye.

But can't thou look, nor moan thy strait,
So dark's the dismal hour?

Yet as thou'rt able, cry, and wait
Thy Husband's day of pow'r.

Tell him, though sin prolong the term,
Yet love can scarce delay:

Thy want, his promise, all affirm,
Thy Husband must not flay.

S E C T. VIII.

CHRIST the Believer's enriching Treasure.

KIND Jesus lives, thy life to be
Who mak'st him thy refuge;
And when he comes, thou'lt joy to see
Thy Husband shall be judge.

Should passing troubles thee annoy,
Without, within, or both;

Since endless life thou'lt then enjoy,
Thy Husband pledg'd his truth.

What won't he, ev'n in time, impart
That's for thy real good?

He gave his love, he gave his heart,
Thy Husband gave his blood.

He gives himself, and what should more?
What can he then refuse?

If this won't please thee, ah! how sore
Thy Husband dost abuse!

Earth's fruit, heav'n's dew, he won't deny,
Whose eyes thy need behold:

Nought under nor above the sky
Thy Husband will with-hold.

Dost losses grieve? Since all is thine,
What loss can thee besal?

All things for good to thee combine*,
Thy Husband orders all.

* Rom. viii. 28.

Thou'rt not put off with barren leaves,
 Or dung of earthly pelf;
 More wealth than heav'n or earth he gives,
 Thy Husband's thine himself.

Thou hast enough to stay thy plaint,
 Else thou complain'st of ease;
 For having all, don't speak of want,
 Thy Husband may suffice.

From this thy store, believing, take
 Wealth to the utmost pitch:
 The gold of Ophir cannot make,
 Thy Husband makes thee rich.

Some flying gains acquire by pains,
 And some by plund'ring toil;
 Such treasure fades, but thine remains,
 Thy Husband's cannot spoil.

S E C T. IX.

CHRIST the Believer's adorning Garment.

YEA, thou excell'st in rich attire
 The lamp that lights the globe;
 Thy sparkling garment heav'ns admire,
 Thy Husband is thy robe.

This raiment never waxes old,
 'Tis always new and clean:
 From summer-heat and winter-cold,
 Thy Husband can thee screen.

All who the name of worthies bore,
 Since Adam was undrest,
 No worth acquir'd, but as they wore
 Thy Husband's purple vest.

This linen fine can beautify
 The soul with sin begirt.
 O bless his name, that e'er on thee
 Thy Husband spread his skirt.

Are dunghills deck'd with flow'ry glorie,
 Which Solomon's outvie;
 Sure thine is infinitely more,
 Thy Husband decks the sky.

Thy hands could never work the drefs,
By grace alone thou'rt gay.
Grace vents and reigns through righteousness,
Thy Husband's bright array.
To spin thy robe no more doft need
Than lilies toil for theirs;
Out of his bowels ev'ry thread
Thy Husband thine prepares.

S E C T. X.

CHRIST the Believer's sweet Nourishment.

THY food conform to thine array,
Is heav'nly and divine;
On pastures green, where angels play,
Thy Husband feeds thee fine.
Angelic food may make thee fair
And look with chearful face;
The bread of life, the double share,
Thy Husband's love and grace.
What can he give, or thou desire,
More than his flesh and blood?
Let angels wonder, saints admire,
Thy Husband is thy food.
His flesh the incarnation bears,
From whence thy feeding flows;
His blood the satisfaction clears,
Thy Husband both bestows.
Th' incarnate God a sacrifice,
To turn the wrathful tide,
Is food for faith; that may suffice
Thy Husband's guilty bride.
This strength'ning food may fit and fence
For work and war to come;
Till through the croud, some moments hence,
Thy Husband bring thee home:
Where plenteous feasting will succeed
To scanty feeding here;
And joyful at the table-head
Thy Husband will appear.

Then crumbs to banquets will give place,
 And drops to rivers new:
 While heart and eye will face to face
 Thy Husband ever view.

C H A P. II.

Containing the MARKS and CHARACTERS of the Believer
 in CHRIST: together with some farther Privileges
 and Grounds of Comfort to the Saints.

S E C T. I.

*Doubting Believers called to examine, by Marks drawn
 from their Love to him and his Presence, their View
 of his Glory, and their being emptied of Self-righte-
 ousness, &c.*

GOOD news! but, says the drooping bride,
 Ah! what's all this to me?

Thou doubt'st thy right when shadows hide
 Thy Husband's face from thee.

Through sin and guilt thy spirit faints,
 And trembling fears thy fate:
 But harbour not thy groundless plaints,
 Thy Husband's advent wait.

Thou fobb'st, "O were I sure he's mine,
 "This would give glad'ning ease;"
 And sayst, Though wants and woes combine,
 Thy Husband would thee please.

But up, and down, and seldom clear,
 Inclos'd with hellish roots;
 Yet yield thou not, nor foster fear:
 Thy Husband hates thy doubts.

Thy cries and tears may slighted seem,
 And barr'd from present ease:
 Yet blame thyself, but never dream
 Thy Husband's ill to please.

Thy jealous unbelieving heart
 Still droops, and knows not why;
 Then prove thy self, to ease thy smart,
 Thy Husband bids thee try.

The following questions put to thee,
As scripture-marks, may tell
And shew, whate'er thy failings be,
Thy Husband loves thee well.

M A R K S.

ART thou content when he's away;
Can earth allay thy pants?
If conscience witness, won't it say,
Thy Husband's all thou wants?
When he is near (though in a cross),
And thee with comfort seeds:
Dost thou not count the earth as dross,
Thy Husband all thou needs?
In duties art thou pleas'd or pain'd,
When far he's out of view?
And finding him, think'st all regain'd,
Thy Husband's always new?
Though once thou thought'st, while Sinai mist
And darkness compals'd thee,
Thou wast undone; and glorious Christ
Thy Husband ne'er would be:
Yet know'st thou not a fairer place,
Of which it may be told,
That there the glory of his grace
Thy Husband did unfold?
Where heav'nly beams inflam'd thy soul,
And love's seraphic art,
With hallelujahs, did extol,
Thy Husband in thy heart?
Couldst then have wish'd all Adam's race
Had join'd with thee to gaze;
That, viewing fond his lovely face,
Thy Husband might get praise?
Art thou disjoin'd from other lords?
Divorc'd from fed'ral laws?
While with most loving gospel-cords
Thy Husband kindly draws?

A'n't thou enlighten'd now, to see
 Thy righteousness is naught
 But rags *, that cannot cover thee?
 Thy Husband so has taught.
 Dost see thy best performances
 Deserve but hell indeed?
 And hence are led, renouncing these,
 Thy Husband's blood to plead?
 When strength'n'd boldly to address
 That gracious throne of his,
 Dost find thy strength and righteousness,
 Thy Husband only is?
 Canst thou thy most exalted frame
 Renounce, as with'ring grass,
 And firmly hold thine only claim,
 Thy Husband's worthiness?
 Canst pray with utmost holy pith †,
 And yet renounce thy good?
 And wash not with thy tears, but with
 Thy Husband's precious blood?

S E C T. II.

*BELIEVERS described from their Faith acting by divine
 Aid, and fleeing quite out of themselves to CHRIST.*

CAN nothing less thy conscience ease,
 And please thy heart; no less
 Than that which justice satisfies,
 Thy Husband's righteousness?
 Dost see thy works so stain'd with sin,
 That thou through sin art mov'd
 To seek acceptance only in
 Thy Husband, the Belov'd?
 Dost thou remind, that once a-day
 Free grace did strengthen thee,
 To gift thy guilty soul away,
 Thy Husband's bride to be?
 Or dost thou mind the day of pow'r,
 Wherein he broke thy pride,
 And gain'd thy heart? O happy hour!
 Thy Husband caught the bride!

* Isa. lxiv. 6. † Vigour, or strength.

He did thy enmity sudue,
Thy bondage sad recall;
Made thee to choofe, and close purfue
Thy Husband as thy all.
What rest, and peace, and joy ensu'd
Upon this noble choice?
Thy heart, with flow'rs of pleasures strew'd,
Thy Husband made rejoice.
Dost thou ne'er could'st him embrace,
Till he embraced thee?
Nor ever see him, till his face
Thy Husband open'd free?
And findest to this very hour,
That this is still the charm;
Thou can'st do nothing, till with pow'r
Thy Husband shew his arm?
Canst thou do nought by nature, art,
Or any strength of thine,
Until thy wicked froward heart
Thy Husband shall incline?
But art thou, though without a wing
Of pow'r aloft to flee,
Yet able to do every thing,
Thy Husband strength'ning thee?
Dost not alone at duties fork *,
But foreign aid enjoy?
And still in ev'ry piece of work
Thy Husband's strength employ?
Thy motion heav'nly is indeed,
Whilst thou by faith dost move,
And still in ev'ry time of need
Thy Husband's grace improve.
No common nat'ral faith can shew
Its divine brood like this;
Whose object, author, feeder too,
Thy Husband only is.
Dost thou by faith on him rely?
On him, not on thy faith?
If faith shall with its object vie,
Thy Husband's set beneath.

* Labour, wrestle, or toil.

Their hands receiving faculty
 Poor beggars never view;
 But hold the royal gift in eye:
 Thy Husband so wilt thou.

Faith, like a gazing eye, ne'er waits
 To boast its seeing pow'rs;
 Its object views, itself forgets,
 Thy Husband it adores.

It humbly still itself denies,
 Nor brags its acts at all;
 Deep plung'd into its object lies,
 Thy Husband is its all.

No strength but his it has, and vaunts,
 Nor store but his can show;
 Hence nothing has, yet nothing wants,
 Thy Husband trains it so.

Faith, of its own, no might can shew,
 Else would itself destroy;
 But will, for all it has to do,
 Thy Husband still employ.

Self-saviours none could ever be
 By faith or grace of theirs;
 Their fruitless toil so high that flee,
 Thy Husband's praise impairs.

The seemingly devoutest deed,
 That would with shameless brow
 His saving trade take o'er his head,
 Thy Husband won't allow.

Dost therefore thou to him alone
 Commit thy sinful soul?
 Knowing of thy salvation
 Thy Husband is the whole?

S E C T. III.

*BELIEVERS characterized by the Objects and Purity
 of their Desire, Delight, Joy, Hatred, and Love,
 discovering they have the Spirit of CHRIST.*

DOST thou his Spirit's conduct wait?
 And, when compar'd to this,
 All worldly wisdom under-rate?
 Thy Husband waits to bless.

Tak'st thou his Spirit for thy guide
Through Baca's valley dry,
Whose streams of influences glide
Thy Husband's garden by?

In digging wells here by his pow'r,
Dost find it not in vain,
While here a drop and there a show'r,
Thy Husband makes to rain?

Hence dost thou through each weary case
From strength to strength go on,
From faith to faith, while grace for grace
Thy Husband gives anon?

The good, the gracious work begun,
And further'd by his strength,
Shall prosp'rous, though with wrestling, win
Thy Husband's crown at length.

Sin's pow'r and presence canst thou own
Is thy most grievous smart,
That makes thee sob and weep alone?
Thy Husband knows thy heart.

Does love to him make thee distaste
Thy lusts, with all their charms?
And most them loath'st, when most thou hast
Thy Husband in thine arms?

Are cords of love the sweetest ties
To bind thee duty-ways?
And best thou serv'st, when most thou spies
Thy Husband's beauteous rays?

Didst ever thou thy pardon read
In tears of untold joy?
When mercy made thy heart to bleed,
Thy Husband was not coy?

Do pardons sweetly melt thy heart?
And most imbitter sin?
And make thee long with dross to part,
Thy Husband's throne to win?

When he arises lusts to kill,
Corruptions to destroy,
Does gladness then thy spirit fill;
Thy Husband is thy joy.

Dost thou his person fair embrace
 Beyond his blessings all?
 Sure, then, thou boldly mayst, thro' grace,
 Thy Husband Jesus call.
 What company dost thou prefer?
 What friends above the rest?
 Of all relations every-where,
 Thy Husband is the best.
 Whom in the earth or heav'n dost thou
 Most ardently desire?
 Is love's ascending spark unto
 Thy Husband set on fire?
 Hast thou a hatred to his foes,
 And dost their course decline?
 Lov'st thou his saints, and dar'st suppose
 Thy Husband's friends are thine?
 Dost thou their talk and walk esteem,
 When most divinely grave?
 And favour'st best when most they seem
 Thy Husband's Sp'rit to have?

S E C T. IV.

BELIEVERS in CHRIST affect his Counsel, Word, Ordinances, Appearance, full Enjoyment in Heaven, and sweet Presence here.

WHERE goest thou first when in a strait,
 Or when with grief oppress'd?
 Flee'st thou to him? O happy gate!
 Thy Husband is thy rest.
 His counsel seek'st thou, still prepar'd,
 Nor canst without him live?
 Wisdom to guide, and strength to guard,
 Thy Husband hath to give.
 Canst thou produce no pleasant pawn,
 Or token of his love?
 Won't signets, bracelets from his hand,
 Thy Husband's kindness prove?
 Mind'st when he sent his healing word,
 Which darting from on high,
 Did light, and life, and joy afford?
 Thy Husband then was nigh.

Canst thou the promise sweet forget,

He dropt into thy heart?

Such glad'ning pow'r, and love with it,

Thy Husband did impart.

Dost thou affect his dwelling-place,

And mak'st it thy repair;

Because thine eyes have seen, through grace,

Thy Husband's glory there?

Dost love his great appearing day,

And thereon muse with joy;

When dusky shades will fly away,

Thy Husband death destroy?

Dost long to see his glorious face

Within the higher orb,

Where humid sorrows losing place,

Thy Husband's rays absorb?

Long'st to be free of ev'ry fault,

To bid all sin adieu?

And mount the hill, where glad thou shalt

Thy Husband's glory view?

Life where it lives, love where it loves,

Will most desire to be.

Such sick-like longing plainly proves

Thy Husband's love to thee.

What is the best can ease thy plaint,

Spread morning o'er thine ev'n?

Is his approach thy heart's content,

Thy Husband's presence heav'n?

And when deny'd this sweet relief,

Canst thou assert full well,

His hiding is thy greatest grief,

Thy Husband's absence hell?

Let thy experience be disclos'd;

In conscience answer, Yea,

To all the queries here propos'd,

Thy Husband's thine for ay.

Pertain these characters to thee?

Then, soul, begin and praise

His glorious worthy name, for he

Thy Husband is always.

S E C T. V.

*The true BELIEVER'S Humility, Dependence, Zeal,
Growth, Admiration of Free Grace, and Knowledge
of CHRIST'S Voice.*

PERHAPS a saint may sigh and say,
 " I fear I'm yet to learn
 " These marks of marriage-love." Yet stay,
 Thy Husband's bowels yearn.
 Though darkness may the light obscure,
 And storms surmount thy calms,
 Day yield to night, and thou be poor,
 Thy Husband yet has alms.
 Dost see thyself an empty brat,
 A poor unworthy thing,
 With heart upon the dust laid flat?
 Thy Husband there doth reign.
 Art in thine own esteem a beast,
 And dost thyself abhor?
 The more thou hast of self-distaste,
 Thy Husband loves thee more.
 Can hell breed no such wicked elf,
 As thou in thine own sight?
 Thou'st got to see thy filthy self,
 Thy Husband's purest light.
 Canst find no names so black, so vile,
 With which thou wouldst compare,
 But call'st thyself a lump of hell?
 Thy Husband calls thee fair.
 When his kind visits make thee see
 He's precious, thou art vile;
 Then mark the hand of God with thee,
 Thy Husband gives a smile.
 He knows what visits suit thy state,
 And, though most rare they be,
 It sets thee well on him to wait,
 Thy Husband waits on thee.

Dost see thou art both poor and weak,
And he both full and strong?
O don't his kind delays mistake,
Thy Husband comes ere long.
Though, during Sinai's stormy day,
Thou dread'st the dismal blast,
And fear'st thou art a cast-away,
Thy Husband comes at last.
The glorious Sun will rise apace,
And spread his healing wings,
In sparkling pomp of sov'reign grace,
Thy Husband gladness brings.
Canst thou, whate'er should come of thee,
Yet wish his Zion well,
And joy in her prosperity?
Thy Husband loves thy zeal.
Dost thou admire his love to some,
Tho' thou shouldst never share?
Mercy to thee will also come,
Thy Husband hath to spare.
Poor soul! dost grieve for want of grace,
And weep for want of love,
And Jesus seek'st? O hopeful case!
Thy Husband lives above.
Regretting much thy falling short,
Dost after more aspire?
There's hope in Isra'l for thy sort,
Thy Husband's thy desire.
Art thou well pleas'd that sov'reign grace
Through Christ exalted be?
This frame denotes no hopeless case,
Thy Husband's pleas'd with thee.
Couldst love to be the footstool low,
On which his throne might rise,
Its pompous grace around to show?
Thy Husband does thee prize.
If but a glance of his fair face
Can cheer thee more than wine?
Thou in his loving heart hast place,
Thy Husband place in thine.

Dost make his blood thy daily bath?
 His word and oath thy stay?
 His law of love thy lightsome path?
 Thy Husband is thy way.
 All things within earth's spacious womb
 Dost count but loss and dung,
 For one sweet word in season from
 Thy Husband's learned tongue?
 Skill to discern and know his voice
 From words of wit and art,
 Wilt clearly prove thou art his choice,
 Thy Husband thine in heart.
 The pompous words that fops admire,
 May vagrant fancy feast;
 But with seraphic harmless fire
 Thy Husband's burn the breast.

S E C T. VI.

*True BELIEVERS are willing to be tried and examined.
 Comforts arising to them from CHRIST's ready Supply,
 real Sympathy, and relieving Names, suiting their
 Needs.*

DOST thou upon thy trait'rous heart
 Still keep a jealous eye?
 Most willing that thine inward part
 Thy Husband strictly try?
 The thieving croud will hate the light,
 Lest stol'n effects be shown:
 But truth desires what wrong or right
 Thy Husband would make known.
 Dost then his trying word await,
 His searching doctrine love?
 Fond, lest thou err through self-deceit,
 Thy Husband would thee prove?
 Does oft thy mind with inward smart,
 Bewail thy unbelief?
 And conscious sue from plagues of heart
 Thy Husband for relief!

Why doubt'st his love? And yet behold,
With him thou wouldst not part
For thousand thousand earths of gold:
Thy Husband has thy heart.
Though darkness, deadness, unbelief,
May all thy soul attend;
Light, life, and faith's mature relief,
Thy Husband has to send.
Of wants annoying, who complain?
Supply arises hence,
What gifts he has receiv'd for men,*
Thy Husband will dispense.
He got them in's exalted state
For rebels such as thou;
All then that's needful, good, or great,
Thy Husband will allow.
Thy wants he sees, thy cries he hears;
And, marking all thy moans,
He in his bottle keeps thy tears;
Thy Husband notes thy groans.
All thine infirmities him touch,
They strike his feeling heart;
His kindly sympathy is such,
Thy Husband finds the smart.
Whatever touches thee, affects
The apple of his eye;
Whatever harms, he therefore checks,
Thy Husband's aid is nigh.
If foes are spar'd, thy need is such,
He slays them but in part:
He can do all, and will do much,
Thy Husband acts by art.
He often for the saddest hour
Reserves the sweetest aid:
See how such banners heretofore
Thy Husband has display'd.
Mind where he vouch'd his good-will,
Sometimes at Hermon † mount,
In Jordan land, at Mizar hill;
Thy Husband keeps the count.

* Psalm lxxviii. 18. † Psalm xlii. 6.

At sundry times and divers ways,
 To suit thy various frames,
 Hast seen, like rising golden rays,
 Thy Husband's various names.
 When guilty conscience ghastly star'd,
 JEHOVAH-TSIDKENU *,
 The Lord thy righteousness appear'd,
 Thy Husband in thy view.
 When in thy straits or wants extreme,
 Help fail'd on ev'ry side,
 JEHOVAH JIREH † was his name,
 Thy Husband did provide.
 When thy long absent Lord did moan,
 And to his courts repair;
 Then was JEHOVAH-SHAMMAH ‡ known,
 Thy Husband present there.
 When thy assaulting foes appear'd
 In robes of terror clad,
 JEHOVAH NISSI † then was rear'd,
 Thy Husband's banner spread.
 When furies arm'd with fright'ning guilt,
 Dunn'd war without surcease;
 JEHOVAH-SHALMON ** then was built,
 Thy Husband sent thee peace.
 When thy diseases death proclaim'd,
 And creature-balsams fail'd,
 JEHOVAH-ROPHI †† then was fam'd,
 Thy Husband kindly heal'd.
 Thus, as thy various needs require,
 In various modes like these,
 The help that suits thy heart's desire
 Thy Husband's name conveys.
 To th' little flock ††, as cases vary,
 The great JEHOVAH shews
 Himself a little sanctuary ††,
 Thy Husband gives the views.

* Jer. xxiii. 6. † Gen. xxii. 14. ‡ Ezek. xlviii. 35.

† Exod. xvii. 15. ** Judges vi. 24. †† Exod. xv. 26.

†† Luke xii. 32. †† Ezek. xi. 16.

S E C T. VII.

The BELIEVER's Experience of CHRIST's comfortable Presence, or of former Comforts, to be improved for his Encouragement and Support, under Darkneſs and Hidings.

DOST mind the place, the ſpot of land,

Where Jeſus did thee meet ?

And how he got thy heart and hand ?

Thy Huſband then was ſweet.

Dost mind the garden, chamber, bank,

A vale of viſion ſeem'd ?

Thy joy was full, thy heart was frank,

Thy Huſband much eſteem'd.

Let thy experience ſweet declare,

If able to remind :

A Bochim here, a Bethel there,

Thy Huſband made thee find.

Was ſuch a corner, ſuch a place,

A paradise to thee,

A Peniel, where face to face

Thy Huſband fair didſt ſee.

There he did clear thy cloudy cauſe,

Thy doubts and fears deſtroy ;

And on thy ſpirit ſeal'd he was ?

Thy Huſband with great joy ?

Couldſt thou have ſaid it boldly then,

And ſeal'd it with thy blood ?

Yea, welcome death with pleaſure, when

Thy Huſband by thee ſtood ?

That earth again ſhould thee inſnare,

O how thy heart was pain'd !

For all its fading glory there

Thy Huſband's beauty ſtain'd.

The thoughts of living more in ſin

Were then like hell to thee ;

The life of heav'n did thus begin,

Thy Huſband ſet thee free.

Whate'er thou foundſt him at thy beſt,

He's at thy worſt the ſame ;

And in his love will ever reſt,

Thy Huſband holds his claim.

K

Let faith these visits keep in store,
Though sense the pleasure miss;
The God of Bethel, as before,
Thy Husband always is.
In's meas'ring his approaches kind,
And timing his descents;
In free and sov'reign ways thoult find
Thy Husband thee prevents.
Prescribe not to him in thy heart;
He's infinitely wise.
How oft he throws his loving dart,
Thy Husband does surprise.
Perhaps a sudden gale thee blest,
While walking in thy road;
Or on a journey, ere thou wist,
Thy Husband look'd thee broad.
Thus was the eunuch fam'd (his stage
A riding on the way,
As he revolv'd the sacred page †)
Thy Husband's happy prey.
In hearing, reading, singing, pray'r,
When darkness compass thee,
Thou found'st, or e'er thou wast aware,
Thy Husband's light'ning free.
Of heav'nly gales don't meanly think:
For, though thy soul complains,
They're but a short and passing blink;
Thy Husband's love remains.
Think not, though breezes haste away,
Thou dost his favour lose;
But learn to know his sov'reign way,
Thy Husband comes and goes.
Don't say he's gone for ever, though
His visits he adjourn;
For yet a little while, and lo!
Thy Husband will return.
In worship, social or retir'd,
Dost thou his absence wail?
Wait at his shore, and be not fear'd,
Thy Husband's ship's a-sail.

† Acts viii. 27,—39.

Yea, though in duties sense may miss
Thy soul's beloved One;
Yet do not faint, for never is
Thy Husband wholly gone.
Though Satan, sin, earth, hell at once,
Would thee of joy bereave;
Mind what he said, he won't renounce,
Thy Husband will not leave.
Though foes assail, and friendship fail,
Thou hast a friend at court;
The gates of hell shall ne'er prevail,
Thy Husband is thy fort.

S E C T. VIII.

*Comfort to BELIEVERS from the Stability of the Promise,
notwithstanding heavy Chastisements for Sin.*

TAKE well howe'er kind Wisdom may
Dispose thy present lot;
Though heav'n and earth should pass away,
Thy Husband's love will not.
All needful help he will afford,
Thou hast his vow and oath;
And once to violate his word
Thy Husband will be loth.
To fire and floods with thee he'll down,
His promise this insures,
Whose credit cannot burn nor drown:
Thy Husband's truth endures.
Dost thou no more his word believe,
Than mortal man's, forsooth?
O do not thus his Spirit grieve,
Thy Husband is the Truth.
Though thou both wicked art and weak,
His word he'll never rue;
Though heav'n and earth should bend and break,
Thy Husband will be true.
I'll never leave thee *, is his vow;
If Truth has said the word,
While truth is truth, this word is true,
Thy Husband is the Lord.

* Heb. xiii. 5.

Thy covenant of duties may
Prove daily more unsure :
His covenant of grace for ay
Thy Husband does secure.
Dost thou to him thy promise break,
And fear he break to thee ?
Nay, not thy thousand crimes can make
Thy Husband once to lie.
He visit will thy sins with strokes †,
And lift his heavy hand ; -
But never once his word revokes,
Thy Husband's truth will stand.
Then dream not he is chang'd in love,
When thou art chang'd in frame :
Thou mayst by turns unnumber'd move,
Thy Husband's ay the same.
He for thy follies may thee bind
With cords of great distress ;
To make thee moan thy sins, and mind
Thy Husband's holiness.
By wounds he makes thee seek his cure,
By frowns his favour prize ;
By falls affrighting, stand more sure,
Thy Husband is so wise.
Proud Peter in the dirt of vice
Fell down exceeding low ;
His tow'ring pride, by tumbling thrice,
Thy Husband cured so.
Before he suffer pride that swells,
He'll drag thee through the mire
Of sins, temptations, little hells ;
Thy Husband saves by fire.
He in affliction's mortar may
Squeeze out old Adam's joice,
Till thou return to him, and say,
Thy Husband is thy choice.
Fierce billows may thy vessel toss,
And crosses curses seem ;
But that the curse has fled the cross,
Thy Husband bids thee deem.

† Psalm lxxxix. 32.

Conclude not he in wrath disowns,
When trouble thee surrounds;
These are his favourable frowns,
Thy Husband's healing wounds.
Yea, when he gives the deepest lash,
Love leads the wounding hand:
His stroke, when sin has got a dash,
Thy Husband will remand.

S E C T. IX.

Comfort to BELIEVERS, in CHRIST's Rlations, in his dying Love, his Glory in Heaven, to which he will lead them through Death, and supply with necessaries by the way.

BEHOLD the patrimony broad
That falls to thee by line;
In him thou art an heir of God,
Thy Husband's Father's thine.
He is of relatives a store,
Thy Friend will help in thrall;
Thy Brother much, thy Father more,
Thy Husband most of all.
All these he does amass and share,
In ways that most excell;
'Mong all the husband's ever were,
Thy Husband bears the bell.
Whence run the streams of all thy good,
But from his pierced side?
With liquid gold of precious blood
Thy Husband bought his bride.
His blood abundant value bore,
To make his purchase broad;
'Twas fair divinity in gore,
Thy Husband is thy God.
Who purchas'd at the highest price,
Be crown'd with highest praise;
For in the highest paradise
Thy Husband wears the bays.

He is of heav'n the comely rose,
His beauty makes it fair ;
Heav'n were but hell, couldst thou suppose
Thy Husband were not there.

He thither did in pomp ascend,
His spouse along to bring ;
That hallelujahs without end
Thy Husband's bride may sing.

Ev'n there with him for ever fix'd
His glory shalt thou see ;
And nought but death is now betwixt
Thy Husband's throne and thee.

He'll order death, that porter rude,
To ope the gates of brass ;
For, lo ! with characters of blood
Thy Husband wrote thy pass.

At Jordan deep then be not fear'd,
Though dismal-like and broad ;
Thy sun will guide, thy shield will guard,
Thy Husband pav'd the road.

He'll lead thee safe, and bring thee home,
And still let blessings fall
Of grace while here, till glory come :
Thy Husband's bound for all.

His store can answer ev'ry bill,
Thy food and raiment's bought ;
Be at his will, thou'lt have thy fill,
Thy Husband wants for nought.

What can thy soul conceive it lacks ?
His store, his pow'r is thine ;
His lib'ral heart to lib'ral acts
Thy Husband does incline.

Though on thy hand, that has no might,
He should no task enlarge ;
Nor work, nor warfare, needs thee fright,
Thy Husband bears the charge.

Thou wouldst (if left) thyself undo,
So apt to fall and stray :
But he uplifts, and leads the too ;
Thy Husband knows the way.

S E C T. X.

Comfort to BELIEVERS from the text, Thy Maker is thy Husband, inverted thus, Thy Husband is thy Maker; and the conclusion of this subject.

OF light and life, of grace and glore,
In *Christ* thou art partaker.

Rejoice in him for evermore,
Thy Husband is thy Maker.

He made thee, yea, made thee his bride,
Nor heeds thine ugly patch;
To what he made he'll still abide,
Thy Husband made the match.

He made all, yea, he made all thine,
All to thee shall be giv'n.
Who can thy kingdom undermine?
Thy Husband made the heav'n.

What earthly thing can thee annoy?
He made the earth to be;
The waters cannot thee destroy,
Thy Husband made the sea.

Don't fear the flaming element
Thee hurt with burning ire,
Or that the scorching heat torment:
Thy Husband made the fire.

Infectious streams shall ne'er destroy,
While he is pleas'd to spare;
Thou shalt thy vital breath enjoy,
Thy Husband made the air.

The sun that guides the golden day,
The moon that rules the night,
The starry frame, the milky way,
Thy Husband made for light.

The bird that wings its airy path,
The fish that cuts the flood,
The creeping croud that swarms beneath,
Thy Husband made for good.

The grazing herd, the beasts of prey,
The creatures great and small,
For thy behoof their tribute pay;
Thy Husband made them all.

Thine's Paul, Apollos, life and death,
Things present, things to be ;
And ev'ry thing that being hath,
Thy Husband made for thee.

In Tophet where the damn'd resort,
Thy soul shall never dwell,
Nor needs from thence imagine hurt ;
Thy Husband formed hell.

Satan with instruments of his
May rage, yet dread no evil ;
So far as he a creature is,
Thy Husband made the devil.

His black temptations may afflict,
His fiery darts annoy ;
But all his works, and hellish trick,
Thy Husband will destroy.

Let armies strong of earthly gods
Combine with hellish ghosts,
They live, or languish, at his nods ;
Thy Husband's Lord of hosts.

What can thee hurt ? whom dost thou fear ?
All things are at his call.
Thy Maker is thy Husband dear,
Thy Husband all in all.

What dost thou seek ? what dost thou want ?
He'll thy desires fulfil ;
He gave himself, what won't he grant ?
Thy Husband's at thy will.

The more thou dost of him desire,
The more he loves to give :
High let thy mounting aims aspire,
Thy Husband gives thee leave.

The less thou seek'st, the less thou dost
His bounty set on high ;
But highest seekers here do most
Thy husband glorify.

Wouldst thou have grace ? Well ; but 'tis meet
He should more glory gain.
Wouldst thou have Father, Son, and Sp'rit ?
Thy Husband says, AMEN.

He'll kindly act the lib'ral God,
Devising lib'ral things;
With royal gifts his subjects load:
Thy Husband's King of kings.
No earthly monarch have such store
As thou hast ev'n in hand;
But, O how infinitely more
Thy Husband gives on band!
Thou hast indeed the better part,
The part will fail thee never:
Thy Husband's hand, thy Husband's heart,
Thy Husband's all for ever.

=====

GOSPEL-SONNETS.

PART. III.

The BELIEVER'S RIDDLE:

Or, The MYSTERY of FAITH.

—o—o—o—o—o—

THE PREFACE,

Shewing the Use and Design of the RIDDLE.

READER, the following enigmatic Song
Does not to wisest nat'ralists belong:
Their wisdom is but folly on this head;
They here may ruminate, but cannot read.
For though they glance the words, the meaning chokes;
They read the lines, but not the paradox.
The subject will, howe'er the phrase be blunt,
Their most acute intelligence surmount,
If with their nat'ral and acquired sight
They share not divine evangelic light.

Great wits may rouse their fancies, rack their brains,
And after all their labour lose their pains:
Their wisest comments were but witless chat,
Unapt to frame an explication pat.
No unregen'rate mortal's best engines
Can right unriddle these few rugged lines;

Nor any proper notions thereof reach,
Though sublimated to the highest stretch.
Masters of reason, plodding men of sense,
Who scorn to mortify their vain pretence,
In this mysterious deep might plod their fill;
It overtops the top of all their skill.
The more they vainly huff, and scorn to read,
The more it does their foolish wit exceed.

Those sinners that are sanctify'd in part,
May read this Riddle truly in their heart.
Yea, weakest saints may feel its truest sense,
Both in their sad and sweet experience.
Do'nt overlook it with a rambling view,
And rash suppose it neither good nor true.
Let Heav'n's pure oracles the truth decide;
Renounce it, if it can't thy test abide.
Noble Bereans soon the sense may hit,
Who found the divine depth of sacred writ;
Not by what airy carnal reason saith,
But by the golden line of heav'n-spun faith.

Let not the naughty phrase make you disprove
The weighty matter which deserves your love.
The subject treated may be most profound,
Though words may rattle with a rustic sound.
High strains would spoil the Riddle's grand intent,
To teach the weakest, most illit'rate saint,
That MAHANAIM is his proper name;
In whom two struggling hosts make bloody game.
That such may know, whose knowledge is but rude,
How good consists with ill, and ill with good.
That saints be neither at their worst nor best,
Too much exalted, or too much deprest.

This paradox is fitted to disclose
The skill of Zion's friends above her foes;
To diff'rence, by light that heav'n transmits,
Some happy fools from miserable wits.
And thus, if bless'd, it may in some degree
Make fools their wit, and wits their folly see.
Slight not the Riddle then like jargon vile,
Because not garnish'd with a pompous stile.
Could th' author act the lofty poets part,
Who make their sonnets soar on wings of art,

He on his theme had blush'd to use his skill,
And either clipt his wings, or broke his quill.

Why, this *enigma* climbs such divine heights,
As scorn to be adorn'd with human flights.
These gaudy strains would lovely truth disgrace,
As purest paint deforms a comely face.

Heav'n's mysteries are 'bove art's ornament,
Immensely brighter than its brightest paint.

No tow'ring lit'rature could e'er outwit
The plainest diction fetch'd from sacred writ;
By which mere blazing rhet'ric is outdone,
As twinkling stars are by the radiant sun.

The soaring orators, who can with ease
Strain the quintessence of *hyperboles*,
And clothe the barest theme with purest dress,
Might here expatiate much, yet say the less,
If wi' th' majestical simplicity
Of scripture-orat'ry they disagree.

These lines pretend not to affect the sky,
Content among inglorious shades to ly,
Provided sacred truth be fitly clad,
Or glorious shine ev'n through the dusky shade.
Mark then, though thou should miss the gilded strain,
If they a store of golden truth contain:

Nor under-rate a jewel rare and prime,
Though wrapt up in the rags of homely rhyme.

Though haughty Deists hardly stoop to say,
That nature's night has need of scripture-day;
Yet gospel-light alone will clearly shew
How ev'ry sentence here is just and true,
Expel the shades that may the mind involve,
And soon the seeming contradiction solve.

All fatal errors in the world proceed
From want of skill such mysteries to read.
Vain men the double branch of trade divide,
Hold by the one, and slight the other side.

Hence proud Arminians cannot reconcile
Freedom of grace with freedom of the will.
The blinded Papist won't discern nor see,
How works are good, unless they justify.
Thus Legalists distinguish not the odds
Between their home-bred righteousness and God's.

Antinomists the saints perfection plead,
 Nor duly sever 'tween them and their head.
 Socinians won't these seeming odds agree,
 How heav'n is bought, and yet salvation free.
 Bold Arians hate to reconcile or scan,
 How Christ is truly God, and truly man;
 Holding the one part of IMMANUEL's name,
 The other part outrageously blaspheme.
 The sound in faith no part of truth control;
 Heretics own the half, but not the whole.

Keep then the sacred myst'ry still entire;
 To both the sides of truth due favour bear,
 Not quitting one to hold the other branch;
 But passing judgment on an equal bench.
 The Riddle has two feet, and, were but one
 Cut off, truth, falling to the ground, were gone.
 'Tis all a contradiction, yet all true;
 And happy truth, if verity'd in you.
 Go forward then to read the lines, but stay,
 To read the Riddle also by the way.

The R I D D L E.

S E C T. I.

*The Mystery of the Saints PEDIGREE, and especially
 of their Relation to CHRIST's wonderful Person.*

MY life's a maze of seeming traps, 1
 A scene of mercies and mishaps; 2
 A heap of jarring to-and-froes, 3
 A field of joys, a flood of woes. 4

1 Josh. xxiii. 13. And Joshua said, Know for a certainty, that the Lord your God will no more drive out any of these nations from before you; but they shall be snares and traps unto you, and scourges in your sides, and thorns in your eyes, &c. Psalm cxxiv. 7. Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers; the snare is broken, and we are escaped.

2 Or MISERIES, Lam. iii. 19. Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall. Ver. 22. It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed; because his compassions fail not. Psalm ci. 1. I will sing of mercy and judgment: unto thee, O Lord, will I sing.

3 Psalm cii. 10. Thou hast lifted me up, and cast me down. Psalm cix. 23. I am tossed up and down as the locust.

4 Hab. iii. 17, 18. Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labour of the olives shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.

I'm in my own, and others eyes,
 A labyrinth of mysteries. 1
 I'm something that from nothing came; 2
 Yet sure it is I nothing am. 3
 Once I was dead, and blind, and lame, 4
 Yea, I continue still the same; 5
 Yet what I was, I am no more, 6
 Nor ever shall be as before. 7
 My Father lives 8, my father's gone, 9
 My vital head both lost and won. 10
 My parents cruel are, and kind, 11
 Of one, and of a diff'rent mind. 12

1 Isa. viii. 18. Behold, I and the children whom the Lord hath given me, are for signs and for wonders in Israel; from the Lord of hosts, which dwelleth in mount Zion. Zech. iii. 8. Hear now, O Joshua the high-priest, thou and thy fellows that sit before thee: for they are men wondered at, &c. Psalm lxxi. 7. I am as a wonder unto many; but thou art my strong tower.

2 Gen. i. 1. In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. Heb. xiii. 3. Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God; so that things which are seen, were not made of things which do appear.

3 Isa. xl. 17. All nations before him are as nothing, and they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity. Dan. iv. 35. All the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing.

4 Eph. ii. 1. And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins. Rev. iii. 17. Because thou sayst, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked. Isa. xxxv. 6. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

5 Rom. vii. 14. For we know that the law is spiritual: but I am carnal, sold under sin. Ver. 24. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

6 Rom. vii. 17. Now then, it is no more I that do it, but sin, that dwelleth in me. Ver. 20. Now, if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. John ix. 25. He (viz. the blind man) answered and said, Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not: one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.

7 Rom. xi. 29. For the gifts and calling of God are without repentance. Jer. xxxii. 40. And I will make an everlasting covenant with them, that I will not turn away from them, to do them good; but I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me.

8 Isa. ix. 6. His name shall be called, The everlasting Father. Rev. i. 18. I am he that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen.

9 Hosea xiv. 3. In thee the fatherless findeth mercy. Zech. i. 5. Your fathers, where are they? And the prophets, do they live for ever?

10 1 Cor. xv. 45. It is written, The first Adam was made a living soul, the last Adam was made a quickening spirit.

11 Psalm ciii. 13. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. Isa. xliii. 27. Thy first father hath sinned, and thy teachers have transgressed against me.

12 Job xxiii. 13. But he is in one mind, and who can turn him? and what his soul desireth, even that he doth. Rom. viii. 5. For they that are after

My father poison'd me to death, 1
 My mother's hand will stop my breath; 2
 Her womb, that once my substance gave,
 Will very quickly be my grave. 3
 My sisters all my flesh will eat, 4
 My brethren tread me under feet; 5
 My nearest friends are most unkind, 6
 My greatest foe's my greatest friend. 7
 He could from feud to friendship pass,
 Yet never change from what he was. 8
 He is my Father, he alone,
 Who is my Father's only Son. 9

the flesh, do mind the things of the flesh: but they that are after the Spirit, the things of the Spirit. Ver. 7. Because the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.

1 Rom. v. 12. Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.

2 Gen. iii. 16. Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow, and thy conception: in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; &c.

3 Psalm cxlvi. 4. His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth: in that very day his thoughts perish. Eccl. iii. 20. All go into one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to the dust again.

4 Job xvii. 14. I have said to corruption, Thou art my father; and to the worm, Thou art my sister. Chap. xix. 26. And though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.

5 Even in a moral sense, Jer. xii. 10. Many pastors have destroyed my vineyard, they have trodden my portion under foot, they have made my pleasant portion a desolate wilderness. Ezek. xxxiv. 18. Seemeth it a small thing unto you, to have eaten up the good pasture, but ye must tread down with your feet the residue of your pastures? and to have drunk of the deep waters, but ye must foul the residue with your feet.

6 Psalm lv. 12, 13. For it was not an enemy that reproached me, then I could have borne it; neither was it he that hated me, that did magnify himself against me, then I would have hid myself from him: But it was thou, a man, mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance. Micah vii. 5, 6. Trust ye not in a friend, put ye not confidence in a guide: Keep the doors of thy mouth from her that leeth in thy bosom. For the son dishonoureth the father, the daughter riseth up against her mother, the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law; a man's enemies are the men of his own house.

7 Psalm vii. 11. God is angry with the wicked every day. 2 Cor. v. 19. God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them.

8 Mal. iii. 6. For I am the Lord, I change not: therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed. Hosea xiv. 4. I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely: for mine anger is turned away from him.

9 John xx. 17. Jesus saith unto her (viz. Mary), Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God. Isa. ix. 6. Unto us a Son is given—: and his name shall be called, The everlasting Father. John i. 14. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.

I am his mother's son 1, yet more,
A Son his mother 2 never bore;
But born of him 3, and yet aver
His Father's sons my mother's were. 4

I am divorc'd, yet marry'd still, 5
With full consent, against my will. 6
My Husband present is 7, yet gone. 8.
We differ much, yet still are one. 9

He is the first, the last, the all, 10
Yet number'd up with insects small. 11
The first of all things 12, yet alone
The second of the great three one. 13

A creature never could he be,
Yet is a creature strange I see; 14

1 Song iii. 4. It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth: I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me. Verse 11. Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold king Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.

2 Viz. His natural mother according to the flesh.

3 John i. 13. Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

4 Gal. iv. 26. But Jerusalem which is above, is free, which is the mother of us all.

5 Rom. vii. 4. Wherefore, my brethren, ye also are become dead to the law by the body of Christ; that ye should be married to another, even to him who is raised from the dead.

6 Psalm cx. 3. Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power.

7 Matth. xxviii. 20. Lo, I am with you alway even unto the end of the world.

8 John xiv. 2. I go to prepare a place for you.

9 John xvii. 21. That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee; that they may be one in us.

10 Rev. i. 11. I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last. Col. iii. 11. Christ is all, and in all.

11 Psalm xxii. 6. But I am a worm, and no man.

12 Col. i. 15, 16. Who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature; for by him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by him, and for him.

13 1 John v. 7. For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one. Matth. xxviii. 19. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

14 John i. 1, 2, 3. In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made. Verse 14. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father) full of grace and truth.

And own this uncreated One,
 The Son of man, yet no man's son. 1
 He's omnipresent all may know; 2
 Yet never could be wholly so. 3
 His manhood is not here and there, 4
 Yet he is God-man every-where. 5
 He comes and goes, none can him trace; 6
 Yet never could he change his place. 7
 But though he's good 8, and every-where,
 No good's in hell, yet he is there. 9
 I by him 10, in him 11, chosen was, 12
 Yet of the choice he's not the cause: 13
 For sov'reign mercy ne'er was bought, 14
 Yet through his blood a vent is fought. 15

1 Matth. i. 23. Behold a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted, is, God with us. Luke i. 34, 35. Then said Mary unto the angel, How shall this be, seeing I know not a man? And the angel answered and said unto her, The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God.

2 Psalm cxxxix. 7, 8, 9, 10. Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or, whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

3 Luke xxiv. 6. He is not here, but is risen.

4 John xvi. 16. A little while and ye shall not see me: and again, a little while, and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father.

5 Matth. i. 23. See figure 1. Chap. xxviii. 20. Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.

6 John iii. 8. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

7 Isaiah lxvi. 1. Thus saith the Lord, The heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool: where is the house that ye build unto me? and where is the place of my rest?

8 Psalm c. 5. The Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting.

9 Psalm cxxxix. 8. If I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there.

10 As God.

11 As Mediator.

12 Eph. i. 4. According as he hath chosen us in him, before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love.

13 But himself the Father's first elect. Isaiah xlii. 1. Behold, my servant, whom I uphold; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth. Mat. xii. 18. Behold, my servant whom I have chosen, my beloved in whom my soul is well-pleased.

14 John iii. 16. God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, &c. Rom. ix. 11. For the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God, according to election, might stand, not of works, but of him that calleth. Verse 13. It is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated. Verse 15. God saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion.

15 Rom. iii. 24, 25. Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemp-

In him concenter'd at his death
 His Father's love 1, his Father's wrath: 2
 Ev'n he whom passion never seiz'd, 3
 Was then most angry, when most pleas'd. 4
 Justice requir'd that he should die, 5
 Who yet was slain unrighteously; 6
 And dy'd in mercy and in wrath,
 A lawful and a lawless death. 7
 With him I neither liv'd nor dy'd,
 And yet with him was crucify'd. 8
 Law-curses stopt his breath, that he
 Might stop its mouth from cursing me. 9
 'Tis now a thousand years and more
 Since heav'n receiv'd him; yet I know,
 When he ascended up on high,
 To mount the throne, ev'n so did I. 10

tion that is in Jesus Christ: whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins, &c. Chap. v. 9. Being justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. Verse 21. That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.

1 John x. 17. Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I may take it again.

2 Isaiah liii. 8. Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief.

3 Isaiah xxvii. 4. Fury is not in me.

4 Rom. vii. 32. He spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all. Eph. v. 2. Christ hath given himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God, for a sweet-smelling savour.

5 Heb. vii. 22. By so much was Jesus made a surety of a better testament. Chap. ix. 16. For where a testament is, there must also of necessity be the death of the testator. Ver. 22, 23. And almost all things are by the law purged with blood; and without shedding of blood there is no remission. It was therefore necessary that the patterns of things in the heavens should be purified with these; but the heavenly things themselves with better sacrifices than these.

6 Matth. xxvii. 4. I (viz. Judas) have sinned, in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. Verse 23. And the governor said, Why, what evil hath he done? But they cried out the more, Let him be crucified!

7 Acts ii. 23. Jesus of Nazareth, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain. Chap. iv. 27. For, of a truth, against thy holy child Jesus, whom thou hast anointed, both Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles, and the people of Israel were gathered together, &c.

8 Gal. ii. 20. I am crucified with Christ.

9 Gal. iii. 13. Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth upon a tree.

10 Col. iii. 1. If ye then be risen with Christ, &c. Heb. vi. 20. Whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, &c.

Hence, though earth's dunghill I embrace,
 I sit with him in heav'nly place. 1
 In divers distant orbs I move,
 Inthrall'd below, inthron'd above.

S E C T. II.

The mystery of the Saint's Life, State, and Frame.

MY life's a pleasure 2, and a pain; 3
 A real loss, a real gain; 4
 A glorious paradise of joys, 5
 A grievous prison of annoy. 6
 I daily joy, and daily mourn, 7
 Yet daily wait the tide's return: 8
 Then sorrow deep my spirit cheers,
 I'm joyful in a flood of tears. 9

1 Eph. ii. 5, 6. Even when we were dead in sins he hath quickened us together with Christ, and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

2 Prov. iii. 17. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

3 Psalm cxx. 5. Wo is me, that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar.

4 Phil. iii. 7. But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Chap. i. 21, 22, 23, 24. For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. But if I live in the flesh, this is the fruit of my labour: yet what I shall choose, I wot not. For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better: nevertheless to abide in the flesh, is more needful for you.

5 1 Pet. i. 8. Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.

6 Psalm cxlii. 7. Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name.

7 1 Pet. i. 6. Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now, for a season (if need be) ye are in heaviness, through manifold temptations. 1 Cor. i. 4. Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. Job xxx. 28. I went mourning without the sun, &c.

8 Isaiah viii. 17. And I will wait upon the Lord that hideth his face from the house of Jacob, and I will look for him.

9 Zech. xii. 10. And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the Spirit of grace and of supplications, and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his first-born. Ezek. xxxvi. 31, 32. Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight, for your iniquities and for your abominations. Not for your sakes do I this, saith the Lord God, be it known unto you: be ashamed and confounded for your own ways, O house of Israel. Hos. xii. 3, 4. He (viz. Jacob) took his brother by the heel in the womb, and by his strength he had power with God: yea, he had power over the angel, and prevailed: he wept and made supplication unto him: he found him in

Good cause I have still to be sad, 1
 Good reason always to be glad. 2
 Hence still my joys with sorrows meet, 3
 And still my tears are bitter sweet. 4
 I'm cross'd, and yet have all my will, 5
 I'm always empty, always full. 6
 I hunger now, and thirst no more, 7
 Yet do more eager than before. 8
 With meat and drink indeed I'm blest, 9
 Yet feed on hunger, drink on thirst. 10

Bethel, and there he spake with us. Luke vii. 38. And (a woman that was a sinner) stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment. John xx. 15, 16. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou? She supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabbi, which is to say, Master. Ver. 20. Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.

1 Rom. vii. 24. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

2 2 Cor. ii. 14. Thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ.

3 2 Cor. vi. 10.—as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.

4 Zech. xii. 10. See figure 9. Psalm cxxvi. 5. They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy. Isa. lxi. 2, 3. The Lord hath sent me to comfort all that mourn: to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, &c. Mat. v. 4. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.

5 Luke xxii. 42. Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done. Acts xxi. 14. And when he (viz. Paul) would not be persuaded, we ceased, saying, The will of the Lord be done.

6 2 Cor. vi. 10.—as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.

7 John vi. 35. And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me, shall never hunger: and he that believeth on me, shall never thirst.

8 Psalm xlii. 1, 2. As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God? And lxxiii. 1. O God, thou art my God, early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is. And lxxiii. 25. Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon the earth that I desire besides thee. Isa. xxv. 8, 9. Yea, in the way of thy judgments, O Lord, have we waited for thee; the desire of our soul is to thy name, and to the remembrance of thee. With my soul have I desired thee in the night, yea, with my spirit within me will I seek thee early.

9 John vi. 55. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.

10 Job xxix. 2, 3, 4. Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me: when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness: as I was in the days of my youth, when the secret of God was upon my tabernacle. Psalm lxxvii. 10, 11, 12. I will remember the years of the right-hand of the Most High. I will remember the wonders of the Lord: surely I will remember thy wonders of old. I will meditate also of all thy works, and talk of thy doings. Song v. 8. I charge you,

My hunger brings a plenteous store, 1
 My plenty makes me hunger more. 2
 Strange is the place of my abode,
 I dwell at home, I dwell abroad. 3
 I am not where all men me see,
 But where I never yet could be. 4
 I'm full of hell 5, yet full of heaven; 6
 I'm still upright 7, yet still uneven. 8
 Imperfect 9, yet a perfect saint; 10
 I'm ever poor 11, yet never want. 12
 No mortal eye sees God and lives, 13
 Yet sight of him my soul revives. 14

O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my Beloved, that ye tell him, that I am sick of love. Chap. viii. 1. O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother! when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee; yea, I should not be despised.

1 Matth. v. 6. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.

2 2 Cor. v. 2. For in this we groan earnestly, desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven. Phil. i. 23. For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better, &c. Song ii. 3, 4, 5. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. He brought me to the banquetting-house, and his banner over me was love. Stay me with flaggons, comfort me with apples; for I am sick of love.

3 Job iv. 19. How much less them that dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust, which are crushed before the moth? Psal. xc. 1. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. And xci. 1. He that dwelleth in the secret places of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. 1 John. iv. 16. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.

4 Isa. xxxiii. 16. He shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munition of rocks. Eph. ii. 5. And hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

5 Eccl. ix. 3. The heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live, and after that they go to the dead.

6 Eph. iii. 17. And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.

7 Psal. xviii. 23. I was also upright before him: and I kept myself from mine iniquity.

8 Ezek. xvii. 25. Hear, now, O house of Israel, Are not your ways unequal?

9 Rev. iii. 2. Be watchful, and strengthen the things that remain, which are ready to die: for I have not found thy works perfect before God.

10 Cor. ii. 6. Howbeit we speak wisdom among them that are perfect, &c.

11 Psal. xl. 17. But I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me.

12 Psal. xxiii. 1. The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want. And xxxiv. 10. The young lions do lack and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

13 Exod. xxxiii. 20. And he said, Thou canst not see my face: for there shall no man see me, and live.

14 John vi. 40. And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life. Chap. xx. 20. Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.

I live best when I see most bright; 1
 Yet live by faith, and not by sight. 2
 I'm lib'ral 3, yet have nought to spare; 4
 Most richly cloth'd 5, yet stript and bare. 6
 My stock is risen by my fall; 7
 For, having nothing, I have all. 8
 I'm sinful 9, yet I have no sin; 10
 All spotted o'er 11, yet wholly clean. 12
 Blackness and beauty both I share,
 A hellish black; a heav'nly fair. 13
 They're of the devil, who sin amain; 14
 But I'm of God, yet sin retain: 15

1 2 Cor. iii. 18. But we all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord. Chap. iv. 6. For God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined into your hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ.

2 Gal. ii. 20. I am crucified with Christ: Nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me. 2 Cor. v. 7. For we walk by faith, not by sight.

3 Psal. xxxvii. 21. The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again: but the righteous sheweth mercy, and giveth.

4 Zeph. iii. 12. I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord.

5 Isa. lxi. 10. I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God, for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels.

6 Ezek. xvi. 7. I have caused thee to multiply as the bud of the field, and thou hast increased and waxen great, thou art come to excellent ornaments: thy breasts are fashioned, and thine hair is grown, whereas thou wast naked and bare. Rev. iii. 16. Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.

7 Rom. viii. 28. And we know that all things work together for good, to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.

8 2 Cor. vi. 10.—as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.

9 Röm. vii. 14. For we know that the law is spiritual: but I am carnal, sold under sin. Ver. 24. O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

10 Num. xxiii. 21. He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath he seen perverseness in Israel. 1. John iii. 9. Whosoever is born of God, doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin because he is born of God.

11 Psal. xiv. 3. They are all gone aside, they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doth good, no not one.

12 Song iv. 7. Thou art all fair, my love there is no spot in thee.

13 Song i. 4. I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon. Ver. 15. Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair, thou hast doves eyes.

14 1 John iii. 8. He that committeth sin, is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning.

15 1 John i. 8. If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

This traitor vile the throne assumes, 1
Prevails, yet never overcomes. 2

I'm without guile an Isr'elite, 3
Yet like a guileful hypocrite; 4
Maintaining truth in th' inward part, 5
With falshood rooted in my heart. 6

Two masters, sure, I cannot serve, 7
But must from one regardless swerve;
Yet self is for my master known, 8
And Jesus is my Lord alone. 9

I seek myself incessantly, 10
Yet daily do myself deny. 11
To me 'tis lawful evermore
Myself to love and to abhor. 12

1 Rom. vii. 23. But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members.

2 Psalm lxxv. 3. Iniquities prevail against me: as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away. Rom. vii. 14. For sin shall not have dominion over you: for ye are not under the law, but under grace.

3 John i. 47. Jesus saw Nathaniel coming to him, and saith of him, Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile. Psalm xxxii. 2. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

4 Psalm xix. 12. Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults.

5 Psalm li. 6. Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me know wisdom.

6 Matth. xv. 19. For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies.

7 Matth. vi. 24. No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

8 Hosea x. 1. Israel is an empty vine, he bringeth forth fruit unto himself: according to the multitude of his fruit, he hath increased the altars; according to the goodness of his land, they have made goodly images. Matth. xvi. 24. Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.

9 Isaiah xxvi. 13. O Lord our God, other lords besides thee have had dominion over us: but by thee only will we make mention of thy name. John xx. 28. And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord, and my God.

10 James iv. 3. Ye ask, and ye receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts. Jer. xlv. 2. 5. Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, unto thee, O Baruch. And seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not: for behold, I will bring evil upon all flesh, saith the Lord: but thy life will I give unto thee for a prey in all places where thou goest.

11 Matth. xvi. 24. See figure 8.

12 Lev. xix. 18. Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of my people, but thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself: I am the Lord. Eph. v. 29. For no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the church. John xii. 25. He that loveth his life, shall lose it: and he that hateth his life in this world, shall keep it unto life eternal. Job xlii. 6. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.

In this vain world I live, yet see
 I'm dead to it, and it to me. 1
 My joy is endless 2, yet at best
 Does hardly for a moment last. 3

S E C T. V.

*Mysteries about the Saint's Work and Warfare, Sins,
 Sorrows, and Joys.*

THE work is great I'm call'd unto, 4
 Yet nothing's left for me to do: 5
 Hence for my work Heav'n has prepar'd
 No wages 6, yet a great reward. 7
 To works, but not to working dead; 8
 From sin, but not from sinning freed. 9

1 Col. iii. 3. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. Gal. vi. 14. But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.

2 John xvi. 22. And ye now therefore have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you. 2 Thes. ii. 16. Now our Lord Jesus Christ himself, and God even our Father, which hath loved us, and hath given us everlasting consolation, and good hope through grace, &c.

3 Psalm xxx. 7. Lord, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong: thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled. Isaiah xlix. 13; 14. Sing, O heavens; and be joyful, O earth; and break forth into singing, O mountains: for the Lord hath comforted his people, and will have mercy upon his afflicted. But Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me.

4 Phil. ii. 12. Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence: work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.

5 Phil. ii. 13. For it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do, of his good pleasure. Lev. xx. 7, 8. Sanctify yourselves therefore, and be ye holy: for I am the Lord your God. And ye shall keep my statutes, and do them: I am the Lord which sanctify you.

6 Rom. vi. 23. For the wages of sin is death: but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Chap. xi. 6. And if by grace, then it is no more of works; otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then it is no more grace: otherwise works is no more works.

7 Psalm xix. 11. Moreover, by them (viz. the judgments of the Lord) is thy servant warned: and in keeping them there is great reward. Psalm lvi. 11. Verily there is a reward for the righteous: verily he is a God that judgeth in the earth.

8 Rom. vii. 4. Wherefore, my brethren, ye also are become dead to the law by the body of Christ; that ye should be married to another, even to him who is raised from the dead, that we should bring forth fruit unto God. Gal. ii. 19. For I, through the law, am dead to the law, that I might live unto God.

9 1 John i. 8. If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. Chap. iii. 9. Whosoever is born of God, doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.

I clear myself from no offence, 1
 Yet wash my hands in innocence. 2
 My Father's anger burns like fire, 3
 Without a spark of furious ire : 4
 Though still my sins displeasing be ; 5
 Yet still I know he's pleas'd with me. 6
 Triumphant is my constant trade ; 7
 Who yet am oft a captive led. 8
 My bloody war does never cease ; 9
 Yet I maintain a stable peace. 10
 My foes assaulting conquer me,
 Yet ne'er obtain the victory ; 11
 For all my battles lost or won,
 Were gain'd before they were begun. 12
 I'm still at ease, and still oppress'd ;
 Have constant trouble, constant rest ; 13

1 Rom. vii. 18. For I know, that in me, (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing : for to will is present with me ; but how to perform that which is good, I find not.

2 Psalm xxvi. 6. I will wash mine hands in innocency : so will I compass thine altar, O Lord.

3 1 Kings xi. 9. And the Lord was angry with Solomon, because his heart was turned from the Lord God of Israel, which had appeared unto him twice.

4 Isaiah xxvii. 4. Fury is not in me. Chap. liv. 9, 10. For this is as the waters of Noah unto me ; for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth ; so have I sworn that I would not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee.

5 Hab. i. 13. Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and canst not look on iniquity. Jer. xlv. 4. Howbeit, I sent unto you all my servants the prophets, rising early, and sending them, saying, Oh do not this abominable thing that I hate.

6 Matth. iii. 17. And lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well-pleased. Rom. v. 10. When we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son.

7 2 Cor. ii. 14. Now, thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ.

8 Rom. vii. 23. But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members.

9 Rom. vii. 23. See figure 8. 1 Tim. vi. 12. Fight the good fight of faith, &c. Gal. v. 17. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh : and these are contrary the one to the other ; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.

10 Rom. v. 1. Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Isaiah liv. 10. See figure 4.

11 Rom. vii. 23. See figure 8. Chap. viii. 37. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us.

12 1 Cor. xv. 57. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

13 2 Cor. iv. 8. We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed ; we are

Both clear and cloudy 1, free and bound; 2
 Both dead and living 3, lost and found. 4
 Sin for my good does work and win; 5
 Yet 'tis not good for me to sin. 6
 My pleasure issues from my pain; 7
 My losses still increase my gain. 8
 I'm heal'd ev'n when my plagues abound, 9
 Cover'd with dust ev'n when I'm crown'd: 10
 As low as death, when living high; 11
 Nor shall I live, yet cannot die. 12

perplexed but not in despair. John xvi. 33. These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world. Heb. iv. 3. For we which have believed, do enter into rest.

1 Zech. xiv. 6, 7. And it shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear, nor dark. But it shall be one day, which shall be known to the Lord, not day nor night, but it shall come to pass, that at evening-time it shall be light. Micah vii. 8. Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall, I shall arise, when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me.

2 John viii. 36. If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed. Acts xx. 23. The Holy Ghost witnessing in every city, saying, that bonds and afflictions abide me.

3 2 Cor. vi. 9.—as dying, and behold, we live. Col. iii. 3. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.

4 Matth. xviii. 11. For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost. Psalm cxix. 176. I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek thy servant. Phil. iii. 9. And be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through faith of Christ, &c.

5 Rom. viii. 28. And we know that all things work together for good, to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose. Chap. xi. 11. I say then, Have they stumbled that they should fall? God forbid: but rather through their fall salvation is come unto the Gentiles, for to provoke them to jealousy.

6 Psalm lxxxix. 31, 32. If they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments, then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes.

7 Psalm cxix. 67. Before I was afflicted, I went astray: but now I have kept thy word. Verse 71. It is good for me that I have been afflicted: that I might learn thy statutes. James i. 2. My brethren, count it all joy, when ye fall into divers temptations.

8 Matth. x. 39. He that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it. Mark x. 29, 30. And Jesus answered and said, Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred fold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and, in the world to come, eternal life.

9 Rom. vii. 24, 25. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

10 Viz. With mercy, Job xlii. 5, 6. I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore, I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes. Ezek. xvi. 63. That thou mayst remember, and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more, because of thy shame, when I am pacified toward thee for all that thou hast done, saith the Lord God.

11 2 Cor. vi. 9.—as dying, and behold, we live.

12 Heb. ix. 27. It is appointed unto men once to die. John v. 24. Verily,

For all my sins my heart is sad,
 Since God's dishonour'd 1, yet I'm glad,
 Though once I was a slave to sin 2,
 Since God does thereby honour win 3,
 My sins are ever in his eye 4,
 Yet he beholds no sin in me 5,
 His mind that keeps them all in store,
 Will yet remember them no more 6.
 Because my sins are great, I feel
 Great fears of heavy wrath 7; yet still
 For mercy seek, for pardon wait,
 Because my sins are very great. 8

verily I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life. Chap. vi. 40. And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life. Ver. 50, 51. This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die. I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever: and the bread that I will give, is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world.

1 Psalm li. 4. Against thee, thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight.

2 Rom. xvi. 17. But God be thanked, that ye were the servants of sin; but ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you.

3 Isaiah xliv. 23. Sing, O heavens; for the Lord hath done it; shout ye lower parts of the earth: break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forests, and every tree therein: for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel. Eph. i. 6. To the praise of the glory of his grace. Ver. 12. That we should be to the praise of his glory.

4 Rev. iii. 1. I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead. Ver. 15. I know thy works that thou art neither cold nor hot.

5 Numb. xxiii. 21. He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath he seen perverseness in Israel. Song iv. 7. Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee. Ezek. xvi. 14. And thy renown went forth among the heathen for thy beauty: for it was perfect through my comeliness which I had put upon thee, saith the Lord God.

6 Isaiah xliii. 25. I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins. Jer. xxxi. 4. I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more. Heb. viii. 12. I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.

7 Ezra ix. 13, 14. And after all that is come upon us for our evil deeds, and for our great trespasses, seeing that thou our God hast punished us less than our iniquities deserve, and hast given us such deliverance as this; should we again break thy commandments, and join in affinity with the people of these abominations? Wouldst not thou be angry with us till thou hadst consumed us, so that there should be no remnant nor escaping? Psalm xxxviii. 1. O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath; neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.

8 Psalm xxv. 11. For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity: for it is great. Jer. xiv. 7. O Lord, though our iniquities testify against us, do thou it for thy name's sake: for our backslidings are many, we have sinned against thee.

I hope when plung'd into despair, 1,
 I tremble when I have no fear. 2
 Pardons dispel my griefs and fears, 3
 And yet dissolve my heart in tears. 4

S E C T. IV.

*Mysteries in FAITH's Extractions, Way and Walk, Prayers
 and Answers, Heights and Depths, Fear and Love.*

WITH wasps and bees my busy bill
 Sucks ill from good, and good from ill: 5
 Humil'ty makes my pride to grow,
 And pride aspiring lays me low. 6

1 Rom. iv. 18. Who (viz. Abraham) against hope believed in hope.
 2 Cor. i. 8, 9. For we would not, brethren, have you ignorant of our trouble which came to us in Asia, that we were pressed out of measure, above strength, in so much that we despaired even of life: but we had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead.

2 Phil. ii. 2. Wherefore, by beloved, as ye have always obeyed not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence; work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. Luke i. 74. That he would grant us, that we being delivered out of the hands of our enemies, might serve him without fear.

3 Matth. ix. 2. Jesus said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.

4 Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26. Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. Ver. 31. Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall lothe yourselves in your own sight, for your iniquities, and for your abominations. Chap. xvi. 63. That thou mayst remember and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more because of thy shame, when I am pacified toward thee for all that thou hast done, saith the Lord God.

5 Rom. ii. 4. Or despisest thou the riches of his goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering, not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance? Chap. vii. 1, 2. What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid: how shall we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein? Ver. 15. What then? shall we sin, because we are not under the law, but under grace? God forbid. Chap. viii. 28. And we know that all things work together for good, to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose. Phil. i. 12. But I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me, have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel. Psalm cxix. 71. It is good for me that I have been afflicted: that I might learn thy statutes.

6 2 Cor. xii. 7. And lest I should be exalted above measure, through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure. Prov. xxix. 23. A man's pride shall bring him low: but honour shall uphold the humble in spirit. 2 Chron. xxxii. 26. Hezekiah humbled himself for the pride of his heart (both he and the inhabitants of Jerusalem), so that the wrath of the Lord came not upon them in the days of Hezekiah.

My standing does my fall procure, 1
 My falling makes me stand more sure. 2
 My poison does my physic prove, 3
 My enmity provokes my love. 4
 My poverty infers my wealth, 5
 My sickness issues in my health, 6
 My hardness tends to make me soft, 7
 And killing things to cure me oft. 8
 While high attainments cast me down,
 My deep abasements raise me soon. 9
 My best things oft have evil brood; 10
 My worst things work my greatest good. 11

1 Psalm xxx 6, 7 And in my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved: Lord, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong; thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled

2 Prov xxiv 16 For a just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again: Psalm xxxvii 24 Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down; for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand

3 2 Cor xii 7, 8 And lest I should be exalted above measure, through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan, to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure: For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me Isa xxvii 8, 9 In measure, when it shooteth forth, thou wilt debate with it; he stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind: By this, therefore, shall the iniquity of Jacob be purged, and this is all the fruit to take away his sin

4 Gal v 17 The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh Verse 24 And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts.

5 Rev ii 9 I know thy poverty, but thou art rich 2 Cor xvi 10—as having nothing, and yet possessing all things

6 Matth ix 12 They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick Isaiah lvii 17 18 For the iniquity of his covetousness was I wroth, and smote him: I hid me, and was wroth; and he went on frowardly in the way of his heart I have seen his ways, and will heal him: I will lead him also, and restore comforts unto him, and to his mourners

7 Isaiah lxiii 17 O Lord, why hast thou made us to err from thy ways? and hardened our heart from thy fear? Return for thy servants sake, the tribes of thine inheritance

8 2 Cor i. 9 But we had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead Hosea v 15 I will go and return to my place, till they acknowledge their offence and seek my face: in their affliction they will seek me early Chap. i. 6 Come and let us return unto the Lord; for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up

9 1 Peter v 5, 6 Be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility: for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time Psalm cxvi 6 I was brought low, and he helped me

10 Psalm xxx. 6, 7. In my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved. Lord by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong: thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled Deut xxxii. 14, 15 Butter of kine, and milk of sheep, with fat of lambs, and rams of the breed of Bashan, and goats, with the fat of kidneys of wheat, and thou didst drink the pure blood of the grape:

My inward foes, that me alarm,
 Breed me much hurt, yet little harm. 1
 I get no good by them 2, yet see
 To my chief good they cause me flee. 3
 They reach to me a deadly stroke, 4
 Yet send to me a living Rock. 5
 They made me long for Canaan's banks; 6
 Yet sure I owe them little thanks.
 I travel 7, yet stand firm and fast; 8
 I run 9, but yet I make no haste. 10
 I take a way both old and new, 11
 Within my sight 12, yet out of view. 12

But Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked: thou art waxen fat; thou art grown thick; thou art covered with fatness: Then he forsook God which made him, and lightly esteemed the Rock of his salvation. Psalm cvi. 7. Our fathers understood not thy wonders in Egypt, they remembered not the multitude of thy mercies, but provoked him at the sea, even at the Red Sea.

11 Psalm xxx. 11. Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing: thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness. Rom. viii. 28. See figure 5. p. 171.

1 Jer. x. 19. Wo is me for my hurt, my wound is grievous: but I said, Truly this is a grief, and I must bear it. 1 Pet. iii. 13. And who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?

2 In themselves, but much evil, 1 Pet. ii. 11. Dearly beloved, I beseech you, as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul. James i. 14, 15. But every man is tempted, when he is drawn away by his own lust, and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.

3 Psalm cxliii. 9. Deliver me, O Lord, from mine enemies: I flee unto thee to hide me.

4 Rom. viii. 13. If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die.

5 Psalm xviii. 46, 47. The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock: and let the God of my salvation be exalted. It is God that avengeth me, and subdueth the people under me.

6 Psalm lv. 6. And I said, O that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest. And cxx. 5. Wo is me that I sojourn in Mesch, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar. Rom. viii. 20,—23. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who had subjected the same in hope: because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth, and travaileth in pain together until now; and not only they, but ourselves also which have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body.

7 Heb. xi. 13.—and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.

8 1 Cor. xvi. 13. Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.

9 Heb. xii. 1. Let us run with patience the race that is set before us.

10 Isaiah xxviii. 16. He that believeth, shall not make haste.

11 Jer. vi. 16. Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. Heb. x. 19, 20. Having therefore, brethren, boldness to

My way directs me in the way, 1
 And will not suffer me to stray : 2
 Though high and out of sight it be,
 I'm in the way, the way's in me. 3
 'Tis straight 4, yet full of heights and depths; 5
 I keep the way 6, the way me keeps, 7
 And being that to which I tend,
 My very way's my journey's end. 8
 When I'm in company I groan,
 Because I then am most alone ; 9

enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the vail, that is to say, his flesh.

12 1 Cor. xiii. 12. For now we see through a glass, darkly ; but then face to face : now I know in part ; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 John xvi. 10. I go to my Father, and ye see me no more.

1 John xiv. 6. Jesus saith unto him, I am the way :—no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

2 Isaiah xlii. 16. And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not ; I will lead them in paths that they have not known : I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them. Chap. lv. 4. Behold, I have given him for a leader and commander to the people.

3 Isaiah xxxv. 8. And an high way shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness : the unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those : the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. John xv. 4. Abide in me, and I in you. Chap. xvii. 23. I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one, and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me. Verse 26. And I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it : that the love wherewith thou hast loved me, may be in them, and I in them.

4 Matth. iii. 3. This is he that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.

5 Isaiah xl. 3, 4. The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a high way for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low : and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain. Chap. xlii. 16. See figure 2. Psalm lxxvii. 13. Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary. Verse 19. Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known.

6 Psalm xxxvii. 34. Wait on the Lord, and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land.

7 Psalm cxxi. 3, 4. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved : he that keepeth thee, will not slumber. Behold, he that keepeth Israel, shall neither slumber nor sleep.

8 Heb. xii. 22, 23, 24. But ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel. 1 Thes. iv. 17. Then we which are alive, and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air : and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

9 Song i. 7. Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest,

Yet, in my closest secrecy,
 I'm joyful in my company. 1
 I'm heard afar 2, without a noise;
 I cry without a lifted voice: 3
 Still moving in devotion's sphere, 4
 Yet seldom steady persevere. 5
 I'm heard when answer'd soon or late, 6
 And heard when I no answer get; 7
 Yea, kindly answer'd, when refus'd, 8
 And friendly treat when harshly us'd. 9
 My fervent pray'rs ne'er did prevail, 10
 Nor e'er of prevalency fail. 11

here thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that
 turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?

1 Song vii. 11, 12. Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field: let us
 edge in the villages. Let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see if the
 vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth:
 there will I give thee my loves.

2 Psalm xx. 6. Now know I, that the Lord saveth his anointed: he will
 hear him from his holy heaven, with the saving strength of his right hand.

3 1 Sam. i. 13.—15. Now Hannah, she spake in her heart, only her lips
 moved, but her voice was not heard: therefore Eli thought she had been
 drunken. And Eli said unto her, How long wilt thou be drunken? put away
 thy wine from thee. And Hannah answered and said, No, my lord; I am a
 woman of a sorrowful spirit: I have drunk neither wine, nor strong drink,
 but have poured out my soul before the Lord.

4 1 Thes. v. 17. Pray without ceasing.

5 Hosea vi. 4. O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O Judah, what shall
 I do unto thee? for your goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew,
 it goeth away.

6 Isaiah xlix. 8. Thus saith the Lord, In an acceptable time have I heard
 thee, and in a day of salvation have I helped thee.

7 Matth. xxvi. 39. And Jesus went a little further, and fell on his face,
 and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me:
 nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.

8 Psalm xxii. 1.—3. My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? why
 art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring? O my God,
 I cry in the day-time, but thou hearest not; and in the night-season, and am
 not silent. But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

9 Heb. xii. 5.—10. And ye have forgotten the exhortation which speaketh
 unto you as unto children, My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord,
 nor faint when thou art rebuked of him. For whom the Lord loveth, he chas-
 teneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening,
 God dealeth with you as with sons: for what son is he whom the father chas-
 teneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then
 are ye bastards, and not sons. Furthermore, we have had fathers of our flesh,
 which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be
 in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days
 chastened us after their own pleasure; but he for our profit, that we might be
 partakers of his holiness.

10 Dan ix. 18, 19. O my God, incline thine ear, and hear; open thine eyes,
 and behold our desolations, and the city which is called by thy name: for we

I wrestle till my strength be spent, 1
 Yet yield when strong recruits are sent. 2
 I languish for my Husband's charms, 3
 Yet faint away when in his arms. 4
 My sweetest health does sickness prove;
 When love me heals, I'm sick of love. 5
 I am most merry when I'm sad; 6
 Most full of sorrow when I'm glad: 7
 Most precious when I'm most vile, 8
 And most at home when in exile. 9

do not present our supplications before thee for our righteousnesses, but for thy great mercies. O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive; O Lord, hearken and do; defer not, for thine own sake, O my God: for thy city, and thy people are called by thy name.

11 James v. 16 The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

1 Gen. xxxii. 24-25 And Jacob was left alone: and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh: and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him.

2 Psalm cxxxviii. 3 In the day when I cried, thou answeredst me: and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul. Gen. xviii 32, 33 And he said, O let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak yet but this once: Peradventure ten shall be found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for ten's sake. And the Lord went his way, as soon as he had left communing with Abraham: and Abraham returned unto his place.

3 Psalm lxiii 2 My flesh longeth to see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary. And xxvii 4 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple.

4 Rev. i. 17 And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead: and he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not; I am the first, and the last.

5 Song ii. 4, 5 He brought me to the banquetting-house, and his banner over me was love. Stay me with flaggons, comfort me with apples; for I am sick of love.

6 2 Cor. vii 10 For godly sorrow worketh repentance unto salvation not to be repented of. Eccl. vii 3 Sorrow is better than laughter; for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.

7 Prov. xiv 13 Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness.

8 Job xl 4. Behold, I am vile! what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth. Chap. xlii 5, 6 I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee: Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes. Jer. xxxi. 18,—20. I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself thus, Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastised, as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke: turn thou me, and I shall be turned; for thou art the Lord my God. Surely after that I was turned, I repented; and after that I was instructed, I smote upon my thigh: I was ashamed, yea, even confounded, because I did bear the reproach of my youth. Is Ephraim my dear son? Is he a pleasant child? For since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still: Therefore my bowels are troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord.

9 Ezek. i. 1. Now it came to pass in the thirtieth year, in the fourth month,

My base and honourable birth
 Excites my mourning and my mirth. 1
 I'm poor, yet stor'd with untold rent; 2
 Most weak, and yet omnipotent. 3
 On earth there's none so great and high, 4
 Nor yet so low and mean as I: 5
 None or so foolish 6, or so wise; 7
 So often fall, so often rise. 8

in the fifth day of the month (as I was among the captives by the river of Chabar) that the heavens were opened, and I saw visions of God. Rev. i. 9, 10. I John, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ. I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet, &c. John xvi. 32. Behold, the hour cometh, yea, is now come, that ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone: and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me.

1 Ezek. xvi. 3, 4. Thus saith the Lord God unto Jerusalem, Thy birth, and thy nativity is of the land of Canaan; thy Father was an Amorite, and thy mother an Hittite. And as for thy nativity in the day thou wast born, thy navel was not cut, neither wast thou washed in water to supple thee: thou wast not salted at all, nor swaddled at all. John i. 13. Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. Psalm li. 5. Behold, I was shapen in iniquity: and in sin did my mother conceive me. 1 Pet. i. 3. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.

2 Rev. iii. 17, 18. Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked. I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayst be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayst be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayst see. Eph. iii. 8. Unto me who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.

3 John xv. 5. Without me ye can do nothing. Phil. iv. 13. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.

4 Psalm xvi. 3. But to the saints that are in the earth, and to the excellent in whom is all my delight. Isaiah xliii. 4. Since thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honourable, and I have loved thee: therefore will I give men for thee, and people for thy life.

5 Eph. iii. 8. See figure 2. 1 Tim. i. 15. This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.

6 Psalm lxxiii. 22. So foolish was I and ignorant: I was as a beast before thee. Prov. xxx. 2, 3. Surely I am more brutish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man. I neither learned wisdom, nor have the knowledge of the holy.

7 1 Cor. i. 30. But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, &c. Matth. xi. 25, 26. At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight. Chap. xiii. 11. Jesus answered and said unto them, Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given.

8 Prov. xxiv. 16. A just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again.

I seeing him I never saw, 1
 Serve without fear, and yet with awe. 2
 Though love, when perfect, fear remove; 3
 Yet most I fear when most I love. 4
 All things are lawful unto me, 5
 Yet many things unlawful be: 6
 To some I perfect hatred bear, 7
 Yet keep the law of love entire. 8
 I'm bound to love my friends 9, but yet
 I sin unless I do them hate: 10
 I am oblig'd to hate my foes, 11
 Yet bound to love and pray for those. 12

1 1 Pet. i. 8. Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. Heb. xi. 1. Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

2 Luke i. 74. That he would grant unto us, that we being delivered out of the band of our enemies, might serve him without fear. Heb. xii. 28. Wherefore we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably, with reverence and godly fear.

3 1 John iv. 18. There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment: he that feareth, is not made perfect in love.

4 Jer. xxxiii. 9. And it shall be to me a name of joy, of praise, and an honour before all the nations of the earth, which shall hear all the good that I do unto them: and they shall fear and tremble for all the goodness, and for all the prosperity that I procure unto it. Hosea iii. 5. Afterwards shall the children of Israel return, and seek the Lord their God, and David their king; and shall fear the Lord, and his goodness in the latter days.

5 1 Cor. vi. 12. All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient: all things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the power of any.

6 Exod. xx. 1.—17. And God spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have no other gods before me, &c.

7 Psalm cxxxix. 21, 22. Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate thee? And am not I grieved with those that rise up against thee? I hate them with perfect hatred: I count them mine enemies.

8 2 Chron. xix. 2. And Jehu, the son of Hanani the seer, went out to meet him, and said to king Jehoshaphat, Shouldst thou, help the ungodly, and love them that hate the Lord? therefore is wrath upon thee from before the Lord.

9 Lev. xix. 18. Thou shalt not avenge, nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people; but thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself: I am the Lord.

10 Luke xiv. 26. If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.

11 Viz. As they are the foes of God, Judg. v. 31. So let thine enemies perish, O Lord: but let them that love him, be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might. Psalm xvii. 13, 15. Arise, O Lord; disappoint him, cast him down: deliver my soul from the wicked, which is thy sword: from men which are thy hand, O Lord, from men of the world, which have their portion in this life; and whose belly thou fillest with thy hid treasure: they are full of children, and leave the rest of their substance to their babes.

12 Matth. v. 44. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that

Heart-love to man I'm call'd t'impart,
 Yet God still calls for all my heart. 1
 I do him and his service both
 By nature love 2, by nature lothe. 3

S E C T. V.

*Mysteries about Flesh and Spirit, Liberty and Bondage,
 Life and Death.*

MUCH like my heart both false and true, 4
 I have a name both old and new. 5
 No new thing is beneath the sun; 6
 Yet all is new, and old things gone. 7
 Though in my flesh dwells no good thing, 8
 Yet Christ in me I joyful sing, 9

curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.

1 Matth. xix. 19. Jesus saith unto him, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. Chap. xxii. 37. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

2 1 John v. 2. By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God and keep his commandments.

3 Rom. viii. 7. The carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. Col. i. 21. And you that were sometime alienated, and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled.

4 Jer. xvii 9. The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, who can know it. Heb. x. 22. Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water.

5 Rom. ix. 25, 26. As he saith also in Osee, I will call them my people, which were not my people; and her, beloved, which was not beloved. And it shall come to pass, that in the place where it was said unto them, Ye are not my people; there shall they be called, The children of the living God. Rev. ii. 17. He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches. To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it. Chap. iii. 12. Him that overcometh, will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God, and I will write upon him my new name.

6 Eccl. i. 9. The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun.

7 2 Cor. v. 17. If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are past away; behold, all things are become new. Rev. xxi. 5. And he that sat upon the throne, said, Behold, I make all things new.

8 Rom. vii. 18. For I know, that in me, (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing: for to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good, I find not.

9 Col. i. 27. To whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles; which is Christ in you, the hope of glory.

Sin I confess, and I deny :
 For, though I sin, it is not I. 1
 I sin against, and with my will ; 2
 I'm innocent, yet guilty still. 3
 Though fain I'd be the greatest saint, 4
 To be the least I'd be content. 5
 My lowness may my height evince, 6
 I'm both a beggar and a prince. 7
 With meanest subjects I appear, 8
 With kings a royal sceptre bear. 9

1 Rom. vii. 14.—20. For we know that the law is spiritual : but I am carnal, sold under sin. For that which I do, I allow not : for that I would, that I do not ; but what I hate that do I. If then I do that which I would not, I consent unto the law, that it is good. Now then, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. For I know, that in me, (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing : for to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good, I find not. For the good that I would, I do not ; but the evil which I would not, that I do. Now, if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. 1 John iii. 9. Whosoever is born of God, doth not commit sin ; for his seed remaineth in him : and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.

2 Rom. vii. 21.—25. I find then a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me. For I delight in the law of God, after the inward man. But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members. O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ? I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then, with the mind I myself serve the law of God ; but with the flesh the law of sin.

3 Psalm xix. 13. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins, let them not have dominion over me : then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression. And cxix. 3. If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities ; O Lord, who shall stand ?

4 Psalm xxvii. 4. One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple.

5 Psalm lxxxiv. 10. For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand : I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

6 Job v. 11. To set up on high those that be low ; that those which mourn may be exalted to safety.

7 1 Sam. ii. 8. The Lord raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory ; for the pillars of the earth are the Lord's, and he hath set the world upon them. Gen. xxxii. 28. And the angel said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel : for, as a prince thou hast power with God and with men, and hast prevailed. Rev. i. 5, 6. Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God ; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

8 Phil. ii. 10. That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth. Heb. i. 6. And again, when he bringeth the first-begotten into the world, he saith, And let all the angels of God worship him.

9 Rev. ii. 26, 27. And he that overcometh, and keepeth my words unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations : (and he shall rule them

I'm both unfetter'd and involv'd ; 1
 By law condemn'd, by law absolv'd. 2
 My guilt condignly punish'd see,
 Yet I the guilty wretch go free. 3
 My gain did by my loss begin ; 4
 My righteousness commenc'd by sin ; 5
 My perfect peace by bloody strife ; 6
 Life is my death, and death my life. 7
 I'm (in this present life I know)
 A captive and a free-man too ; 8
 And though my death can't set me free,
 It will perfect my liberty. 9
 I am not worth a dusty grain,
 Yet more than worlds of golden gain ;

with a rod of iron : as the vessels of a potter shall they be broken to shivers) even as I received of my Father.

1 Psalm cxvi. 16. Oh, Lord, truly I am thy servant, I am thy servant, and the son of thy handmaid : thou hast loosed my bonds. Rom. vii. 23. But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members.

2 John iii. 20. For if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things. Rom. viii. 1. There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. Ver. 33, 34. Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect ? It is God that justifieth : who is he that condemneth ? It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

3 Gal. iii. 13. Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us : for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree.

4 Rom. iii. 23, 24. For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God ; being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ.

5 Rom. iii. 5. But if our unrighteousness commend the righteousness of God, what shall we say ? Chap. v. 20, 21. But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound : that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.

6 Col. i. 20. And (having made peace through the blood of his cross) by him to reconcile all things unto himself ; by him, I say, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven.

7 The life of sin is our death, 1 Tim. v. 6. But she that liveth in pleasure, is dead while she liveth. The death of Christ our life, 2 Cor. v. 14, 15. For the love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead : and that he died for all, that they which live, should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again.

8 Rom. vii. 23. See figure 1. Chap. viii. 2. For the law of the Spirit of life, in Christ Jesus, hath made me free from the law of sin and death.

9 John viii. 36. If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed. Rev. xiv. 13. And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.

2 Cor. v. 4. For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened :

Though worthless I myself indite,
Yet shall as worthy walk in white. 1

S E C T. VI.

*The Mystery of Free JUSTIFICATION through CHRIST's
Obedience and Satisfaction.*

NO creature ever could or will
For sin yield satisfaction full; 2
Yet justice from the creature's hand
Both sought and got its full demand. 3
Hence though I am, as well I know,
A debtor 4, yet I nothing owe. 5
My creditor has nought to say, 6
Yet never had I aught to pay. 7
He freely pardon'd every mite, 8
Yet would no single farthing quit. 9

not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.

1 Gen. xxxii. 10. I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast shewed unto thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands, Rev. iii. 4. Thou hast a few names even in Sardis, which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with me in white; for they are worthy.

2 Psalm xlix. 8. For the redemption of their soul is precious, and it ceaseth for ever. Isaiah xl. 16. And Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor all the beasts thereof for a burnt-offering.

3 Psalm xl. 6. Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire, mine ear thou hast opened: burnt-offering and sin-offering hast thou not required. Heb. x. 5, 6, 7. Wherefore, when he cometh into the world, he saith, Sacrifice and offering thou wouldst not, but a body hast thou prepared me: in burnt-offerings and sacrifices for sin thou hast had no pleasure: then said I, Lo! I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me) to do thy will, O God. Eph. v. 2. Christ hath loved us, and hath given himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling favour.

4 Mat. vi. 12. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

5 Rom. iii. 24, 25. Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ; whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God. Heb. x. 14. For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.

6 Rom. viii. 33, 34. Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth: who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

7 Rom. v. 6. For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. Verse 8. But God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

8 Acts xiii. 38, 39. Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by him all that believe are justified from all things from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.

9 Rom. iii. 24, 25. See figure 5. Chap. viii. 22. He spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all.

Hence ev'ry bliss that falls to me
 Is dearly bought, yet wholly free. 1
 All pardon that I need I have,
 Yet daily pardon need to crave. 2
 The law's arrest keeps me in awe, 3
 But yet 'gainst me there is no law. 4
 Though truth my just damnation crave, 5
 Yet truth's engag'd my soul to save. 6
 My whole salvation comes by this,
 Fair truth and mercy's mutual kiss. 7
 Law-breakers ne'er its curse have miss'd;
 But I ne'er kept it, yet am blest'd. 8
 I can't be justified by it, 9
 And yet can't but be acquit. 10

1 1 Pet. i. 18, 19. Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot. Eph. i. 7. In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace. 2 Tim. i. 9. Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus, before the world began.

2 Psalm ciii. 3. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities: who healeth all thy diseases. And xxv. 11. For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity: for it is very great. Luke xi. 4. And forgive us our sins; for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us. Dan. ix. 19. O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive; O Lord, hearken and do; defer not, for thine own sake, O my God: for thy city, and thy people are called by thy name.

3 Psalm cxix. 120. My flesh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgments. Rom. vii. 9. I was alive without the law once: but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died. Verse 13. Was then that which is good, made death unto me? God forbid. But sin, that it might appear sin, working death in me by that which is good; that sin, by the commandment, might become exceeding sinful.

4 Gal. v. 23. The fruit of the Spirit is—meekness, temperance; against such there is no law. 1 Tim. i. 9. Knowing this, that the law is not made for a righteous man, but for the lawless and disobedient, &c.

5 Ezek. xviii. 4. The soul that sinneth, it shall die.

6 1 Tim. i. 15. This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.

7 Psalm lxxxv. 10. Mercy and truth are met together: righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

8 Gal. iii. 20. As many as are of the works of the law, are under the curse: for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them. Verse 13, 14. Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree; that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ; that we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith.

9 Rom. iiii. 20. Therefore by the deeds of the law, there shall no flesh be justified in his sight: for by the law is the knowledge of sin. Gal. ii. 16. Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith

I'm not oblig'd to keep it more, 1
 Yet more oblig'd than e'er before. 2
 By perfect doing life I find, 3
 Yet *do* and *live* no more me bind. 4
 These terms no change can undergo,
 Yet sweetly chang'd they are 5; for lo,
 My *doing* caus'd my *life* 6, but now,
 My *life's* the cause that makes me *do*. 7

of Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Jesus Christ; that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law: for, by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified. Chap. iii. 11. But that no man is justified by the law in the sight of God, it is evident; for, The just shall live by faith.

10 Rom. viii. 1. There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus. Ver. 3. 4. For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God did, sending his own Son, in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh; that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. 2 Cor. v. 21. For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. Rom. iii. 26. To declare, I say, at this time, his righteousness; that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.

1 Rom. vi. 14. Sin shall not have dominion over you: for ye are not under the law, but under grace. Gal. v. 1.—4. Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage. Behold, I Paul say unto you, that if ye be circumcised, Christ shall profit you nothing. For I testify again to every man that is circumcised, that he is a debtor to do the whole law. Christ is become of no effect unto you, whosoever of you are justified by the law; ye are fallen from grace.

2 Rom. vi. 1, 2. What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid: How shall we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein? Ver. 15. What then? Shall we sin, because we are not under the law, but under grace? God forbid.

3 Rom. v. 17, 18, 19. They which receive abundance of grace, and of the gift of righteousness, shall reign in life by one, Jesus Christ—By the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life.—By the obedience of one, shall many be made righteous.

4 Rom. x. 5.—9. For Moses describeth the righteousness which is of the law, That the man which doth these things, shall live by them. But the righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise, Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down from above): Or, Who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead): But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is the word of faith which we preach, That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart, that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

5 Rom. iii. 31. Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid: yea, we establish the law.

6 Rom. x. 5. See figure 4.

7 John xiv. 19. Because I live, ye shall live also. Chap. xv. 5. I am the vine, ye are the branches; he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing. Rom. vii. 4. Wherefore my brethren, ye also are become dead to the law by the body of Christ; that ye should be married to another, even to him who is raised from the dead, that we should bring forth fruit unto God. Ezek. xxxvi. 27.

Though *works of righteousness* I store, 1
 Yet *righteousness of works* abhor; 2
 For righteousness without a flaw
 Is *righteousness without the law*. 3
 In duty's way I'm bound to ly, 4
 Yet out of duties bound to fly: 5
 Hence merit I renounce with shame, 6
 Yet right to life by merit claim. 7
 Merit of perfect righteousness
 I never had 8, yet never miss; 9
 On this condition I have all, 10
 Yet all is unconditional. 11

And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes; and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them.

1 Phil. i. 11. Being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ unto the glory and praise of God.

2 Phil. iii. 9. And be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith. Isaiah lxiv. 6. All our righteousness are as filthy rags. Rom. iv. 6. Even as David also described the blessedness of the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works.

3 Rom. iii. 20.—22. Therefore, by the deeds of the law, there shall no flesh be justified in his sight: for by the law is the knowledge of sin. But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets; even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all, and upon all them that believe; for there is no difference.

4 Prov. vii. 34. Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors.

5 Isaiah lvii. 12. I will declare thy righteousness, and thy works, for they shall not profit thee. Luke xvii. 10. When ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do.

6 Psalm xvi. 2. O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord: my goodness extendeth not to thee. Ezek. xxxvi. 32. Not for your sakes do I this, saith the Lord God, be it known unto you: be ashamed and confounded for your own ways, O house of Israel.

7 Rom. v. 18, 19. By the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life.—By the obedience of one, shall many be made righteous. Isaiah xlv. 24, 25. Surely, shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength: even to him shall men come, and all that are incensed against him shall be ashamed. In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory.

8 Rom. iii. 9, 10. What then? Are we better than they? No, in no wise: for we have before proved both Jews and Gentiles, that they are all under sin; as it is written, There is none righteous, no not one. Verse 19. Now we know, that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God.

9 1 Cor. i. 30. But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us,—righteousness. Isaiah xlv. 24. See figure 7. Jer. xxiii. 6. In his days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely: and this is his name whereby he shall be called, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

10 Isaiah xlii. 21. The Lord is well pleased for his righteousness' sake: He

Though freest mercy I implore, 1
 Yet I am safe on justice' score, 2
 Which never could the guilty free, 3
 Yet fully clears most guilty me. 4

S E C T. VII.

The Mystery of God the Justifier, Rom. iii. 26. justified both in his justifying and condemning; or, Soul-justification and Self-condemnation.

MY Jesus needs not save 5, yet must; 6
 He is my hope 7, I am his trust. 8
 He paid the double debt, well known
 To be all mine, yet all his own. 9

will magnify the law, and make it honourable. Matth. iii. 15. Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Verse 17. And lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well-pleased.

11 Isaiah lv. 1. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Rev. xxii. 17. Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

1 Psalm li. 1. Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Rom. iii. 24.—6. Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ: whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time his righteousness: that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus. 1 John i. 9. If we confess our sins, he is faithful, and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

3 Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7. And the Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed, The Lord, The Lord,—that will by no means clear the guilty.

4 Rom. iv. 5. To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.

5 Rom. ix. 5. Christ is over all, God blessed for ever.

6 John x. 16. And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd. Verse 18. No man taketh it (viz. my life) from me; but I lay it down of myself: I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father. Luke ii. 49. And Jesus said unto them (viz. Joseph and his mother,) How is it that ye sought me! wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

7 Jer. xiv. 8. O the hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, &c. Chap. xviii. 17. Be not a terror unto me; thou art my hope in the day of evil. 1 Tim. i. 1. Paul an apostle of Jesus Christ, by the commandment of God our Saviour, and our Lord Jesus Christ, which is our hope.

8 John xvii. 6. I have manifested thy name unto the men which thou gavest me out of the world: thine they were, and thou gavest them me. 2 Tim. i. 12. I know whom I have believed; and I am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.

9 Isaiah liii. 4.—6. Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he

Hence, though I ne'er, had more or less
Of justice-pleasing righteousness, 1
Yet here is one wrought to my hand,
As full as justice can demand. 2

By this my Judge is more pleas'd
Than e'er my sin this honour les'd: 3
Yea, justice can't be pleas'd so well
By all the torments borne in hell. 4

Full satisfaction here is such,
As hell can never yield so much; 5
Though justice therefore might me damn,
Yet by more justice sav'd I am. 6

was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. Verse 8. For the transgression of my people was he stricken. Heb. vii. 22. By so much was Jesus made a surety of a better testament.

1 Rom. iii. 9, 10, 19. See figure 8. p. 185.

2 Dan. ix. 24. Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people, and upon thy holy city, to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, &c. Zech. xiii. 7. Awake, O sword, against my Shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts: smite the Shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered; and I will turn mine hand upon the little ones.

3 Rom. v. 8.—11. But God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. For if when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son; much more being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life. And not only so, but we also joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement. Heb. ix. 14. How much more shall the blood of Christ, who, through the eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?

4 Heb. x. 5, 6. Wherefore when he cometh into the world, he saith, Sacrifice and offering thou wouldst not, but a body hast thou prepared me: in burnt-offerings and sacrifices for sin thou hast had no pleasure. Verse 14. By one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified. Verse 29. Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace?

5 Rom. v. 11. See figure 3. Eph. v. 2. Christ hath given himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour. 1 Pet. i. 18, 19. Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot. Gal. iii. 13. Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us.

6 1 Pet. iii. 18. Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, (that he might bring us to God,) being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit. Rom. iii. 26 To declare, I say, at this time his righteousness: that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus. 1 John ii. 2. And he is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only,

Here ev'ry divine property
 Is to the higelt set on high ; 1
 Hence God his glory would injure,
 If my salvation were not sure. 2
 My peace and safety lie in this,
 My Creditor my Surety is. 3
 The judgment-day I dread the less,
 My Judge is made my righteoufness. 4
 He paid out for a bankrupt-crew
 The debt that to himself was due ;
 And satisfy'd himself for me,
 When he did justice satisfy. 5
 He to the law, though Lord of it,
 Did most obediently submit. 6

but also for the sins of the whole world. Chap. iv. 10. Her-in is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.

1 Rom. iii. 25. Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteoufness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God. Psalm lxxxv. 10. Mercy and truth are met together : righteoufness and peace have kissed each other. 2 Cor. v. 18, 19. And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation ; to wit, that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them ; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Verse 21. For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin ; that we might be made the righteoufness of God in him. Luke ii. 14. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men.

2 Isaiah xlii. 23 Sing, O heavens ; for the Lord hath done it : shout, ye lower parts of the earth : break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein ; for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel. Eph. i. 6. To the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved. Verse 12. That we should be to the praise of his glory, who first trusted in Christ.

3 Psalm cxix. 122. Be surety to thy servant for good : let not the proud oppress me. Heb. vii. 22. By so much was Jesus made a surety of a better testament.

4 1 Cor. i. 30. But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us,—righteoufness. Chap. xv. 55,—57. O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ? The sting of death is sin ; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

5 Zech. xiii. 7. See figure 2. p. 187. Rom. ix. 5. Christ is over all, God blessed for ever. Phil. ii. 6,—8. Christ Jesus being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God : but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men : and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cros.

6 Ibid. Gal. iv 4, 5. But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons.

What he ne'er broke, and yet must die,
I never kept, yet live must I. 1

The law, which him its keeper kill'd,
In me its breaker is fulfill'd; 2

Yea, magnify'd and honour'd more
Than sin defac'd it e'er before. 3

Hence though the law condemn at large,
It can lay nothing to my charge; 4

Nor find such ground to challenge me,
As Heaven hath found to justify. 5

But though he freely me remit,
I never can myself acquit. 6

My Judge condemns me not, I grant;
Yet justify myself I can't. 7

From him I have a pardon got,
But yet myself I pardon not. 8

1 1 Pet. iii. 18. See figure 6. p. 187. 2 Cor. v. 21. See figure 1. p. 188.
1 John iv. 19. In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live thro' him.

2 Rom. viii. 3, 4. For what the law could not do, in that it was weak thro' the flesh, God sending his own Son, in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh: that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

3 Isaiah xlii. 21. The Lord is well-pleased, for his righteousness' sake, he will magnify the law, and make it honourable. Rom. v. 18,—21. Therefore as by the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation; even so by the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life. For as by one man's disobedience, many were made sinners; so by the obedience of one, shall many be made righteous. Moreover, the law entered, that the offence might abound: but where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.

4 Rom. viii. 1. There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus. Verse 3, 4. See figure 2. Verse 33, 34. Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth: who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died; yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right-hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

5 Job xxxiii. 24. Then he is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom. Rom. iii. 25, 26. Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, thro' faith in his blood; to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, thro' the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time, his righteousness: that he might be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus.

6 2 Sam. xii. 13. And David said unto Nathan, I have sinned against the Lord. And Nathan said unto David, The Lord also hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die. Psalm li. 2, 3. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions; and my sin is ever before me.

7 Rom. viii. 1, 33. See figure 4. Job ix. 20. If I justify myself, mine own mouth shall condemn me: if I say, I am perfect, it shall also prove me perverse.

8 2 Cor. vii. 11. For behold this self-same thing that ye sorrowed after

His rich forgiveness still I have,
Yet never can myself forgive. 1

The more he's toward me pleas'd,
The more I'm with myself displeas'd. 2
The more I am absolv'd by him,
The more I do myself condemn. 3

When he in heav'n dooms me to dwell,
Then I adjudge myself to hell; 4
Yet still I to his judgment 'gree,
And clear him for absolving me. 5

a godly sort, what carefulness it wrought in you; yea, what clearing of yourselves; yea, what indignation; yea, what fear; yea, what vehement desire; yea, what zeal; yea, what revenge?

1 Isa. xxxviii. 15. What shall I say? he hath both spoken unto me, and himself hath done it: I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul.

2 Ezek. xvi. 63. That thou mayst remember and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more, because of thy shame, when I am pacified toward thee for all that thou hast done, saith the Lord God.

3 Luke xviii. 13, 14. And the publican standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner. I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself, shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself, shall be exalted. Ezek. xxxvi. 31, 32. Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight, for your iniquities, and for your abominations. Not for your sakes do I this, saith the Lord God, be it known unto you: be ashamed and confounded for your own ways, O house of Israel. Jer. xxxi. 19. Surely after that I was turned, I repented; and after that I was instructed, I smote upon my thigh: I was ashamed, yea, even confounded, because I did bear the reproach of my youth.

4 Mat. xxv. 34.—39. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or, when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? 2 Cor. xi. 31. If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged. Luke xv. 20, 21. And he (viz. the prodigal son,) arose, and came to his father. But when he was a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Gen. xxxii. 9, 10. And Jacob said, O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac, the Lord which saidst unto me, Return unto thy country, and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee: I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast shewed unto thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands.

5 Psalm li. 4. Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightst be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest. And xlii. 7. The righteous Lord loveth righteousness; his countenance doth behold the upright. And cxlv. 16, 17. Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing. The Lord is righteous in all his

Thus he clears me, and I him clear ;
 I justify my Justifier. 1
 Let him condemn or justify,
 From all injustice I him free. 2

S E C T. VIII.

*The Mystery of SANCTIFICATION imperfect in this Life;
 or, the Believer doing all, and doing nothing.*

MINE arms embrace my God 3, yet I
 Had never arms to reach so high ; 4
 His alone me holds 5, yet low !
 I hold and will not let him go. 5

ways, and holy in all his works. Rev. xv. 3. And they sung the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty ; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints.

1 Rom. iii. 26. To declare, I say, at this time his righteousness ; that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus. Isa. xlv. 21. There is no God else beside me ; a just God and a Saviour. Ver. 24. Surely, shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength. Chap. lxiii. 1. Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah ? This that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength ? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save. Zech. ix. 9. Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion ; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem : behold, thy King cometh unto thee : he is just, and having salvation, &c.

2 Job xxv. 4, 5, 6. How then can man be justified with God ? or how can he be clean that is born of a woman ? Behold even to the moon, and it shineth not ; yea, the stars are not pure in his sight. How much less man that is a worm ; and the son of man which is a worm. Psalm lxxxix. 14. Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne : mercy and truth shall go before thy face. And xcvi. 2. Clouds and darkness are round about him : righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne. Rom. iii. 19, 20. Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law ; that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God. Therefore, by the deeds of the law, there shall no flesh be justified in his sight : for by the law is the knowledge of sin. Ver. 23, 24, 25. For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God ; being freely justified by his grace, thro' the redemption that is in Jesus Christ : whom God hath set forth to be the propitiation, thro' faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, thro' the forbearance of God. Psalm xxii. 2, 3. O my God, I cry in the day-time, but thou hearest not ; and in the night season, and am not silent. But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

3 Song iii. 4. It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth ; I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me.

4 Psalm lxi. 2. From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed : lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

5 Psalm lxiii. 8. My soul followeth hard after thee : thy right hand upholdeth me. Isa. xli. 10. Fear thou not, for I am with thee ; be not dismayed, for I am thy God : I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right-hand of my righteousness.

6 Gen. xxxii. 26. And he [the angel] said, Let me go, for the day breaketh : and he [viz. Jacob] said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.

I do according to his call;
 And yet not I, but he does all: 1
 But though he works to will and do, 2
 I without force work freely too. 3
 His will and mine agree full well, 4
 Yet disagree like heaven and hell. 5
 His nature's mine 6, and mine is his; 7
 Yet so was never that nor this. 8
 I know him and his name, yet own
 He and his name can ne'er be known. 9
 His gracious coming makes me do;
 I know he comes, yet know not how. 10

1 1 Cor. xv. 10. But by the grace of God I am what I am: and his grace which was bestowed on me, was not in vain; but I laboured more abundantly than they all: yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me. Ver. 58. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

2 Phil. ii. 13. It is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do, of his good pleasure.

3 Psalm cx. 3. Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power.— And cxvi. O Lord, truly I am thy servant, I am thy servant, and the son of thy handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds.

4 Matth. vi. 10. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Psalm xl. 8. I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart.

5 Mat. xxii. 28, 29. A certain man had two sons, and he came to the first, and said, Son, go work to-day in my vineyard: He answered, and said, I will not, &c. John v. 40. Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life.— Mat. xxiii. 37. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!

6 2 Pet. i. 4. Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises; that by these you might be partakers of the divine nature.

7 Heb. ii. 14. Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same. Verse 16. For verily he took not on him the nature of angels; but he took on him the seed of Abraham.

8 Isa. x. 17, 18. All nations before him are as nothing, and they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity. To whom will ye liken God? or what likeness will ye compare unto him?

9 Psalm ix. 10. They that know thy name will put their trust in thee. Prov. xxx. 3, 4. I [viz. Agur] neither learned wisdom, nor have the knowledge of the holy. Who hath ascended up into heaven, or descended? Who hath gathered the wind in his fists? Who hath bound the waters in a garment? Who hath established all the ends of the earth? What is his name, and what is his son's name, if thou canst tell?

10 Song iv. 16. Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out: let my Beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits. John iii. 8. The wind

I have no good but what he gave, 1
 Yet he commands the good I have. 2
 And though my good to him ascends, 3
 My goodness to him ne'er extends. 4
 I take hold of his cov'nant free; 5
 But find it must take hold of me. 6
 I'm bound to keep it 7, yet 'tis bail,
 And bound to keep me without fail. 8

bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

1 1 Chron. xxix 14. And David said,—But who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? For all things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee. 2 Cor iii. 5. Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think any thing as of ourselves: but our sufficiency is of God.

2 2 Cor. x. 18. For not he that commendeth himself is approved, but whom the Lord commendeth. Rom. xii. 1, 2. I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

3 Psalm xxv. 1. Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul. And cxli. 2. Let my prayer be set before thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice. Eph iii. 12. In whom (viz. Jesus Christ,) we have boldness and access with confidence by the faith of him. Heb. x 19. Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, &c.

4 Psalm xvi. 2. O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord: my goodness extendeth not to thee.

5 Isa. lvi. 4. Thus saith the Lord unto the eunuchs—that take hold of my covenant, &c. Ver. 6. Also the sons of the stranger, that join themselves to the Lord, to serve him, and to love the name of the Lord, to be his servants, every one that—taketh hold of my covenant, &c.

6 Zech. i. 6. But my words and my statutes, which I commanded my servants the prophets, did they not take hold of your fathers? And they returned and said, Like as the Lord of hosts thought to do unto us, according to our ways, and according to our doings, so hath he dealt with us. Psalm xc. 2, 3. The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion: rule thou in the midst of thine enemies. Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, &c. Rom. i. 16. I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek. 2 Cor. ii. 16.—to the other we are the savour of life unto life: and who is sufficient for these things?

7 Psalm ciii. 17, 18. The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him: and his righteousness unto childrens children: to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them. John xvii. 6. I have manifested thy name unto the men which thou gavest me out of the world: thine they were, and thou gavest them me; and they have kept thy word.

8 Psalm lxxxix. 33.—36. Nevertheless, my loving-kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail. My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips. Once have I sworn by my holiness, that I will not lye unto David. His seed shall endure for ever, and his throne as the sun before me.

The bond on my part cannot last, 1
 Yet on both sides stands firm and fast. 2
 I break my bands at ev'ry shock,
 Yet never is the bargain broke. 3
 Daily, alas ! I disobey, 4
 Yet yield obedience ev'ry day, 5
 I'm an imperfect perfect man, 6
 That can do all, yet nothing can. 7
 I'm from beneath 8, and from above, 9
 A child of wrath 10, a child of love. 11
 A stranger e'en where all me know ;
 A pilgrim, yet I no-where go. 12

1 Psalm lxxxix. 30, 31, 32. If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments ; if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments : then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes.

2 Psalm lxxxix. 2, 3, 4. For I have said, Mercy shall be built up for ever : thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens. I have made a covenant with my chosen ; I have sworn unto David, my servant Thy seed will I establish for ever, and build up thy throne to all generations. Ver. 28, 29. My mercy will I keep for him for evermore, and my covenant shall stand fast with him. His seed also will I make to endure for ever, and his throne as the days of heaven. Jer. xxxii. 40. And I will make an everlasting covenant with them, that I will not turn away from them, to do them good ; but I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me.

3 Psalm lxxviii. 37. Their heart was not right with him, neither were they stedfast in his covenant. Isa. liv. 10. The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed ; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee.

4 James iii. 2. In many things we offend all.

5 Psalm lxi. 8. So will I sing praises unto thy name for ever, that I may daily perform my vows. Heb. iii. 13. But exhort one-another daily while it is called, To-day ; lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin.

6 Psalm xxxvii. 37. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright ; for the end of that man is peace. Rev. iii. 2. Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die : for I have not found thy works perfect before God.

7 Phil. iv. 13. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me. John xv. 5. I am the vine, ye are the branches : he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit : for without me ye can do nothing.

8 John viii. 23. And Jesus saith unto the Jews, Ye are from beneath :—ye are of this world, &c.

9 Gal. iv. 26. Jerusalem which is above, is free, which is the mother of us all. Verse 28. Now we, brethren, as Isaac was, are the children of promise. John i. 13. Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. And iii. 5, 6. Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee (viz. Nicodemus) Except a man be born of water, and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.—That which is born of the Spirit, is spirit.

10 Eph. ii. 3. We—were by nature the children of wrath, even as others.

11 Rom. ix. 8.—The children of the promise are counted for the seed.

12 Heb. xi. 11. These all—confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims

I trade abroad, yet stay at home 1 ;
 My tabernacle is my tomb. 2
 I can be prison'd, yet abroad ;
 Bound hand and foot, yet walk with God. 3

S E C T. IX.

The Mystery of various NAMES given to Saints and the Church of Christ ; or, the Flesh and Spirit described from inanimate Things, Vegetables and Sensitives.

TO tell the world my proper name,
 Is both my glory and my shame ; 4
 For like my black and comely face,
 My name is sin, my name is grace. 5
 Most fitly I'm assimilate
 To various things inanimate.
 A standing lake 6, a running flood, 7
 A fixed star 8, a passing cloud. 9

on the earth. 1 Pet. ii. 21. Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, &c.

1 Phil. iii. 20. For our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.

2 2 Cor. v. 1, 2. For we know, that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan earnestly, desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven. Ver. 4. For we in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened : not for that we should be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.

3 Acts xvi. 24, 25. The jailor having received such a charge, thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks. And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God. 2 Tim. ii. 9. Wherein I suffer trouble as an evil doer, even unto bonds ; but the word is not bound. 2 Cor. vi. 4, 5. But in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, in fastings.

4 Hosea i. 9. Then said God, Call his name, Lo-ammi ; for ye are not my people, and I will not be your God. Chap. ii. 1. Say ye unto your brethren, Ammi, and to your sisters, Ruhamah. Ver. 23. And I will have mercy upon her, that had not obtained mercy ; and I will say to them which were not my people, Thou art my people ; and they shall say, Thou art my God.

5 Song i. 5. I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon. 1 Tim. i. 14. This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners ; of whom I am chief. Isa. lxii. 2, 3. And the Gentiles shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory : and thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name. Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God.

6 Jer. xlviii. 11. Moab hath been at ease from his youth, and he hath settled on his lees, and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel, neither hath he gone into captivity ; therefore his taste remained in him, and his scent is not changed.

7 Isa. xlix. 3. I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon

A cake unturn'd, nor cold, nor hot; 1
 A vessel found 2, a broken pot: 3
 A rising sun 4, a drooping wing: 5
 A flinty rock 6, a flowing spring. 7
 A rotten beam 8, a virid stem; 9
 A menstr'ous cloth 10, a royal gem: 11
 A garden barr'd 12, an open field; 13
 A gliding stream 14, a fountain seal'd. 15

the dry ground: I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring.

8 Dan. xii. 3. And they that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever: And in opposition to those called wandering stars, Jude 13.

9 Hosea vi. 4. O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O Judah, what shall I do unto thee? for your goodness is as a morning-cloud, and as the early dew, it goeth away.

11 Hosea viii. 8. Ephraim, he hath mixed himself among the people; Ephraim is a cake not turned. Rev. iii. 15. I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot.

2 Rom. ix. 21. Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?

3 Psalm xxxi. 12. I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind: I am like a broken vessel.

4 Matth. xiii. 43. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.

5 Psalm lv. 6. And I said, O that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.

6 Zech. vii. 12. They made their hearts as an adamant stone, lest they should hear the law, and the words which the Lord of hosts hath sent in his Spirit by the former prophets.

7 John iv. 13, 14. Jesus answered and said unto her,—Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst: but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

8 Isa. xvii. 9, 10. In that day shall his strong cities be as a forsaken bough, and an uppermost branch, which they left, because of the children of Israel: and there shall be desolation. Because thou hast forgotten the God of thy salvation, and hast not been mindful of the rock of thy strength; therefore shalt thou plant pleasant plants, and shalt set it with strange slips. Chap. xxvii. 11. When the boughs thereof are withered, they shall be broken off: the women come and set them on fire; for it is a people of no understanding: therefore he that made them, will not have mercy on them; and he that formed them, will shew them no favour.

9 Prov. xi. 28. The righteous shall flourish as a branch. Psalm xcii. 12, 13. The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord, shall flourish in the courts of our God.

10 Isa. xxx. 22. Ye shall defile also the covering of thy graven images of silver, and the ornament of thy molten images of gold: thou shalt cast them away as a menstruous cloth; thou shalt say unto it, Get thee hence. Chap. lxiv. 6. But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags.

11 Isa. lxii. 3. Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God.

12 Song iv. 12. A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse.

13 Mat. xiii. 14, 15. Another parable Jesus put forth unto them, saying

Of various *vegetables* see

A fair and lively map in me.

A fragrant rose 1, a noisom weed; 2

A rotting 3, yet immortal seed. 4

I'm with'ring grafs 5, and growing corn; 6

A pleasant plant 7, an irksom thorn; 8

An empty vine 9, a fruitful tree; 10

An humble shrub 11, a cedar high. 12

A noxious brier 13, a harmless pine; 14

A sapless twig 15, a bleeding vine: 16

The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field: but while his men slept, his enemy came, and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way.

14 Song iv. 13. (My sister is) a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.

15 Song iv. 12. A spring shut up, a fountain sealed, is my sister, my spouse.

1 Isa. xxxv. 1. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them: and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

2 Isa. v. 4. What could have been done more to my vineyard, that I have not done in it? Wherefore when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?

3 Gen. iii. 19. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it thou wast taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.

4 1 Pet. i. 23. Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God which liveth and abideth for ever.

5 Isa. xl. 7. The grafs withereth, the flower fadeth; because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grafs.

6 Hosea xiv. 7. They that dwell under his shadow shall return, they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine; the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon.

7 Isa. v. 7. The vineyard of the Lord of hosts is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah is his pleasant plant.

8 Micah vii. 4. The best of them is a brier: the most upright is sharper than a thorn-hedge.

9 Hosea x. 1. Israel is an empty vine, he bringeth forth fruit unto himself.

10 Psalm i. 3. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doth shall prosper.

11 Ezek. xvii. 5, 6. He (viz. a great eagle) took also of the seed of the land, and planted it in a fruitful field, he placed it by great waters, and set it as a willow-tree. And it grew, and became a spreading vine of low stature, whose branches turned toward him, and the roots thereof were under him: so it became a vine, and brought forth branches, and thot forth sprigs. Ver. 24. And all the trees of the field shall know that I the Lord have brought down the high-tree, have exalted the low tree, have dried up the green tree, and have made the dry tree to flourish: I the Lord have spoken and have done it. Mark iv. 30, 31. And Jesus said, Whereunto shall we liken the kingdom of God? or with what comparison shall we compare it? It is like a grain of mustard seed, which when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth.

12 Psalm xcii. 12. The righteous shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

13 Micah vii. 4. The best of them is as a brier; the most upright is sharper than a thorn-hedge.

14 Isa. xlii. 19. I will-set in the desert the fir-tree, and the pine, and the box-tree together.

A stable fir 1, a pliant bush ; 2
 A noble oak 3, a naughty rush. 4
 With sensitives I may compare,
 While I their various natures share :
 Their distinct names may justly suit
 A strange, a reasonable brute. 5
 The sacred page my state describes
 From volatile and reptile tribes ;
 From ugly vipers 6, beauteous birds ; 7
 From soaring hosts 8, and swinish herds. 9
 I'm rank'd with beasts of different kinds,
 With spiteful tygars 10, loving hynds ; 11

1 John xv. 4. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine ; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. Ver. 6. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered.

2 John xv. 5. I am the vine, ye are the branches : he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit : for without me ye can do nothing. Song ii. 13. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Ver. 15. Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines : for our vines have tender grapes.

3 Isa. lv. 13. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree ; and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree : and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off. And lx. 13. The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary ; and I will make the place of my feet glorious.

4 Mat. xii. 7. And as they departed, Jesus began to say unto the multitudes concerning John, What went ye into the wilderness to see ? A reed shaken with the wind ?

5 Isa. vi. 13. But yet in it shall be a tenth, and it shall return, and it shall be eaten : as a teil-tree, and as an oak whose substance is in them, when they cast their leaves : so the holy seed shall be the substance thereof.

6 Isa. lviii. 5. Is it such a fast that I have chosen ? a day for a man to afflict his soul ? is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him ? Wilt thou call this a fast and an acceptable day to the Lord ?

7 Psalm lxxiii. 22. So foolish was I (viz. Asaph), and ignorant ; I was as a beast before thee. Prov. xxx. 2. Surely I (viz. Agur) am more brutish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man.

8 Mat. iii. 7. But when John saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers, &c.

9 Song ii. 12. The time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

10 Isa. lx. 8. Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows.

11 Mat. vii. 6. Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rent you. 2 Pet. ii. 22. But it is happened unto them according to the true proverb, The dog is turned to his own vomit again ; and, The sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire.

12 Psalm xxii. 16. For dogs have compassed me, the assembly of the wicked have inclosed me : they pierced my hands and my feet. Phil. iii. 2. Beware of dogs, beware of evil-workers, beware of the concision.

13 Psalm xviii. 33. God maketh my feet like hinds feet, and setteth me upon

And creatures of distinguish'd forms,
 With mounting eagles 1, creeping worms. 2
 A mixture of each sort I am;
 A hurtful snake 3, a harmless Lamb; 4
 A tardy ass 5, a speedy roe; 6
 A lion bold 7, a tim'rous doe. 8
 A slothful owl 9, a busy ant; 10
 A dove to mourn 11, a lark to chant; 12
 And with less equals to compare,
 An ugly toad 13, an angel fair. 14

S E C T. X.

The Mystery of the Saint's Old and New Man further described; and the Means of their spiritual Life.

TEMPTATIONS breed me much annoy, 15
 Yet divers such I count all joy. 16

my high places. Prov. v. 19. Let her (viz. the wife of thy youth) be as the loving hind, and pleasant roe, let her breasts satisfy thee at all times, and be thou ravished always with her love.

1 Isa. xl. 31.—They shall mount up with wings as eagles.

2 Psalm xxii. 6. But I am a worm, and no man. Isa. xli. 14. Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel, &c.

3 Psalm lviii. 4. Their poison is like the poison of a serpent; they are like the deaf adder, that stoppeth her ear.

4 John xxi. 15. So when they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs.

5 Job xi. 12. Vain man would be wise, though man be born like a wild ass's colt.

6 Prov. vi. 5. Deliver thyself (my son) as a roe from the hand of the hunter.

7 Prov. xxviii. 1. The righteous are bold as a lion.

8 Isa. ii. 19. And they shall go into the holes of the rocks, and into the caves of the earth, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of his majesty, when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth.

9 Psalm cii. 6. I am like an owl of the desert.

10 Prov. vi. 6. Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise, &c.

11 Isa. xxxviii. 14. Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter: I did mourn as a dove: mine eyes fail with looking upward: O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me. Ezek. vii. 16 But they that escape of them (viz. Israel) shall escape, and shall be on the mountains like doves of the valleys, all of them mourning, every one for his iniquity.

12 Song ii. 12. The time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

13 Rom. iii. 13.—The poison of asps is under their lips. Job xl. 4. Behold, I am vile, what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth.

14 Acts vi. 15. And all that sat in the council, looking stedfastly on him (viz. Stephen) saw his face as it had been the face of an angel. 2 Cor. iii. 18. But we all with open face, beholding as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are

On earth I see confusions reel, 1
 Yet wisdom ord'ring all things well. 2
 I sleep, yet have a waking ear; 3
 I'm blind and deaf, yet see and hear: 4
 Dumb, yet cry, ABBA, *Father*, plain; 5
 Born only once, yet born again. 6
 My heart's a mirror dim and bright, 7
 A compound strange of day and night: 8
 Of dung and di'monds, dross and gold; 9
 Of summer heat, and winter cold. 10

changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

15 Heb. xii. 11. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous. &c. 1 Pet. i. 6. Wherein we greatly rejoice, though now for a season (if need be) ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations.

16 James i. 2. My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations.

1 Psalm lxxxii. 5. They know not, neither will they understand; they walk on in darkness: all the foundations of the earth are out of course.

2 Psalm xxix. 10. The Lord sitteth upon the flood: yea, the Lord sitteth King for ever. And lxxxix. 9. Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them. Rom. viii. 28. And we know that all things work together for good, to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.

3 Song v. 2. I sleep, but my heart waketh. it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.

4 Isa. xlii. 18, 19. Hear, ye deaf, and look, ye blind, that ye may see. Who is blind, but my servant? or deaf, as my messenger that I sent? who is blind as he that is perfect, and blind as the Lord's servant? And xxxv. 5. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

5 Isa. xxxv. 6. Then shall—the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. Rom. viii. 15. For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

6 John iii. 3.—6. Jesus answered and said unto him (viz. Nicodemus), Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born? Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water, and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of flesh, is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit, is spirit.

7 Lam. v. 17. For this our heart is faint, for these things our eyes are dim. Isa. xxxii. 3. And the eyes of them that see, shall not be dim, &c.

8 Zech. xiv. 7. But it shall be one day, which shall be known to the Lord, not day, nor night: but it shall come to pass, that at evening-time it shall be light.

9 Mal. ii. 3. Behold, I will corrupt your seed, and spread dung upon your faces, even the dung of your solemn feasts, and one shall take you away with it. Phil. iii. 8. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered

Down like a stone I sink and dive, 1
 Yet daily upward soar and thrive. 2
 To heav'n I fly, to earth I tend; 3
 Still better grow, yet never mend. 4
 My heav'n and glory's sure to me,
 Though thereof seldom sure I be; 5
 Yet what makes me the surer is,
 God is my glory 6, I am his. 7

the loss of all things, and do count them but dung that I may win Christ. Isa. lxii. 3. Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God. Isa. i. 25. And I will turn my hand upon thee, and purely purge away thy dross, and take away all thy tin. Job xxiii. 10. God knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.

10 Psalm xxxix. 3. My heart was hot within me; while I was musing, the fire burned. Luke xxiv. 32. And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures? Mat. xxiv. 12. And because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold. Rev. ii. 4. Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love.

1 Psalm xlii. 6, 7. O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar. Deep calleth unto deep, at the noise of the water-spouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

2 Psalm xlii. 8, 9. Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the day-time, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life. I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy? Verse 11. Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

3 Col. iii. 1, 2. If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right-hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. Psalm xliv. 23. Our soul is bowed down to the dust; our belly cleaveth unto the earth.

4 Hosea xiv. 5. I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. Verse 7. They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine: the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon. Phil. iii. 12,—14. Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect: but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus.—Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Rom. vii. 23, 24. But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

5 John xiv. 2, 3. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you: I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also. 2 Pet. i. 10. Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure. Heb. iv. 1. Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it.

6 Psalm iii. 3. But thou, O Lord, art a shield for me: my glory, and the

My life's expos'd to open view, 1
 Yet closely hid, and known to few. 2
 Some know my place, and whence I came,
 Yet neither whence, nor where I am. 3
 I live in earth, which is not odd ;
 But lo ! I also live with God : 4
 A Spirit without flesh and blood,
 Yet with them both to yield me food. 5
 I live what others live upon,
 Yet live I not on bread alone ;
 But food adapted to my mind,
 Bare words, yet not on empty wind. 6
 I'm no Anthropopagite rude,
 Though fed with human flesh and blood :
 But live superlatively fine,
 My food's all spirit, all divine. 7

lifter up of mine head. Isa. lx. 19. The sun shall be no more thy light by day, neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee : but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.

7 Isa. xlvii. 13. I will place salvation in Zion for Israel my glory. 2 Cor. viii. 23. Whether any do enquire of Titus, he is my partner, and fellow helper concerning you : or our brethren be enquired of, they are the messengers of the churches, and the glory of Christ.

1 Psalm xlix. 13. Thou makest us a reproach to our neighbours, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us.

2 Col. iii. 3. Your life is hid with Christ in God.

3 John iii. 9, 10. Nicodemus answered and said unto him, How can these things be ? Jesus answered and said unto him, Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things ? Prov. xiv. 10. The heart knoweth his own bitterness ; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy. 1 John iv. 16. And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love ; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.

4 Gal. ii. 10. I am crucified with Christ : nevertheless I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me ; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.

5 John iv. 24. God is a Spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth. And vi. 53, 54, 55. Then Jesus said unto them (viz. the Jews) Verily, verily I say unto you. Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Who eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.

6 Mat. iv. 4. But Jesus answered and said (unto the tempter,) It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. Jer. xv. 16. Thy words were found, and I did eat them ; and thy word was unto me the joy, and rejoicing of mine heart, for I am called by thy name, O Lord God of hosts.

7 John vi. 57, 58. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father : so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me. This is that bread which came down from heaven : not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead : he that eateth of this bread, shall live for ever. Ver. 63. It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing : the Words that I speak unto you, they are Spirit, and they are life.

I feast on fulness night and day ; 1
 Yet pinch'd for want, I pine away. 2
 My leanness, leanness, ah ! I cry ; 3
 Yet fat and full of sap am I. 4
 As all amphibious creatures do,
 I live in land and water too : 5
 To good and evil equal bent, 6
 I'm both a devil 7, and a faint. 8
 While some men who on earth are gods, 9
 Are with the God of heav'n at odds ; 10
 My heart, where hellish legions are, 11
 Is with the hosts of hell at war. 12

1 Isa. xxv. 6. And in this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined. Psalm i. 2. But his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

2 Isa. xli. 17. When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. Psalm xl. 17. But I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me : thou art my help and my deliverer, make no tarrying, O my God.

3 Isa. xxv. 16. From the uttermost part of the earth have we heard songs, even glory to the righteous ; but I said, My leanness, my leanness, wo unto me : the treacherous dealers have dealt treacherously ; yea, the treacherous dealers have dealt very treacherously.

4 Psalm xcii. 13, 14. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord, shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age : they shall be fat and flourishing. And civ. 16. The trees of the Lord are full of sap : the cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted.

5 Psalm xcvi. 9. I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living. And lxix. 1, 2. Save me, O God, for the waters are come in unto my soul. I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing ; I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me. And lxxxviii. 17. Thy terrors came round about me daily like water, they compassed me about together.

6 Rom. vii. 21. I find then a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me.

7 John vi. 70. Jesus answered them, Have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil ? And viii. 44. Ye are of your Father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. James iii. 15. This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish.

8 2 Cor. vi. 11. And such were some of you : but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.

9 Psalm lxxxii. 6. I have said, Ye are gods ; and all of you are children of the Most High.

10 Psalm lxxxii. 1, 2. God standeth in the congregation of the mighty : he judgeth among the gods. How long will ye judge unjustly, and accept the persons of the wicked ? Selah. Verse 5. They know not, neither will they understand ; they walk on in darkness : all the foundations of the earth are out of course.

11 Mat. xv. 19. For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies. Luke iii. 30. And Jesus asked him, saying, What is thy name ? And he said, Legion : because many devils were entered into him.

12 Eph. vi. 12. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against prin-

My will fulfils what's hard to tell,
 The counsel both of Heav'n 1 and hell : 2
 Heav'n, without sin, will'd sin to be ; 3
 Yet will to sin, is sin in me. 4
 To duty seldom I adhere, 5
 Yet to the end I persevere. 6
 I die and rot beneath the clod ; 7
 Yet live and reign as long as God. 8

S E C T. XI.

The Mystery of CHRIST, his Names, Natures, and Offices.

MY Lord appears ! awake my soul !
 Admire his name *the Wonderful*, 9

cipalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

1 Rev. xvii. 27. For God hath put in their hearts to fulfil his will, and to agree, and give their kingdom unto the beast, until the words of God shall be fulfilled.

2 Eph. ii. 3. Among whom also we all had our conversation in times past, in the lusts of our flesh, fulfilling the desires of the flesh, and of the mind; and were by nature the children of wrath, even as others.

3 James i. 13. Let no man say, when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man. Acts i. 15, 16. And in those days Peter stood up in the midst of the disciples, and said, Men and brethren, this scripture must needs have been fulfilled, which the Holy Ghost, by the mouth of David, spake before concerning Judas, which was guide to them that took Jesus. And ii. 23. Jesus of Nazareth, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain. And iv. 27, 28. For, of a truth, against thy holy child Jesus, whom thou hast anointed, both Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles, and the people of Israel were gathered together, for to do whatsoever thy hand and thy counsel determined before to be done.

4 Hosea v. 11. Ephraim is oppressed, and broken in judgment; because he willingly walked after the commandment. 2 Cor. viii. 11, 12. Now therefore perform the doing of it; that as there was a readiness to will, so there may be a performance also out of that which you have. For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted, according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.

5 Psalm cxix. 176. I have gone astray like a lost sheep, seek thy servant: for I do not forget thy commandments.

6 Heb. x. 39. But we are not of them that draw back unto perdition: but of them that believe to the saving of the soul.

7 Psalm xc. 3. Thou turnest man to destruction: and sayst, Return ye children of men.

8 John v. 24. Verily, verily I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life. Rev. iii. 21. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne. And xxii. 5. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

9 Isa. ix. 6. For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called, Wonderful,

An infinite and finite mind, 1
 Eternity and time conjoin'd. 2
The everlasting Father styl'd,
 Yet lately born, the virgin's child. 3
 Nor father he, nor mother had,
 Yet full with both relations clad. 4
 His titles differ and accord,
 As *David's son*, and *David's Lord*. 5
 Through earth and hell ~~the~~ conqu'ring rode,
 The dying man, the rising God? 6
 My nature is corruption doom'd; 7
 Yet, when my nature he assum'd,

1 Psalm cxlvii. 5. Great is our Lord, and of great power: his understanding is infinite. Luke ii. 52. And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.

2 Gal. iv. 4. But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law.

3 Isa. ix. 6. For unto us a child is born—: and his name shall be called—*The everlasting Father*. Mat. i. 23 Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted, is, God with us.

4 Heb. vii. 3. For this Melchisedec—without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life; but made like unto the Son of God, abideth a priest continually. Luke ii. 48, 49. And when they saw him they were amazed: and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing. And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

5 Mat. xxii. 41.—45. While the Pharisees were gathered together, Jesus asked them, saying, What think ye of Christ? Whose son is he? They say unto him, The son of David. He saith unto them, How then doth David, in spirit, call him Lord, saying, The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right-hand, till I make thine enemies thy footstool? If David then call him Lord, how is he his son? &c.

6 Mat. xxi. 5. Tell ye the daughter of Sion, Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass. Ver. 8, 9. And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees, and strawed them in the way. And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord, Hosanna in the highest. Ver. 12. And Jesus went into the temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves. Col. ii. 15. And having spoiled principalities and powers, he made a shew of them openly, triumphing over them in it (viz. his cross). Rom. iv. 25. Jesus our Lord was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification. Eph. iv. 8. Wherefore he (viz. David) saith, When he ascended on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men. Rom. i. 4. Jesus Christ our Lord was declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead.

7 Eph. iv. 22. Put off concerning the former conversation, the old man, which is corrupt, according to the deceitful lusts.

He nor on him (to drink the brook) 1
 My person nor corruption took. 2
 Yet he assum'd my sin and guilt, 3
 For which the noble blood was spilt.
 Great was the guilt o'erflowing flood,
 The creature's and Creator's blood ! 4
 The Chief of chiefs amazing came, 5
 To bear the glory and the shame ; 6
 Anointed chief with oil of joy, 7
 Crown'd Chief with thorns of sharp annoy. 8
 Lo ! in his white and ruddy face
 Roses and lilies strive for place ; 9

1 Psalm cx. 7. He shall drink of the brook in the way : therefore shall he lift up the head.

2 Rom. viii. 3. God sent his own Son, in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh. John i. 14. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father) full of grace and truth. Luke i. 35. And the angel answered and said unto Mary, The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the highest shall overshadow thee : therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God. Heb. ii. 16. For verily he took not on him the nature of angels ; but he took on him the seed of Abraham. And vii. 26, 27. For such an High-priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens : who needed not daily, as those high-priests, to offer up sacrifice, first for his own sins, and then for the peoples ; for this he did once, when he offered up himself.

3 Isa. lii. 5, 6. All we like sheep have gone astray : we have turned every one to his own way ; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. 2 Cor. v. 21. God hath made Christ to be sin for us, who knew no sin : that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. Mat. xx. 28. The Son of man came to give his life a ransom for many.

4 Rom. iii. 25. Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God. Acts xx. 28. Feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood. 1 Pet. i. 18, 19. Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation, received by tradition from your fathers ; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot. 1 John iii. 16. Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us.

5 Rev. i. 4, 5. Grace be unto you, and peace from—Jesus Christ, who is the faithful witness, and the first-begotten of the dead, and the Prince of the kings of the earth.

6 Zech. vi. 12, 13. Behold, the Man whose name is the BRANCH,—he shall build the temple of the Lord, and he shall bear the glory. Heb. xii. 2. Jesus, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, &c.

7 Psalm xlv. 7. Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness : therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

8 Mat. xxvii. 29. And when they had plaited a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right-hand : and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail king of the Jews.

9 Song ii. 29. I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys. Ver. 10. My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.

The morning-star, the rising sun
 With equal speed and splendor run. 1
 How glorious is the church's Head,
 The Son of God, the woman's seed! 2
 How searchless is his noble clan, 3
 The first, the last, the second man! 4
 With equal brightness in his face,
 Shines divine justice, divine grace: 5
 The jaring glories kindly meet,
 Stern vengeance, and compassion sweet. 6
 God is a Spirit; seems it odd
 To sing aloud the blood of God? 7
 Yea, hence my peace and joy result,
 And here my lasting hope is built. 8.

1 Rev. xxii. 16. I (Jesus) am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning-star. Mal. iv. 2. But unto you that fear my name, shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings; and ye shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall.

2 Col. i. 18. And Christ is the head of the body, the church; who is the beginning, the first-born from the dead: that in all things he might have the pre-eminence. John iii. 16. God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son; that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life. Gen. iii. 15. And I (viz. the Lord God) will put enmity between thee and thee woman, and between thy seed and her seed: it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.

3 Isa. liii. 8 He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? Prov. xxx. 4. Who hath ascended up into heaven, or descended? who hath gathered the wind in his fists? who hath bound the waters in a garment? who hath established all the ends of the earth? what is his name, and what is his Son's name, if thou canst tell?

4 Rev. i. 11. I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last. 1 Cor. xv. 45. The last Adam was made a quickening Spirit. Verse 47. The second man is the Lord from heaven.

5 2 Cor. iv. 6 For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ. Rom. iii. 24,—26 Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ: whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time his righteousness: that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus. Eph. i. 6, 7 To the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved: in whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace.

6 Rom. v. 20, 21 But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord. Psalm lxxxv. 10 Mercy and truth are met together: righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

7 John iv. 24 God is a spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth. Acts xx. 28 Feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood.

8 Rom. v. 1. Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Verse 10 For if when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son; much more being reconciled,

Love through his blood a vent has sought,
 Yet divine love was never bought :
 Mercy could never purchas'd be,
 Yet ev'ry mercy purchas'd he. 1
 His triple station brought my peace,
 The Altar, Priest, and Sacrifice; 2
 His triple office ev'ry thing,
 My Priest, my Prophet is, and King. 3
 This King, who only man became,
 Is both the Lion and the Lamb: 4
 A King of kings, and kingdoms broad; 5
 A servant both to man and God. 6

we shall be saved by his life. 1 Pet. iii. 15. Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear. Verse 18. For Christ hath also once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust (that he might bring us to God) being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit.

1 Rom. v. 9. Much more then being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. Verse 21. See figure 6 p. 207. John iii. 16. God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life. Rom. ix. 15. God saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy; and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion. Eph. i. 3. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ.

2 Heb. xiii. 10. We have an altar whereof they have no right to eat, which serve the tabernacle. And ii. 17. Wherefore in all things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren; that he might be a merciful and faithful High-priest, in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. And ix. 26. But now once in the end of the world, hath Christ appeared, to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself.

3 Acts vii. 37. This is that Moses which said unto the children of Israel, A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren, like unto me; him shall ye hear. Isa. xxxiii. 22 The Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king, he will save us.

4 1 Tim. iii. 16 And, without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifested in the flesh, &c. Rev. v. 5, 6 And one of the elders saith unto me (viz. John) Weep not: behold, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof. And I beheld, and lo, in the midst of the throne, and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders stood a Lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns, and seven eyes, which are the seven spirits of God, sent forth into all the earth, Verse 12. Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

5 Rev. xix. 16 And he (viz. the Word of God) hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS. Isaiah xxxvii. 15, 16 And Hezekiah prayed unto the Lord, saying, O Lord of hosts, God of Israel, that dwellest between the cherubims, thou art the God, even thou alone, of all the kingdoms of the earth, thou hast made heaven and earth. Rev. xi. 15 And the seventh angel sounded, and there were great voices in heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever.

6 Mat: xx. 28 The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to

This Prophet kind himself has set
To be my book and alphabet,
And ev'ry needful letter plain,
Alpha, Omega, and Amen. 1

S E C T. XII.

The Mystery of the BELIEVER'S mixed State further enlarged ; and his getting Good out of Evil.

BEHOLD, I'm all defil'd with sin. 2
Yet, lo ! all glorious am within. 3
In *Egypt* and in *Goshen* dwell ; 4
Still moveless, and in motion still ; 5
Unto the name that most I dread,
I flee with joyful wings and speed. 6
My daily hope does most depend
On him I daily most offend. 7

minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. Phil. ii. 7. Christ Jesus made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men. Isaiah xlii. 1. Behold my servant, whom I uphold ; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth. And liii. 11. By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many.

1 Rev. i. 8. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty. Verse 11. I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last : and, What thou (John) seest, write in a book, and send it unto the seven churches which are in Asia. And xxi. 6. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end : I will give unto him that is athirst, of the fountain of the water of life freely. And xxii. 13. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. And iii. 14. And unto the angel of the church of the Laodiceans, write, These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God, &c.

2 Isaiah lxiv. 6. But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses, are as filthy rags.

3 Psalm xlv. 15. The King's daughter is all glorious within ; her clothing is of wrought gold.

4 Psalm cxx. 5, 6. Wo is me, that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar. My soul hath long dwelt with him that hateth peace. And xvi. 5, 6. The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance, and of my cup : thou maintainest my lot : The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places ; yea, I have a goodly heritage.

5 1 Cor. xv. 58. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

6 Psalm cxliii. 2. O Lord, enter not into judgment with thy servant : for in thy sight shall no man living be justified. Verse 9. Deliver me, O Lord, from mine enemies : I flee unto thee to hide me.

7 Psalm xxv. 11. For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity : for it is great. Jer. xiv. 7. O Lord, though our iniquities testify against us, do thou it for thy name's sake : for our backslidings are many, we have sinned against thee.

All things against me are combin'd,
 Yet working for my good, I find. 1
 I'm rich in midst of poverties ; 2
 And happy in my miseries. 3
 Oft my Comforter sends me grief ;
 My helper sends me no relief. 4
 Yet herein my advantage lies,
 That help and comfort he denies. 5
 As seamsters into pieces cut
 The cloath they into form would put ;
 He cuts me down to make me up,
 And empties me to fill my cup. 6
 I never can myself enjoy,
 Till he my woful self destroy ;
 And most of all myself I am,
 When most I do myself disclaim. 7

1 Gen. xlii. 36. And Jacob their father said unto them, Me have ye bereaved of my children ; Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away : all these things are against me. Rom. viii. 28. And we know that all things work together for good, to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.

2 Rev. ii. 8, 9 And unto the angel of the church in Smyrna, write, These things saith the first and the last, which was dead, and is alive ; I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty, (but thou art rich).

3 Rom. v. 3, — 5. And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience ; and patience, experience ; and experience, hope : and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts, by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us. 2 Cor. xii. 10. Therefore I (Paul) take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake : for when I am weak, then am I strong.

4 Lam. i. 16. For these things I weep ; mine eye, mine eye runneth down with water, because the Comforter that should relieve my soul, is far from me. Isa. xlv. 15. Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour.

5 Isa. xxx. 18. And therefore will the Lord wait, that he may be gracious unto you ; and therefore will he be exalted, that he may have mercy upon you : for the Lord is a God of judgment ; blessed are all they that wait for him.

6 Hosea v. 15. I will go and return to my place, till they acknowledge their offence, and seek my face : in their affliction they will seek me early. And vi. 1, 2. Come and let us return unto the Lord : for he hath torn, and he will heal us ; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up. After two days will he revive us, in the third day he will raise us up, and we shall live in his sight. — Psalm cvii. 9. God satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness. Luke i. 53. And Mary said, — He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away.

7 Luke ix. 23, 24. And Jesus said to them all, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me. For whosoever will save his life, shall lose it : but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it. Rom. viii. 13. If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die : but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live. 2 Cor. xii. 10. See figure 3, above.

I glory in infirmities, 1
 Yet daily I'm asham'd of these ; 2
 Yea, all my pride gives up the ghost,
 When once I but begin to boast. 3
 My chemistry is most exact,
 Heav'n out of hell I do extract; 4
 This art to me a tribute brings
 Of useful out of hurtful things. 5
 I learn to draw well out of woe,
 And thus to disappoint the foe ; 6
 The thorns that in my flesh abide,
 Do prick the tympany of pride. 7
 By wounding foils the field I win,
 And sin itself destroys my sin : 8

1 2 Cor. xii. 9. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.

2 Psalm lxxiii. 15, 16. If I say, I will speak thus, behold, I should offend against the generation of thy children. When I sought to know this, it was too painful for me, &c. And lxxvii. 3, 9, 10. Is his mercy clean gone for ever? Doth his promise fail for evermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies? Selah. And I said, This is my infirmity: but I will remember the years of the right-hand of the Most High.

3 Isa. xlv. 24, 25. Surely, shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength: even to him shall men come, and all that are incensed against him, shall be ashamed. In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory. Psalm xlv. 6. I will not trust in my bow, neither shall my sword save me. Verse 8. In God we boast all the day long; and praise thy name for ever. Selah.

4 Jonah ii. 1, 2. Then Jonah prayed unto the Lord his God out of the fish's belly, and said, I cried by reason of mine affliction unto the Lord, and he heard me; out of the belly of hell cried I, and thou heardst my voice. Ver. 4. Then said I, I am cast out of thy sight: yet I will look again toward thy holy temple. Mat. xv. 26, 27, 28. But Jesus answered and said (unto the woman of Canaan) It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs. And she said, Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table. Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour. Psalm xlii. 6, 7, 8. O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar. Deep calleth unto deep, at the noise of thy water spouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me. Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the day-time, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

5 Rom. v. 3, 4, 5. See figure 3. p. 210.

6 Micah vii. 8. Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me.

7 2 Cor. xii. 7. And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure.

8 Rom. viii. 35, 37. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or

My lusts break one-another's pate,
 And each corruption kills its mate. 1
 I *smell* the bait, I *feel* the harm
 Of corrupt ways, and take th' alarm.
 I *taste* the bitterness of sin,
 And then to relish grace begin. 2
 I *bear* the fools profanely talk,
 Thence wisdom learn in word and walk: 3

sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us. Psalm lxxv. 3. Iniquities prevail against me: as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away. 2 Chron. xxxii. 24, 25, 26. In those days Hezekiah was sick to the death, and prayed unto the Lord: and he spake unto him, and he gave him a sign. But Hezekiah rendered not again, according to the benefit done unto him: for his heart was lifted up; therefore there was wrath upon him, and upon Judah and Jerusalem. Notwithstanding, Hezekiah humbled himself for the pride of his heart (both he and the inhabitants of Jerusalem) so that the wrath of the Lord came not upon them in the days of Hezekiah.

1 Rom. vii. 7, 8, 9. What shall we say then? Is the law sin? God forbid. Nay, I had not known sin, but by the law: for I had not known lust, except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet. But sin taking occasion by the commandment, wrought in me all manner of concupiscence. For without the law sin was dead. For I was alive without the law once: but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died. Verse 11. For sin taking occasion by the commandment, deceived me, and by it slew me. Verse 13. Was then that which is good made death unto me? God forbid. But sin, that it might appear sin, working death in me by that which is good; that sin, by the commandment, might become exceeding sinful.—Where you see the sight and feeling of sin killed self. John ix. 39, 40, 41. And Jesus said, For judgment I am come into this world: that they which see not, might see; and that they which see, may be made blind. And some of the Pharisees which were with him, heard these words, and said unto him, Are we blind also? Jesus said unto them, If ye were blind, ye should have no sin: but now ye say, We see; therefore your sin remaineth. Psalm lix. 11. Slay them not, lest my people forget; scatter them by thy power; and bring them down, O Lord, our shield.—Mat. xxvi. 33, 34. Peter answered and said unto him, Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended. Jesus saith unto him, Verily I say unto thee, that this night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. Verse 75. And Peter remembered the words of Jesus, which said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And he went out, and wept bitterly.

2 Rom. vi. 21. What fruit had ye then in those things, whereof ye are now ashamed? For the end of those things is death. Psalm xix. 11. Moreover, by them (viz. the judgments of the Lord) is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward. And lxxiii. 17, 18, 19. Until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end. Surely thou didst set them in slippery places: thou castedst them down into destruction. How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment! they are utterly consumed with terrors. Jer. ii. 19. Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee: know therefore and see, that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, and that my fear is not in thee, saith the Lord God of hosts.

3 Job xxi. 13, 14, 15. They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to the grave. Therefore they say unto God, Depart from us; for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways. What is the Almighty, that we

I see them throng the passage broad,
And learn to take the narrow road. 1

S E C T. XIII.

The Mystery of the SAINT'S Adversaries and Adversities.

A Lump of woe affliction is,
Yet thence I borrow lumps of bliss : 2
Though few can see a blessing in't,
It is my furnace and my mint. 3
Its sharpness does my lusts dispatch ; 4
Its suddenness alarms my watch ; 5
Its bitterness refines my taste,
And weans me from the creature's breast ; 6
Its weightiness doth try my back,
That faith and patience be not slack : 7

should serve him? and what profit shall we have, if we pray unto him?—Eph. iv. 20, 21, 22. But ye have not so learned Christ; if so be that ye have heard him, and have been taught by him, as the truth is in Jesus? that ye put off concerning the former conversation, the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts. And ver. 6, 7, 8. Let no man deceive you with vain words: for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience. Be not ye therefore partakers with them. For ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of light. Ver. 11. And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them.

1 Mat. vii. 13, 14. Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

2 Heb. xii. 11. Now, no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness, unto them which are exercised thereby. James i. 12. Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.

3 Isa. xxxi. 9. And he [viz. the Assyrian] shall pass over to his strong hold, for fear; and his princes shall be afraid of the entigo, saith the Lord, whose fire is in Zion, and his furnace is in Jerusalem.

4 Psalm xlv. 5 Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the king's enemies; whereby the people fall under thee.

5 Mark xiii. 35, 36, 37. Watch ye therefore, (for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh: at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning,) lest coming suddenly, he find you sleeping. And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.

6 Jer. ii. 19. See figure 2. p. 212. And iv. 18. Thy way and thy doings have procured these things unto thee, this is thy wickedness, because it is bitter, because it reacheth unto thine heart.

7 James i. 2, 3, 4. My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.

It is a fanning wind, whereby
 I am unchaff'd of vanity. 1
 A furnace to refine my grace, 2
 A wing to lift my soul apace; 3
 Hence still the more I sob distrest,
 The more I sing my endless rest. 4
 Mine enemies that seek my hurt,
 Of all their bad designs come short; 5
 They serve me duly to my mind,
 With favours which they ne'er design'd. 6
 The fury of my foes makes me
 Fast to my peaceful refuge flee; 7
 And ev'ry persecuting elf
 Does make me understand myself. 8

1 Isa. xxvii. 7. 9. In measure when it shooteth forth, thou wilt debate with it: he stayeth his rough wind in the day of his east-wind. By this therefore shall the iniquity of Jacob be purged, and this is all the fruit, to take away his sin.

2 Mal. iii. 3. And he (viz. the Messenger of the covenant) shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver: and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness.

3 Psalm cxliii. 9. Deliver me, O Lord, from mine enemies: I flee unto thee to hide me.

4 2 Cor. iv. 16, 17. For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

5 Psalm xxxiii. 10. The Lord bringeth the counsel of the Heathen to nought: he maketh the devices of the people of none effect.

6 Gen. l. 20. And Joseph said unto his brethren,—As for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive.

7 Psalm lv. 23. But thou, O God, shalt bring them down into the pit of destruction: bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days; but I will trust in thee.

8 My sin; Isa. xlii. 24. Who gave Jacob for a spoil, and Israel to the robbers? Did not the Lord, he against whom we have sinned? For they would not walk in his ways, neither were they obedient unto his law.—My duty: 2 Sam. xvi. 11, 12. And David said to Abishai, and to all his servants, Behold, my son, which came forth of my bowels, seeketh my life: how much more now may this Benjamite do it? Let him alone, and let him curse; for the Lord hath bidden him. It may be that the Lord will look on mine affliction, and that the Lord will requite me good for his cursing this day. Micah vii. 8, 9. Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me. I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him, until he plead my cause, and execute judgment for me: he will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold his righteousness.—My safety; Psalm ix. 9, 10. The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble. And they that know thy name, will put their trust in thee: for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee. Verse 16. The Lord is known by the judgment which he executeth: the wicked is snared in the work of his own hands. Huggaion, Selah.

Their flanders cannot work my shame, 1
 Their vile reproaches raise my name; 2
 In peace with Heav'n my soul can dwell,
 Even when they damn me down to hell. 3

Their fury can't the treaty harm, 4
 Their passion does my pity warm; 5
 Their madness only calms my blood; 6
 By doing hurt, they do me good. 7

They are my fordid slaves I wot;
 My drudges, though they know it not: 8

1 Psalm xxxi. 13, 14. For I have heard the slander of many; fear was on every side, while they took counsel together against me, they devised to take away my life. But I trusted in thee, O Lord: I said, Thou art my God.

2 1 Pet. iv. 14. If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the Spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you: on their part he is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified.

3 Numb. xxiii. 7, 8. And Balaam took up his parable, and said, Balak the king of Moab hath brought me from Aram, out of the mountains of the east, saying, Come, curse me Jacob, and come, defy Israel. How shall I curse, whom God hath not cursed? or how shall I defy, whom the Lord hath not defied? Verse 23. Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel: according to this time it shall be said of Jacob, and of Israel, What hath God wrought!

4 Prov. xxvi. 2. As the bird by wandering, as the swallow by flying, so the curse causeless shall not come.

5 1 Pet. iii. 8, 9. Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another; love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous; not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing: but contrariwise, blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing.

6 Psalm lxxix. 13. They that sit in the gate speak against me; and I was the song of the drunkards. But as for me, my prayer is unto thee, O Lord, in an acceptable time: O God, in the multitude of thy mercy hear me, in the truth of thy salvation.

7 Gen. i. 20. See figure 6. p. 214. Esther ix. 20,—25. And Mordecai wrote these things, and sent letters unto all the Jews that were in all the provinces of the king Ahasuerus, both nigh and far, to stablish this among them, that they should keep the fourteenth day of the month Adar, and the fifteenth day of the same yearly: as the days wherein the Jews rested from their enemies, and the month which was turned unto them from sorrow to joy, and from mourning into a good day: that they should make them days of feasting and joy, and of sending portions one to another, and gifts to the poor. And the Jews undertook to do as they had begun, and as Mordecai had written unto them. Because Haman, the son of Hammedatha the Agagite, the enemy of all the Jews, had advised against the Jews to destroy them, and had cast Pur (that is, the lot) to consume them, and to destroy them: but when Esther came before the king, he commanded by letters, that his wicked device which he devised against the Jews, should return upon his own head, and that he and his sons should be hanged on the gallows.

8 Jer. xxv. 8, 9. Therefore thus saith the Lord of hosts, Because ye have not heard my words, Behold, I will send and take all the families of the north, saith the Lord, and Nebuchadrezzar the king of Babylon my servant, and will bring them against this land, and against the inhabitants thereof, and against all these nations round about, and will utterly destroy them, and make them an astonishment, and an hissing, and perpetual desolations. Verse 12. And

They act to me a kindly part,
 With little kindness in their heart. 1
 They sweep my outer-house when foul,
 Yea, wash my inner filth of soul: 2
 They help to purge away my blot,
 For Moab is my washing-pot. 3

S E C T. XIV.

*The Mystery of the BELIEVER'S Pardon and Security from
 revenging Wrath, notwithstanding his Sin's Desert.*

I, Though from condemnation free,
 Find such condemnables in me,

it shall come to pass, when seventy years are accomplished, that I will punish the king of Babylon, and that nation, saith the Lord, for their iniquity, and the land of the Chaldeans, and will make it perpetual desolations. Isa. x. 5, 6. O Assyrian, the rod of mine anger, and the staff in their hand is mine indignation. I will send him against an hypocritical nation; and against the people of my wrath will I give him a charge to take the spoil, and to take the prey, and to tread them down like the mire of the streets. Verse 12. Wherefore it shall come to pass, that when the Lord hath performed his whole work upon mount Zion, and on Jerusalem, I will punish the fruit of the stout heart of the king of Assyria, and the glory of his high looks. And xlv. 24. 28. Thus saith the Lord thy Redeemer, and he that formed thee from the womb, I am the Lord—that saith of Cyrus, He is my shepherd, and shall perform all my pleasure, even saying to Jerusalem. Thou shalt be built; and to the temple, Thy foundations shall be laid. And xlv. 1. Thus saith the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus, whose right-hand I have holden, to subdue nations before him: and I will loose the loins of kings to open before him the two-leaved gates, and the gates shall not be shut. Verse 4. For Jacob my servant's sake, and Israel mine elect, I have even called thee by thy name: I have surnamed thee, though thou hast not known me.

1 Matth. v. 10.—12. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness-sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you. Luke vi. 22, 23. Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of man's sake. Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy: for behold, your reward is great in heaven: for in the like manner did their fathers unto the prophets.

2 Isa. iv. 3.—5. And it shall come to pass, that he that is left in Zion, and he that remaineth in Jerusalem, shall be called holy, even every one that is written among the living in Jerusalem: when the Lord shall have washed away the filth of the daughters of Zion, and shall have purged the blood of Jerusalem from the midst thereof, by the Spirit of judgment, and by the spirit of burning. And the Lord will create upon every dwelling place of mount Zion, and upon her assemblies a cloud, and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night: for upon all the glory shall be a defence. And xxvii. 9. By this therefore shall the iniquity of Jacob be purged, and this is all the fruit to take away his sin; when he maketh all the stones of the altar as chalk-stones that are beaten in sunder, the groves and images shall not stand up.

3 Psalm lx. 8. Moab is my wash-pot, &c.

As make more heavy wrath my due
Than falls on all the damned crew. 1
But though my crimes deserve the pit,
I'm no more *liable* to it;
Remission, seal'd with blood and death,
Secures me from deserved wrath. 2
And having now a pardon free,
To hell obnoxious cannot be,
Nor to a threat, except * anent
Paternal wrath and chastisement. 3
My soul may oft be fill'd indeed
With slavish fear and hellish dread: 4
This from my unbelief does spring, 5
My faith speaks out some better thing,
Faith sees no legal guilt again,
Though sin and its desert remain: 6

* *about.*

1 Rom. viii. 1. There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. And vii. 18. For I know, that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing: for to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good, I find not. 1 Tim. i. 15. 16. This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief. Howbeit, for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might shew forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to everlasting life.

2 Gal. iii. 13. Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree. Rom. v. 9. Much more then being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. Eph. i. 7. In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace.

3 1 Thel. i. 10. And to wait for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus which delivered us from the wrath to come. Isa. liv. 9, 10. For this is as the waters of Noah unto me: for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth; so have I sworn, that I would not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee. Psalm lxxxix. 30,—33. If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments; if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments: then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes. Nevertheless, my loving-kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail.

4 Mat. xiv. 26. And when the disciples saw Jesus walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, It is a spirit; and they cried out for fear.

5 Mark iv. 40. And Jesus said unto his disciples, Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?

6 Rom. vii. 6. But now we are delivered from the law, that being dead wherein we were held; that we should serve in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter. Chap. viii. 3, 4. For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God did, sending his own Son in the likeness

Some hidden wonders hence result ;
 I'm full of sin, yet free of guilt ; 1
 Guilt is the legal bond or knot,
 That binds to wrath and vengeance hot ; 2
 But sin may be where guilt's away,
 And guilt where sin could never stay.
 Guilt without any sin has been,
 As in my Surety may be seen ;
 The elect's guilt upon him came,
 Yet still he was the *boly Lamb*. 3
 Sin without guilt may likewise be,
 As may appear in pardon'd me :
 For though my sin, alas ! does stay,
 Yet pardon takes the guilt away. 4
 Thus freed I am, yet still involv'd ;
 A guilty sinner, yet absolv'd : 5
 Though pardon leave no guilt behind,
 Yet sin's desert remains I find. 6

of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh : that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

1 Rom. vii. 14. For we know that the law is spiritual ; but I am carnal, sold under sin. Chap. viii. 33, 34. Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect ? It is God that justifieth : who is he that condemneth ? It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right-hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

2 Deut. xxvii. 26. Cursed be he that confirmeth not all the words of this law, to do them : and all the people shall say, Amen. Rom. i. 18. For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness, and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness.

3 Isa. liii. 6. The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. Heb. vii. 26. For such an High-priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners.

4 Rom. vii. 24. O wretched man that I am ! who shall deliver me from the body of this death ? Acts xiii. 38, 39. Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins : and by him all that believe, are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.

5 Rom. iii. 19. Now we know, that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law : that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God. Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ.

6 Rom. iv. 6;—8. Even as David also describeth the blessedness of the man unto whom the Lord imputeth righteousness without works, saying, Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin. Psalm li. 3, 4. For I acknowledge my transgressions : and my sin is ever before me. Against thee, thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight : that thou mightst be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest. And cxiii. 2. O Lord, enter not into judgment with thy servant : for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

Guilt and demerit differ here,
Though oft their names confounded are.

I'm guilty in *myself* always,
Since sin's demerit ever slays. 1

Yet in *my Head* I'm always free
From proper guilt affecting me;
Because my Surety's blood cancell'd
The bond of curses once me held. 2

The guilt that pardon did divorce,
From legal threat'nings drew its force; 3
But sin's desert that lodges still,
Is drawn from sin's intrinsic ill. 4

Were guilt nought else but sin's desert,
Of pardon I'd renounce my part;
For, were I now in heav'n to dwell,
I'd own my sins deserved hell. 5

This does my highest wonder move
At matchless justifying love,

1 Rom. vii. 13, 14. Was then that which is good, made death unto me? God forbid. But sin, that it might appear sin, working death in me by that which is good; that sin by the commandment might become exceeding sinful. For we know that the law is spiritual: but I am carnal, sold under sin. Eph. v. 6. Let no man deceive you with vain words: for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience.

2 Rom. v. 1. Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Verse 9. Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. Ver. 11. And not only so, but we also joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement.

3 Gal. iii. 10. For as many as are of the works of the law, are under the curse: for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them. Verse 13. Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree.

4 Psalm li. 4. See figure 6. p. 218. Luke xv. 18. I will arise, and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee.

4 Luke xv. 19. And am no more worthy to be called thy son. Rev. v. 4. And I (John) wept much because no man was found worthy to open, and to read the book, neither to look thereon. Verse 9. And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation. Ver. 11,—13. And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts, and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever:

That thus secures from endless death
 A wretch deserving double wrath. 1
 Though well my black desert I know,
 Yet I'm not liable to woe;
 While full and complete righteousness
 Imputed for my freedom is. 2
 Hence my security from wrath,
 As firmly stands on Jesus' death, 3
 As does my title unto heav'n
 Upon his great obedience giv'n. 4
 The sentence Heav'n did full pronounce,
 Has pardon'd all my sins at once;
 And ev'n from future crimes acquit,
 Before I could the facts commit. 5

1 Rom. vii. 24, 25. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Chap. vii. 1. There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. 1 Tim. i. 13. Who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious: but I obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly, in unbelief. Ver. 15,—17. This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief. Howbeit, for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might shew forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting.—Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

2 1 Cor. i. 30. But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who, of God, is made unto us—righteousness—and redemption. 2 Cor. v. 21. God hath made Christ to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. Rom. iv. 11. And he (viz. Abraham) received the sign of circumcision, a seal of the righteousness of the faith which he had, yet being uncircumcised: that he might be the father of all them that believe, though they be not circumcised; that righteousness may be imputed unto them also. Ver. 22,—25. And therefore it was imputed to him for righteousness. Now it was not written for his sake alone, that it was imputed to him; but for us also, to whom it shall be imputed, if we believe on him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead, who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification.

3 Rom. v. 9. Much more then being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him.

4 Rom. v. 17, 18, 19.—They which receive abundance of grace, and of the gift of righteousness, shall reign in life by one, Jesus Christ.—By the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life.—By the obedience of one shall many be made righteous. Verse 21. Grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.

5 Psalm ciii. 3. Bless the Lord, O my soul—who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases. 2 Cor. vi. 19. God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them.—Verse 21. See figure 2. above. Dan. ix. 24. Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people, and upon thy holy city, to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness. Isa. liv. 10. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills shall be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath

I'm always in a pardon'd state
 Before and after sin 1; but yet,
 That vainly I presume not hence,
 I'm seldom pardon'd to my sense. 2
 Sin brings a vengeance on my head,
 Though from avenging wrath I'm freed. 3
 And though my sins all pardon'd be,
 Their pardon's not apply'd to me. 4
 Thus though I need no pardon more,
 Yet need new pardons ev'ry hour, 5
 In point of application free:
 Lord, wash anew, and pardon me.

S E C T. XV.

The Mystery of Faith and Sight. See Part VI. Chap. 4.

STRANGE contradictions me besal,
 I can't believe unless I see; 6

mercy on thee. Heb. viii. 12. For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.

1 Rom. viii. 1. There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. Ver. 33.—39. Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth: who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again; who is even at the right-hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.—Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

2 Psalm xxv. 11. For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity; for it is great. And li. 8, 9. Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice. Hide thy face from my sins; and blot out all mine iniquities. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation: and uphold me with thy free Spirit.

3 Psalm xcix. 8. Thou answeredst them, O Lord our God: thou wast a God that forgavest them, though thou tookest vengeance of their inventions. 1 Thes. i. 10. And to wait for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus which delivered us from the wrath to come.

4 Psalm xxxv. 2. O Lord, say unto my soul, I am thy salvation. And lxxxv. 3. I will hear what God the Lord will speak; for he will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints: but let them not turn again to folly. Mat. ix. 2. And behold, they brought to him a man sick of the palsy, lying on a bed: and Jesus seeing their faith, said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.

5 Mat. vi. 12. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.—1 John i. 7, 8. If we walk in the light, as God is in the light, we have fellowship one with another; and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin. If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

6 John vi. 40. And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life.

Yet never can believe at all,
 Till once I shut the seeing eye. 1
 When sight of sweet experience
 Can give my faith no helping hand, 2
 The sight of sound intelligence
 Will give it ample ground to stand. 3
 I walk by faith and not by sight; 4
 Yet knowledge does my faith resound, 5
 Which cannot walk but in the light, 6
 Ev'n when experience runs a-ground. 7
 By knowledge I discern and spy
 In divine light the object shown; 8
 By faith I take and close apply
 The glorious object as mine own. 9
 My faith thus stands on divine light,
 Believing what it clearly sees; 10
 Yet faith is opposite to sight,
 Trusting its ear, and not its eyes. 11

1 John xx. 29. Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.

2 Isa. viii. 17. And I will wait upon the Lord, that hideth his face from the house of Jacob; and I will look for him. Chap. i. 10. Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.

3 Eph. i. 15.—19. Wherefore I also, after I heard of your faith in the Lord Jesus, and love unto all the saints, cease not to give thanks for you, making mention of you in my prayers; that the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give unto you the Spirit of wisdom and revelation, in the knowledge of him: the eyes of your understanding being enlightened; that ye may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, and what is the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power, &c. And 2 Cor. iv. 6. And God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ.

4 2 Cor. v. 7. For we walk by faith, not by sight.

5 John ii. 11. This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him.

6 Psalm ix. 10. And they that know thy name, will put their trust in thee.

7 Psalm xxvii. 14. Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

8 2 Cor. iii. 18. But we all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

9 John i. 12. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name.

10 Gal. i. 16. But when it pleased God—to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him among the Heathen; immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood.

Faith list'ning to a sweet report,
 Still comes by hearing, not by fight; 1
 Yet is not faith of saving sort,
 But when it sees in divine light. 2
 In fears I spend my vital breath;
 In doubts I waste my passing years; 3
 Yet still the life I live is faith,
 The opposite of doubts and fears. 4
 'Tween clearing faith and clouding sense,
 I walk in darkness and in light. 5
 I'm certain oft, when in suspense,
 While sure by faith, and not by fight. 6

11 Eph. i. 13. In Christ ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation.

1 Rom. x. 17. So then, faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.

2 Psalm xxxvi. 7. How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. Ver. 9. For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light.

3 Psalm lxxvii. 3, 4. I remembered God, and was troubled: I complained, and my spirit was overwhelmed. Selah. Thou holdest mine eyes waking: I am so troubled that I cannot speak. John xx. 25. But Thomas said unto the other disciples, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe. Luke xxiv. 21. We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel.

4 Gal. ii. 20. I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me. — Mark v. 36. As soon as Jesus heard the word that was spoken, he saith unto the ruler of the synagogue, Be not afraid, only believe. Mat. viii. 26. And Jesus saith unto his disciples, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Chap. xiv. 31. And Jesus saith unto Peter, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt.

5 Job xxix. 1, 2, 3. Moreover Job continued his parable, and said, Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me: when his candle shined upon my head, and when, by his light, I walked through darkness. Psalm cxii. 4. Unto the upright there ariseth light in darkness.

6 1 Pet. i. 8. Whom, having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. Rom. iv. 18,—21. Abraham against hope believed in hope, that he might become the father of many nations; according to that which was spoken, So shall thy seed be. And being not weak in faith, he considered not his own body now dead, when he was about an hundred years old, neither yet the deadness of Sarah's womb. He staggered not at the promise of God, through unbelief; but was strong in faith, giving glory to God: and being fully persuaded, that what he promised, he was able also to perform. Psalm lxxxix. 36,—39. His seed shall endure for ever, and his throne as the sun before me. It shall be established for ever as the moon, and as a faithful witness in heaven. Selah. But thou hast cast off and abhorred, thou hast been wroth with thine anointed. Thou hast made void the covenant of thy servant: thou hast profaned his crown by casting it to the ground.

S E C T. XVI.

*The Mystery of Faith and Works, and Reward of Grace
and Debt.*

I. Of FAITH and WORKS.

HE that in *word* offendeth not,
Is call'd a perfect man I wot 1;
Yet he whose *thoughts* and *deeds* are bad,
The law-perfection never had. 2
I am design'd a perfect soul,
Ev'n though I never kept the whole,
Nor any precept 3; for 'tis known,
He breaks them all that breaks but one. 4
By faith I do *perfection* claim, 5
By works I never grasp the name: 6
Yet without works my faith is nought, 7
And thereby no perfection brought.
Works without faith, will never speed, 8
Faith without works is wholly dead: 9

1 James iii. 2. If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body.

2 James ii. 10. For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.

3 Rom. iv. 5, 6. To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness. Even as David also describeth the blessedness of the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works. Job i. 1. There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job, and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God, and eschewed evil. Psalm lxxi. 16. I will go in the strength of the Lord God: I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only. Eccles. vii. 20. For there is not a just man upon earth, that doth good, and sinneth not.

4 James ii. 10. See figure 2. above.

5 Phil. iii. 9. I count all things but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.

6 Gal. ii. 16. Knowing that a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ; even we have believed in Jesus Christ; that we might be justified by the faith of Christ, and not by the works of the law: for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified.

7 James ii. 14. What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works? can faith save him?

8 Heb. xi. 6. Without faith it is impossible to please God: for he that cometh to God, must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him. Rom. xiv. 23. Whatsoever is not of faith, is sin.

9 James ii. 17. Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone. Verse 26. For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.

Yet I am justify'd by faith,
Which no law-works adjutant hath. 1
Yea, gospel-works no help can lend, 2
Though still they do by faith attend: 3
Yet faith by works is perfect made,
And by their presence justify'd. 4
But works with faith could never vie,
And only faith can justify: 5
Yet still my justifying faith
No justifying value hath. 6

1 Rom. iii. 21, 22. But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets: even the righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all, and upon all them that believe; for there is no difference. Chap. iv. 4, 5, 6 Now to him that worketh, is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt. But to him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness. Even as David also describeth the blessedness of the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works.

2 Phil. iii. 4.—9. If any other man thinketh that he hath whereof he might trust in the flesh, I more:—touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless. But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them dung that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith. Isa. lxiv. 9. But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags. Hos. xiii. 9. O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thy help. Isa. xlv. 24, 25. Surely shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength: even to him shall men come, and all that are incensed against him shall be ashamed. In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory.

3 Tit. iii. 8. This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God, might be careful to maintain good works: these things are good and profitable unto men. James ii. 18. Yea, a man may say, Thou hast faith, and I have works: shew me thy faith without thy works, and I will shew thee my faith by my works.

4 James ii. 21, 22. Was not Abraham our father justified by works, when he had offered Isaac, his son, upon the altar? Seest thou how faith wrought with his works, and by works was faith made perfect? Ver. 24. Ye see then how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only.

5 Rom. iv. 16. Therefore it is of faith, that it might be by grace; to the end the promise might be sure to all the seed. Tit. iii. 3,—7. But after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness, which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which he shed on us abundantly, through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life. Acts x. 43. To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name, whosoever believeth in him, shall receive remission of sins.

6 Gal. iii. 21, 22. Is the law then against the promises of God? God forbid: for if there had been a law given, which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by the law. But the scripture hath concluded all under sin, that the promise by faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe. Luke xxi. 31, 32. And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold,

Lo! justifying grace from heav'n
 Is foreign ware, and freely giv'n : 1
 And saving faith is well content
 To be a mere recipient. 2
 Faith's active in my sanctity ; 3
 But here its act it will deny, 4
 And frankly own it never went
 Beyond a passive instrument. 5
 I labour much, like holy Paul ;
 And yet not I, but grace does all : 6
 I try to spread my little sails,
 And wait for pow'rful moving gales. 7

Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat : but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not ; and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren. 2 Cor. iii. 5. Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think any thing as of ourselves : but our sufficiency is of God. Chap. xii. 5. Of such an one will I glory : yet of myself I will not glory, but in mine infirmities.

1 Rom. v. 16, 17.—The free gift is of many offences unto justification.—They which receive abundance of grace, and of the gift of righteousness, shall reign in life by one, Jesus Christ. Chap. iii. 24. Being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Jesus Christ.

2 Rom. v. 11. And not only so, but we also joy in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement. Ver. 17. See figure 1, above-cited.

3 Gal. v. 6. For in Jesus Christ, neither circumcision availeth any thing, nor uncircumcision, but faith which worketh by love. Acts xv. 9. God put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith. Chap. xxvi. 18. To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me.

4 Rom. iv. 16. Therefore it is of faith, that it might be by grace. Chap. xi. 6. And if by grace, then is it no more of works : otherwise grace is no more grace.

5 Eph. ii. 8, 9. For by grace are ye saved, through faith ; and that not of yourselves ; it is the gift of God : not of works, lest any man should boast. 1 Cor. iv. 7. For, who maketh thee to differ from another ? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive ? Now, if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it ? Heb. xi. 11. Through faith also Sarah herself received strength to conceive seed, and was delivered of a child when she was past age, because she judged him faithful who had promised. Ver. 17. By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac, and he that had received the promises, offered up his only begotten son. Ver. 19. Accounting that God was able to raise him up, even from the dead ; from whence also he received him in a figure. Ver. 35. Women received their dead raised to life again : and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance ; that they might obtain a better resurrection.

6 1 Cor. xv. 10. But by the grace of God I am what I am : and his grace which was bestowed upon me, was not in vain ; but I laboured more abundantly than they all : yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.

7 Psalm lxxi. 16. I will go in the strength of the Lord God : I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only. Song iv. 16. Awake, O north wind, and come thou south ; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.

When pow'r's convey'd, I work; but see,
'Tis still his pow'r that works in me.
I am an agent at his call,
Yet nothing am, for grace is all. 1

II. Of Rewards of GRACE and DEBT.

IN all my works I still regard
The recompence of full reward; 2
Yet such my working is withal,
I look for no reward at all. 3

God's my reward exceeding great,
No lesser heaven than this I wait: 4
But where's the earning work so broad,
To set me up an heir of God? 5

Rewards of debt, rewards of grace,
Are opposites in ev'ry case; 6
Yet sure I am, they'll both agree
Most jointly in rewarding me. 7

1 Phil. ii. 12, 13. Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence; work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. For it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do of his good pleasure. Gal. ii. 20. I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me. 2 Cor. xii. 9. And the Lord said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.

2 Heb. xi. 24,—26. By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; chusing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt: for he had respect unto the recompence of the reward.

3 2 Tim. i. 9. God hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace which was given us in Christ Jesus, before the world began. Titus iii. 5. Not by works of righteousness, which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost.

4 Gen. xv. 1. After these things the word of the Lord came unto Abram in a vision, saying, Fear not, Abram: I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward. Psalm lxxiii. 25, 26. Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee. My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.

5 Ezek. xxxvi. 32. Not for your sakes do I this, saith the Lord God, be it known unto you: be ashamed and confounded for your own ways, O house of Israel. Rom viii. 16, 17. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God. And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.

6 Rom. iv. 4. Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt.

7 Psalm lviii. 11. Verily there is a reward for the righteous: verily he is

Though hell's my just reward for sin, 1
 Heav'n as my just reward I'll win. 2
 Both these my just rewards I know,
 Yet truly neither of them so. 3
 Hell can't in justice be my lot,
 Since justice satisfaction got; 4
 Nor heav'n in justice be my share,
 Since mercy only brings me there. 5
 Yet heav'n is mine by solemn oath,
 In justice and in mercy both : 6

2 God that judgeth in the earth. Isaiah lxii. 11. Behold, the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the daughters of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh; behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him. And xl 10. Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him: behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him.

1 Rom. vi. 21. What fruit had ye then in those things, whereof ye are now ashamed? For the end of those things is death. Verse 23. The wages of sin is death. Eph. v. 6. Let no man deceive you with vain words: for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience. Gal. iii. 10. For as many as are of the works of the law, are under the curse: for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them.

2 Gal. iii. 13, 14. Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree: that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ; that we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith. Eph. i 13, 14. In Christ also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance, until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of his glory. Rom. v. 21. Grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord. And vi. 23. The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

3 Viz. Through these opposite voices of law and gospel.

4 Rom. iii. 25, 26. Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time his righteousness: that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.

5 Rom. ix. 15, 16. God saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy; and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion.—So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy. Tit. iii. 4.—7. But after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost: which he shed on us abundantly, through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life.

6 Psalm lxxxix. 35, 36. Once have I sworn by my holiness, that I will not lie unto David. His seed shall endure for ever, and his throne as the sun before me. Heb. vi. 17, 18. Wherein God willing more abundantly to shew unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath: that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us. Psalm lxxxix. 14. Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne: mercy and truth shall go before thy face. Verse 16. In thy name shall they rejoice all the day: and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted. Verse 24. But my faithfulness and my mercy shall be with him

And God in Christ is all my trust,
Because he's merciful and just. 1

CONCLUSION.

HERE is the Riddle, where's the man
Of judgment, to expound?

For masters fam'd that cannot scan,
In Israel may be found. 2

We justly those in wisdom's list
Establish'd saints may call,
Whose bitter-sweet experience blest
Can clearly grasp it all. 3

Some babes in grace may mint and mar,
Yet aiming right succeed: 4

But strangers they in Isr'el are,
Who not at all can read: 5

(viz. David my servant): and in my name shall his horn be exalted. Ver. 28. My mercy will I keep for him for evermore, and my covenant shall stand fast with him.

1 Heb. ii. 17. Wherefore in all things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren; that he might be a merciful and faithful High priest, in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. 1 John i. 7.—9. If we walk in the light, as God is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin. If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

2 John iii. 10. Jesus answered and said unto Nicodemus, Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things?

3 Mat. xi. 25. At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Chap. xiii. 11. Jesus answered and said unto his disciples, Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given.

4 1 Cor. iii. 1, 2. And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ. I have fed you with milk, and not with meat: for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able. Heb. v. 12,—14. For when for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God; and are become such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat. For every one that useth milk, is unskilful in the word of righteousness: for he is a babe. But strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age, even those who, by reason of use, have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil. Chap. vi. 1. Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith towards God, &c. 1 John ii. 12, 13. I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake.—I write unto you, little children, because ye have known the Father.

5 2 Cor. iv. 3, 4. But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost; in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them.

GOSPEL-SONNETS.

PART IV.

The BELIEVER'S LODGING and INN, While on Earth: or,

A POEM AND PARAPHRASE ON PSALM lxxxiv.

Ver. 1. *How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!*

JEHOVAH, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Sole Monarch of the universal host,
Whom the attendant armies still revere,
Which in bright robes surround the higher sphere;
Whose sov'reign empire sways the hellish band
Of ranked legions in th' infernal land;
Who hold'st the earth at thy unrivall'd beck,
And stay'st proud forces with a humble check;
Ev'n thou whose name commands an awful dread,
Yet deigns to dwell with man in very deed:
O what refreshment fills the dwelling-place
Of thine exuberant unbounded grace!
Which with sweet pow'r does joy and praise extort,
In Zion's tents, thine ever-lov'd resort:
Where glad'ning streams of mercy from above
Make souls brim-full of warm seraphic love.
Of sweetest odours all thy garments smells;
'Thy dismal absence proves a thousand hells,
But heav'ns of joy are where thine honour dwells. }

Ver. 2: *My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts
of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for
the living God.*

Therefore on thee I centre my desire,
Which veh'mently bursts out in ardent fire,
Deprived, ah! I languish in my plaint,
My bones are feeble, and my spirits faint.

My longing soul pants to behold again
 Thy temple fill'd with thy majestic train;
 Those palaces with heav'nly odour strew'd,
 And regal courts, where Zion's King is view'd:
 To see the beauty of the highest One,
 Upon his holy mount, his lofty throne:
 Whence virtue running from the living Head
 Restores the dying, and revives the dead.
 For him my heart with cries repeated sounds,
 To which my flesh with echoes loud rebounds;
 For him, for him, who life in death can give,
 For him, for him, whose sole prerogative
 Is from and to eternity to live.

Ver. 3. *Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God.*

Alas! how from thy lovely dwellings I,
 Long banish'd, do the happy birds envy;
 Which, chusing thy high altars for their nest,
 On rafters of thy tabernacle rest!
 Here dwells the sparrow of a chirping tongue,
 And here the swallow lays her tender young:
 Faint sacrilege! they seize the sacred spot,
 And seem to glory o'er my absent lot.
 Yet sure I have more special right to thee
 Than all the brutal hosts of earth and sea;
 That Sov'reign, at whose government they bow,
 Is wholly mine by his eternal vow;
 My King to rule my heart, and quell my foes,
 My God t'extract my well from present woes,
 And crown with endless glory at the close.

Ver. 4. *Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.*

O happy they that haunt thy house below,
 And to thy royal sanctuary flow;
 Not for itself, but for the glorious One,
 Who there inhabits his erected throne!
 Others pass by, but here their dwelling is;
 O happy people, crown'd with bays of bliss!

Bless'd with the splendid lustre of his face,
 Bless'd with the high melodious sound of grace,
 That wakens souls into a sweet amaze,
 And turns their spirits to a harp of praise;
 Which loudly makes the lower temple ring
 With Hallelujahs to the mighty King:
 And thus they antedate the nobler song
 Of that celestial and triumphant throng
 Who warble notes of praise eternity along.

Ver. 5. Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee:—

What weights of bliss their happy shoulders load,
 Whose strength lies treasur'd in a potent God?
 Self-drained souls, yet flowing to the brim,
 Because void in themselves, but full in him.
 Adam the first discufs'd their stock of strength,
 The second well retriev'd the sum at length;
 Who keeps 't himself, a surer hand indeed,
 To give not as they list, but as they need.
 When raging furies threaten sudden harms,
 He then extends his everlasting arms;
 When Satan drives his pointed fiery darts,
 He gives them courage and undaunted hearts,
 To quell his deadly force with divine skill,
 And adds new strength to do their Sov'reign's will:
 When sore harass'd by some outrageous lust,
 He levelling its pow'r unto the dust,
 Makes saints to own him worthy of their trust.

*Ver. 6. In whose hearts are the ways of them. Who
 passing through the valley of Baca, make it a well:
 the rain also filleth the pools.*

Such heav'n-born souls are not to earth confin'd,
 Truth's high-way fills their elevated mind:
 They bound for Zion, press with forward aim,
 As Isr'el's males to old Jerusalem.
 Their holy path lies through a parched land,
 Through oppositions numerous and grand.
 Traversing scorched desarts, ragged rocks,
 And Baca's wither'd vale, like thirsty flocks;
 Yet with unshaken vigour homeward go,
 Not mov'd by all opposing harms below,

They digging wells on this Gilboa top,
The vale of Achor yields a door of hope:
For heav'n in plenty does their labour crown,
By making silver show'rs to trickle down;
Till empty pools imbibe a pleasant fill,
And weary souls are heart'ned up the hill,
By massy drops of joy which down distill.

Ver. 7. *They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.*

Thus they, refreshed by superior aid,
Are not defatigated nor dismay'd;
Because they are, O truth of awful dread!
As potent as JEHOVAH in their Head.
Hence they shall travel with triumphant minds,
In spite of ragged paths and boist'rous winds.
The roughest ways their vigour ne'er abates,
Each new assault their strength redintegrates.
When they through mortal blows seem to give o'er,
Their strength by intermitting gathers more,
And thus they, with unweary'd zeal endu'd,
Still as they journey have their strength renew'd.
So glorious is the race, that once begun,
Each one contends his fellow to out-run;
Till at uniting in a glorious band,
Before the Lamb's high throne adoring stand,
And harp his lofty praise in Zion-land.

Ver. 8. *O Lord God of hosts, bear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob.*

Great God of num'rous hosts, who reigns alone
The sole possessor of th' imperial throne;
Since mental tastes of thy delicious grace
So sweetly relish in thy holy place,
This is the subject of my tabled pray'r,
To have the vision of thy glory there.
O let my cry pierce the ethereal frame,
And mercy's echo follow down the same.
Omniscient Being, favour my desire,
Hide not thy goodness in paternal ire:
Why, thou hast giv'n in an eternal band
To Jacob and his seed thy royal hand,

And promis'd, by thy sacred Deity,
His King and covenanted God to be ;
Therefore my hopes are center'd all in thee.

Ver. 9. *Behold, O God, our shield ; and look upon the face
of thine anointed.*

Omnipotent, whose armour none can wield,
Zion's great buckler and defensive shield ;
Thy pure untainted eyes cannot behold
Deformed mortals in their sinful mold,
Unless their names be graved on the breast
Of Zion's holy consecrated Priest.
When they his white and glorious garments wear,
Then sin and guilt both wholly disappear :
Because o'erwhelmed in the crimson flood,
And ocean of a dying Surety's blood :
They also, vested with his radiant grace,
Reflect the lustre of his holy face.
They're not themselves now, but divinely trim ;
For wholly what they are, they are in him :
And hence JEHOVAH's all-discerning eye
Cannot in them espy deformity.
Then look on him, Lord ; and in him on me.

Ver. 10. *For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand:
I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God,
than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.*

May I possess as thy domestic child,
The house that by Jehovah's name is styl'd :
For royal glories deck those courts of thine,
Which with majestic rays so brightly shine,
That should my mind present an earth of gold,
As full of worldly joys as earth can hold ;
Sweet grace so fills my house, I'd grudge to spare,
One moment here, for thousand ages there.
No earthly object shall my love confine,
That Being which possesses all, is mine.
My spirit therefore rather would embrace
The meanest office in his holy place,
And by the threshold of his house within,
Than sit in splendor on a throne of sin.
In Jesus' courts I'd chuse the lowest place,
At his saints feet, so I might see his face.

Yea, though my lamp of outward peace should burn }
 Most brightly, yet I would incessant mourn,
 While in a wicked Mesech I f'journ. }

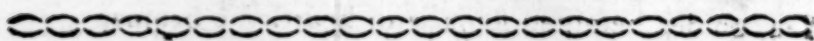
Ver. 11. For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

For God the Lord, whose courts I love to haunt,
 Is ev'ry thing that empty souls can want;
 A sun for light, a shield for strength; yea, more,
 On earth he gives his grace, in heav'n his glo're.
 This radiant sun, of life and light the source,
 Scatters the shades by's circumambient course;
 Yea, guides bemist'ed souls with heartsome beams,
 And gloriously irradiating gleams.
 This massy shield is polish'd bright with pow'r,
 For helping weaklings in a per'lous hour.
 Here's all that weary travellers would have;
 A sun to cherish, and a shield to save.
 Grace also here is giv'n t' adorn the soul,
 And yield to glory in the heav'nly pole.
 All divine treasure to the faint is due;
 Nothing's deny'd, if truth itself be true.
 The treasure is so vast it can't be told;
 Nothing that God can give, will God withhold.
 To whom he doth his saving grace impart,
 To them he gives himself, his hand, his heart:
 Uprightnes too-of heart and life does fall
 Unto their share, who having him, have all.
 In them the grace he gives, he still regards;
 Gives holiness, and then his gift rewards.
 For to his own upright and divine brood
 He's bound to grant ev'n all that's great and good,
 By's own word, firm oath, and sacred blood. }

Ver. 12. O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

O then, Jehovah, God of armies strong,
 To whom the pow'rs of earth and heav'n belong;
 How vastly blessed is the fixed man,
 Who by a firm fiducial boldness can,

Through grace and strength dispensed from above,
 So sweetly scan the height of divine love,
 As to derive his comfort wholly thence,
 And on this rock to found his confidence?
 Whose faith has rear'd up for a firm abode
 A stable building on a living God?
 Who, spoil'd of human props both great and small,
 Does chuse a triune Deity for all?
 What scrolls of bliss are in this *all* inroll'd,
 Is too sublime for seraphs to unfold.
 Sift, human wisdom, in a deep amaze!
 Let rapid floods of life his glory raise,
 Till time be drown'd in his eternal praise.



A fourfold Exercise for the BELIEVER in
 his Lodging.

I. The *HOLY LAW*; Or,
 The *Ten Commandments*, Exod. xx. 3,—17.

1. **N**O God but me thou shalt adore.
2. No image frame to bow before.
3. My holy name take not in vain.
4. My sacred Sabbath don't profane.
5. To parents render due respect.
6. All murder shun and malice check.
7. From filth and whoredom base abstain.
8. From theft and all unlawful gain.
9. False witness flee, and sland'ring spite.
10. Nor covet what's thy neighbour's right.

II. The *UNHOLY HEART*, the direct opposite
 to God's law, Rom. vii. 14.; Or,

The Knowledge of Sin by the Law, Rom. iii. 20.

1. **M**Y heart's to many gods a slave,
2. Of imagery a hideous cave,
3. An hoard of God-dishon'ring crimes.
4. A waster base of holy times.

5. A throne of pride and self-conceit.
6. A slaughter-house of wrath and hate.
7. A cage of birds and thoughts unclean.
8. A den of thieves and frauds unseen.
9. An heap of calumnies unspent.
10. A gulph of greed and discontent.

III. The GLORIOUS GOSPEL; Or,

CHRIST the End of the Law for Righteousness, Rom. x. 4.

And the absolute Need of this Remedy inferred from the Premises.

HENCE I conclude, and clearly see,
 There's by the law no life for me;
 Which damns each soul to endless thrall,
 Whose heart and life fulfils not all.
 What shall I do, unless for bail,
 I from the law to grace appeal?
 She reigns through Jesus' righteousness,
 Which giving justice full redress,
 On grace's door this motto grav'd,
Let sin be damn'd, and sinners sav'd.
 O wisdom's deep mysterious way!
 Lo, at this door I'll waiting stay,
 Till sin and hell both pass away.
 But in this bliss to shew my part,
 Grant, through thy law grav'd in my heart,
 My life may shew thy graving art.

IV. The PRAYER of FAITH:

Which may be conceived in the following Words of a certain Author.

SUM tuus in vita, tua sunt mea funera, Christe;
 Da, precor, imperii sceptrum tenere tui.
 Cur etenim, moriens, tot vulnera sava tulisti,
 Si non sum regni portio parva tui?
 Cur rigido latuit tua vita incluso sepulchro,
 Si non est mea mors morte fugata tua?
 Ergo mihi certam praestes, O Christe, salutem;
 Meque tuo lotum sanguine, Christe, juva

Which may be thus Englished.

Jesus, I'm thine in life and death ;
 Oh let me conqu'ring hold thy throne.
 Why shar'd the cross thy vital breath,
 If not to make me share thy crown ?
 Why laid in jail of cruel grave,
 If not thy death from death me free ?
 Then, Lord, insure the bliss I crave,
 Seal'd with thy blood, and succour me.

GOSPEL SONNETS.

PART V.

The BELIEVER'S SOLILOQUY: ESPECIALLY

In Times of Desertion, Temptation, Affliction, &c.

SECT. I.

*The Deserted BELIEVER longing for perfect Freedom
 from Sin.*

AH! mournful case! what can afford
 Contentment, when an absent Lord
 Will now his kindness neither prove
 By smiles of grace, nor lines of love ?
 What heart can joy, what soul can sing,
 While winter over-runs the spring ?
 I die, yet can't my death condole :
 Lord, save a dying, drooping soul.
 In pain, yet unconcern'd, I live ;
 And languish when I should believe.
 Lord, if thou cease to come and stay
 My soul in sin will pine away.
 In sin, whose ill no tongue can tell,
 To live is death, to die is hell :
 O save, if not from thrall's arrest,
 Yet save me, Lord, from sin at least.

This for his merit's sake I seek,
Whose blood and wounds do mercy speak;
Who left the rank of glorious choirs,
And heav'nly flow'rs for earthly briars.
Our Samson took an holy nap
Upon our feeble nature's lap:
He wand'ring in a pilgrim's weed,
Did taste our griefs, to help our need:
Earth's fury did upon him light;
How black was Herod's cruel spite!
Who, to be sure of murd'ring one,
Left he be spar'd did pity none!
Hell hunts the babe a few days old,
That came to rife Satan's fold:
All hands pursu'd him ev'n to death,
That came to save from sin and wrath.
O mercy! ignorant of bounds!
Which all created thought confounds;
He ran outright a saving race
For them that unto death him chase.
O sin! how heavy is thy weight,
That press'd the glorious God of might,
Till prostrate on the freezing ground,
He sweat his clotted blood around!
His hand the pond'rous globe does prop,
This weight ne'er made him sweat a drop:
But when sin's load upon him lies,
He falls and sweats, and grones and dies.
Alas! if God sink under sin,
How shall the man that dies therein?
How deeply down, when to the load
He adds the slighted blood of God?
Lord, let thy fall my rise obtain,
Thy grievous shame my glory gain;
Thy cross my lasting crown procure,
Thy death my endless life insure.
O send me down a draught of love,
Or take me hence to drink above:
Here Marah's water fills my cup,
But there all griefs are swallow'd up.

Love here is scarce a faint desire;
But there the sparks a flaming fire.
Joys here are drops that passing flee;
But there an ever-flowing sea.

My faith, that sees so darkly here,
Will there resign to vision clear:
My hope, that's here a weary groan,
Will to fruition yield the throne.

Here fetters hamper freedom's wing;
But there the captive is a king:
And grace is like a bury'd seed;
But sinners there are saints indeed.

My portion's here a crumb at best;
But there the Lamb's eternal feast:
My praise is now a smother'd fire;
But then I'll sing and never tire.

Now dusky shadows cloud my day;
But then the shades will flee away:
My Lord will break the dimming glass,
And shew his glory face to face.

My num'rous foes now beat me down;
But then I'll wear the victor's crown:
Yet all the revenues I'll bring
To Zion's everlasting King.

S E C T. II.

*The deserted BELIEVER'S Prayer under Complaints of
Unbelief, Darknets, Deadnets, and Hardnets.*

1. **W**HAT means this wicked wand'ring heart?
This trembling ague of my soul?
Would Jesus but a look impart;
One look from him would make me whole.
But will he turn to me his face,
From whom he justly did withdraw?
To me who slighted all that grace
I, in my past experience saw?
Lord, for thy promise sake return,
Apply thy pard'ning, cleansing blood;
Look down with pity on a worm,
With cov'nant-mercy do me good.

When thy free Sp'rit the word applies,
And kindly tells me thou art mine,
My faithless sinking heart replies,
Ah, Lord! I wish I could be thine.

My faith's so 'nighted in my doubts,
I cast the offer'd good away;
And lose, by raising vain disputes,
The wonted blessings of the day.

Was e'er one press'd with such a load,
Or pierc'd with such an unseen dart;
To find at once an absent God,
And yet, alas! a careless heart?

Such grief as mine, a griefless grief,
Did ever any mortal share?
An hopeless hope, a lifeless life,
Or such unwonted careless care?

'Tis sad, Lord! when for night's solace
Nor moon, nor starry gleams appear;
Yet worse, when in this dismal case
My heart is hard'ned from thy fear.

'Twas not because no show'rs did flow
Of heav'nly manna at my door;
But by my folly I'm into
A worse condition than before.

Come, Lord, with greater pow'r; for why,
Mine, sure, is not a common case:
Thou offer'st to unvail; yet I
Do scarce incline to see thy face.

Such languid faint desires I feel
Within this wicked stupid heart;
I should, I would; but that I will
I hardly dare with truth assert.

O to be free of that vile wrack,
That basely keeps me from my God!
I flee from thee, Lord; bring me back
By tender love; or by thy rod.

In paths of righteousness direct,
New proofs of thy remission give;
Then of thy name I'll mention make
With grateful praises while I live:

On banks of mercy's boundless deep
With sweeter ease I'll soar and sing,
Than kings of feather'd hosts, that sweep
The oozy shore with easy wing.
But if thy mind omniscient know
I'm for this absent blest unfit,
Give grace to hate my sins, and to
Their righteous punishment submit.
But let me ne'er thy Spirit lack,
That by his aid my pray'rs may come
Before him, who can wisely make
Ev'n distance lead his people home.
Deep wisdom can my soul prepare
By present woes for absent bliss.
By acid griefs that now I share,
He can convey the joys I miss.
Who all from nothing's womb disclos'd,
Can make th'amazing product cease;
With him our order is confus'd,
By him confusion brings forth peace.
Then, Lord, ne'er let me basely spurn
Against thy searchless unknown ways;
But magnify thy work, and turn
My groans and murmurs into praise.
Let me submissive, while I live,
Thy awful justice own with fear:
Yet pensive let me never grieve
Thy tender mercy by despair.
Since though by sin I foully swerv'd,
And lewdly from my glory fell;
I'm chasten'd here, and not reserv'd
To feel the weight of sin in hell:
Thy high right hand's once joyful days
In my distress I'll call to mind;
And own that all thy darkest ways
Will clearly prove thee good and kind.

S E C T. III.

*The BELIEVER wading through Depths of Desertion
and Corruption.*

LORD, when thy face thou hid'st,
And leav'st me long to plore,
I faithless doubt of all thou didst
And wrought'st for me before.

No marks of love I find,
No grains of grace, but wracks;
No track of heav'n is left behind,
No groan, no smocking flax.

But say, if all the gusts
And grains of love be spent,
Say, Farewel Christ, and welcome lusts;
Stop, stop, I melt, I faint.

Lord, yet thou hast my heart,
This bargain black I hate;
I dare not, cannot, will not part
With thee at such a rate.

Once, like a Father good,
Thou didst with grace perfume;
Wast thou a Father to conclude
With dreadful judge's doom?

Confirm thy former deed,
Reform what is defil'd;
I was, I am, I'll still abide
Thy choice, thy charge, thy child.

Love-seals thou didst impart,
Lock'd up in mind I have;
Hell cannot rase out of my heart
What heav'n did there engrave.

Thou once didst make me whole
By thy almighty hand;
Thou mad'st me vow and gift my soul;
Both vow and gift shall stand.

But since my folly gross
My joyful cup did spill,
Make me the captive of thy cross,
Submissive to thy will.

*Self in myself I hate,
That's matter of my groan;
Nor can I rid me from the mate
That causes me to moan.
O frail, unconstant flesh!
Soon trapt in ev'ry gin;
Soon turn'd, o'erturn'd, and so afresh
Plung'd in the gulph of sin.
Shall I be slave to sin,
My Lord's most bloody foe?
I feel its pow'rful sway within;
How long shall it be so?
How long, Lord, shall I stay?
How long in Mesech here?
Dishon'ring thee from day to day,
Whose name's to me so dear?
While sin, Lord, breeds my grief,
And makes me sadly pine;
With blinks of grace, O grant relief,
Till beams of glory shine!

S E C T. IV.

COMPLAINT of Sin, Sorrow, and want of Love.

IF black doom by desert should go,
Then, Lord, my due desert is death;
Which robs from souls immortal joy,
And from their bodies mortal breath.
But in so great a Saviour,
Can e'er so base a worm's annoy
Add any glory to thy pow'r,
Or any gladness to thy joy?
Thou justly mayst me doom to death.
And everlasting flames of fire;
But on a wretch to pour thy wrath
Can never sure be worth thine ire.
Since Jesus the atonement was,
Let tender mercy me release;
Let him be umpire of my cause,
And pass the gladsome doom of peace.

Let grace forgive, and love forget
My base, my vile apostacy;
And temper thy deserved hate
With love and mercy toward me.
The ruffling winds and raging blasts
Hold me in constant cruel chace;
They break my anchors, sails and masts,
Allowing no reposing place.
The boist'rous seas with swelling floods,
On ev'ry side against me fight.
Heav'n, overcast with stormy clouds,
Dims all the planet's guiding light.
The hellish furies ly in wait
To win my soul into their pow'r;
To make me bite at ev'ry bait,
And thus my killing bane devour:
I lie inchain'd in sin and thrall,
Next border unto black despair;
Till grace restore, and of my fall
The doleful ruins all repair.
My hov'ring thoughts would flee to glory,
And nestle safe above the sky;
Fain would my tumbling ship ashore
At that sure anchor quiet lie.
But mounting thoughts are haled down
With heavy poise of corrupt load;
And blust'ring storms deny with frown
An harbour of secure abode.
To drown the wight that wakes the blast,
Thy sin-subduing grace afford;
The storm might cease, could I but cast
This troublous Jonah over-board.
Base flesh, with fleshly pleasures gain'd,
Sweet grace's kindly suit declines;
When mercy courts me for its friend,
Anon my sordid flesh repines.
Soar up, my soul, to Tabor hill,
Cast off this loathsome pressing load;
Long is the date of thine exile,
While absent from the Lord, thy God.

Dote not on earthy weeds and toys,
 Which do not, cannot suit thy taste :
 The flow'rs of everlasting joys
 Grow up apace for thy repast.
 Sith that the glorious God above
 In Jesus bears a love to thee ;
 How base, how brutish is thy love
 Of any being less than he ?
 Who for thy love did chuse thy grief,
 Content in love to live and die :
 Who lov'd thy love more than his life,
 And with his life thy love did buy.
 Since then the God of richest love
 With thy poor love enamour'd is ;
 How high a crime will thee reprove,
 If not enamour'd deep with his ?
 Since on the verdant field of grace
 His love does thine so hot pursue ;
 Let love meet love with chaste embrace,
 Thy mite a thousand-fold is due.
 Rise, love, thou early heav'n, and sing,
 Young little dawn of endless day :
 I'll on the mounting fiery wing
 In joyful raptures melt away.

S E C T. V.

*The deserted Soul's PRAYER for the Lord's gracious
and sin-subduing presence.*

KIND Jesus, come in love to me,
 And make no longer stay ;
 Or else receive my soul to thee,
 That breathes to be away.
 A Lazar at thy gate I ly,
 As well it me becomes,
 For childrens bread asham'd to cry :
 O grant a dog the crumbs.
 My wounds and rags my need proclaim,
 Thy needful help insure :
 My wounds bear witness that I'm lame ;
 My rags, that I am poor.

Thou many at thy door dost feed,
With mercy when distressed ;
O wilt thou not shew an alm's deed
To me among the rest.
None else can give my soul relief,
None else can ease my moan,
But he whose absence is my grief:
All other joys be gone.
How can I cease from sad complaint?
How can I be at rest?
My mind can never be content
To want my noble guest.
Drop down, mine eyes, and never tire,
Cease not on any terms,
Until I have my heart's desire,
My Lord within my arms.
My heart, my hand, my spirits fail,
When hiding off he goes ;
My flesh, my foes, my lusts prevail,
And work my daily woes.
When shall I see that glorious sight
Will all my sins destroy ?
That Lord of love, that lamp of light,
Will banish all annoy !
O could I but from sinning cease,
And wait on Pisgah's hill,
Until I see him face to face,
Then should my soul be still.
But since corruption cleaves to me,
While I in Kedar dwell ;
O give me leave to long for thee,
For absence is a hell.
Thy glory should be dear to me,
Who me so dear has bought :
O save from rend'ring ill to thee
For good which thou hast wrought.
With fear I crave, with hope I cry,
Oh promis'd favour send !
Be thou thyself, though chang'ling I
Ungratefully offend.

Out of the way remove the lets,
 Cleanse this polluted den;
 Tender my suits, cancel my debts:
 Sweet Jesus, say, AMEN.

S E C T. VI.

The SONG of Heaven desired by Saints on Earth.

AURORA veils her rosy face,
 When brighter Phœbus takes her place;
 So glad will grace resign her room
 To glory in the heav'nly home.
 Happy the company that's gone
 From cross to crown, from thrall to throne;
 How loud they sing upon the shore,
 To which they sail'd in heart before!
 Bless'd are the dead, yea, faith the word,
 That die in Christ the living Lord.
 And on the other side of death
 Thus joyful spend their praising breath:
 " Death from all death hath set us free,
 " And will our gain for ever be;
 " Death loos'd the massy chains of woe,
 " To let the mournful captives go.
 " Death is to us a sweet repose;
 " The bud was op'd to shew the rose;
 " The cage was broke to let us fly,
 " And build our happy nest on high.
 " Lo! here we do triumphant reign,
 " And joyful sing in lofty strain.
 " Lo! here we rest, and love to be,
 " Enjoying more than faith could see.
 " The thousandth part we now behold,
 " By mortal tongues was never told;
 " We got a taste, but now above
 " We forage in the fields of love.
 " Faith once stole down a distant kiss;
 " Now love cleaves to the cheek of bliss;
 " Beyond the fears of more mishap
 " We gladly rest in glory's lap.

" Earth was to us a seat of war ;
 " In thrones of triumph now we are.
 " We long'd to see our Jesus dear,
 " And fought him there, but find him here.
 " We walk in white without annoy,
 " In glorious galleries of joy ;
 " And crown'd with everlasting bays,
 " We rival Cherubs in their praise.
 " No longer we complain of wants,
 " We see the glorious King of saints,
 " Amidst his joyful hosts around,
 " With all the divine glory crown'd.
 " We see him at his table-head
 " With living water, living bread,
 " His chearful guests incessant load
 " With all the plenitude of God.
 " We see the holy flaming fires,
 " Cherubic and seraphic quires ;
 " And gladly join with those on high,
 " To warble praise eternally.
 " Glory to God that here we came, |
 " And glory to the glorious Lamb:
 " Our light, our life, our joy, our all
 " Is in our arms, and ever shall.
 " Our Lord is ours, and we are his:
 " Yea, now we see him as he is:
 " And hence we like unto him are,
 " And full his glorious image share.
 " No darkness now, no dismal night ;
 " No vapour intercepts the light ;
 " We see for ever face to face
 " The highest Prince in highest place.
 " This, this does heav'n enough afford,
 " We are for ever with the Lord:
 " We want no more, for all is giv'n ;
 " His presence is the heart of heav'n."

While thus I laid my list'ning ear
 Close to the door of heav'n to hear ;
 And then the sacred page did view,
 Which told me all I heard was true ;

Yet shew'd me that the heav'nly song.
 Surpasses ev'ry mortal tongue,
 With such unutterable strains
 As none in fett'ring flesh attains:
 Then said I, "O to mount away,
 " And leave this heavy clog of clay!
 " Let wings of time more hasty fly,
 " That I may join the songs on high."

GOSPEL-SONNETS.

PART VI.

The BELIEVER'S PRINCIPLES.

CONCERNING,

1. CREATION and REDEMPTION.
2. LAW and GOSPEL.
3. JUSTIFICATION and SANCTIFICATION.
4. FAITH and SENSE.
5. HEAVEN and EARTH.

C H A P. I.

The BELIEVER'S PRINCIPLES concerning *Creation* and
Redemption: or, Some of the first Principles of the
 Oracles of GOD.

S E C T. I.

Of CREATION.

*The first chapter of Genesis compendized; or the first
 seven days Work, from the following Latin lines
 Englished.*

PRIMA dies cœlum, & terram, lucemque, creavit.
 Altera distendit spatium, discrimen aquarum.
 Tertia secernens undas, dat gramina terris.
 Quarta creat solem & lunam, cœlestiaque astra.
 Quinta dedit pisces, eadem genus omne volantum.
 Sexta tulit pecudes, hominem quoque quem Deus ipse
 Condidit; inde operis requies lux septima fulsit.

In English thus.

1. The first day, heav'n, earth, light, JEHOVAH sent.
2. The next, a water-sund'ring firmament.
3. The third made dry land spring with flow'ry pride.
4. The fourth set up bright lamps, times to divide.
5. The fifth brought swimming fish and flying fowl.
6. The sixth, earth's herds, and man to bear the rule.
7. The seventh brought forth no more, yet brought the best,
The lab'ring creature's and Creator's rest.

Or thus.

The first day, at JEHOVAH's word,
Did heav'n, and earth, and light afford.

The next, a firmament so wide
As might the water's course divide.

The third, severing lands from seas,
Made earth produce herbs, grass, and trees.

The fourth, sun, moon, and stars of light
Set up to rule the day and night.

The fifth made fish in depths to move,
And fowls to fly in air above.

The sixth all earthly beasts did bring,
And man to be the creatures king.

The seventh, of all these days the best,
Was made for God and man to rest.

Redemption-work doth bring again
The first of these to be the main.

Fetching new heav'ns and earths in sight,
And immortality to light.

Since then the first is now the best,
Keep well this pledge of endless rest.

The Sum of CREATION.

All things from nothing, to their sov'reign Lord
Obedient rose, at his commanding word.
Fair in his eye the whole creation stood;
He saw the building, and pronounc'd it good.

And now each work (while nature's fabric stands)
 Loud for its wise and mighty Lord demands
 A rent of praise, a loud and lofty song
 From ev'ry rational beholder's tongue.

S E C T. II.

Of R E D E M P T I O N.

The Mystery of the Redeemer's Incarnation; or, *God manifested in the flesh*, 1 Tim. iii. 16. John i. 14.

WHAT though the waters, struck with dread,
 Rise up and form a pyramid?
 Though floods should gush from rocks and stones,
 Or living souls from wither'd bones?
 To hear of an incarnate God,
 Is yet more wonderful and odd;
 Or to behold how God most high
 Could in our nature breath and die.
 What though the bright angelic forms
 Degraded were to crawling worms?
 These creatures were but creatures still,
 Transform'd at their Creator's will.
 Though creatures change a thousand ways,
 It cannot such amazement raise,
 Nor such a scene as this display,
 Th' eternal Word a piece of clay.
 God-man a strange contexture fix'd,
 Yet not confused nor commix'd;
 Yet still a myst'ry great and fresh,
 A Spirit infinite made flesh.
 What though, when nothing heard his call,
 Nothing obey'd and brought forth all?
 What though he nothing's brood maintain,
 Or all annihilate again?
 Let nothing into being pass,
 Or back again to what it was?
 But, lo! the God of beings here,
 As turn'd to nothing doth appear.
 All heav'n's astonish'd at his form,
 The mighty God became a worm.

Down Arian pride to him should bow,
He's Jesus and JEHOVAH too.

The Sum of REDEMPTION.

With haughty mind to Godhead man aspir'd,
With loving mind our manhood God desir'd:
Man was by pride from place of pleasure chas'd,
God man by love in greater pleasure plac'd.
Man seeking to ascend procur'd our fall;
God yielding to descend remov'd our thrall:
The Judge was cast, the guilty to acquit;
The sun defac'd to lend the shades the light.

S E C T. III.

*The REDEEMER'S WORK; Or, CHRIST all in all,
and our complete Redemption.*

A Gospel-Catechism for Young Christians.

QUESTION.

KIND teacher, may I come to learn
In this abrupt address,
By framing questions that concern,
My endless happiness?

ANSWER.

Yea, child; but if you'd learn to run
The great salvation-race,
Know that the name of Christ alone,
Can answer ev'ry case.

- Q. By sin my God and all is lost,
O where may God be found?
A. In Christ; for so the Holy Ghost
Shews by the joyful sound.
Q. But how will God with sinful me
Again be reconcil'd?
A. In Christ, in whom his grace to thee
And favour is reveal'd.
Q. O how shall I a sharer prove,
And see his glorious grace?
A. In Christ, the image of his love,
And brightness of his face.

- Q. Where shall I seek all divine store,
And without fail obtain?
- A. In Christ, in whom, for evermore,
His fulness does remain.
- Q. But how shall I escape and flee
Th' avenging wrath of God?
- A. In Christ, who bore upon the tree
That whole amazing load.
- Q. Alas! I'm daily apt to stray,
How shall I heav'n-ward make?
- A. Through Christ, the consecrated way,
Design'd for thee to take.
- Q. Ah! where's my title, right, or claim
To that eternal bliss?
- A. In Christ alone, that glorious name,
The Lord our righteousness.
- Q. But who unfit can enter there,
Or with such nasty feet?
- A. Christ by his blood presents thee fair,
His Spirit makes thee meet.
- Q. But mayn't my spirit, weak as grass,
Fail ere it reach the length?
- A. Jesus, the Lord thy righteousness,
Will be the Lord thy strength.
- Q. Mayn't hellish hosts and wicked foes
Sore by the way molest?
- A. Christ is a friend to bridle those,
And give the weary rest.
- Q. Mayn't guilty conscience loudly brand,
And all my comfort chase?
- A. Christ, with a pardon in his hand,
Can shew his smiling face.
- Q. But how can divine mercy vent,
Where sins are great and throng?
- A. Christ is the channel with descent
That mercy runs along.
- Q. But may not justice interpose,
And stand in mercy's way?
- A. Jesus did all the debt thou owes
To divine justice pay.

- Q. Where shall mine eyes the pardon spy,
Unto my saving good?
- A. In Christ's free promise see it lie,
In his atoning blood.
- Q. What ground have I to trust and say,
The promise is not vain?
- A. In Christ the promises are Yea,
In him they are Amen.
- Q. But where is Christ himself, O where,
With promises so sweet?
- A. Christ's in the promises, and there
Thy faith and he may meet.
- Q. Is Christ in them, and they in Christ?
How shall I thus descry?
- A. His blood and Spirit therein list
To seal and to apply.
- Q. 'Gainst legal fiery threats of wrath,
Pray, what defence is best?
- A. Christ's full obedience eye'd by faith:
There should the guilty rest.
- Q. But how shall faith be had? Alas!
I find I can't believe.
- A. Christ is the author of that grace;
And faith is his to give.
- Q. Ah! when may faithless I expect
He'll such a bliss bequeath?
- A. He will of unbelief convict,
And pave the way for faith.
- Q. Repentance must attend, but whence
Shall I this grace receive?
- A. Christ is exalted as a prince
All needful grace to give.
- Q. How can so vile a lump of dust
Heart-holiness expect?
- A. Christ by his holy Spirit must
This gradual change effect.
- Q. How shall I do the works aright
I'm daily bound unto!
- A. Christ in thee, by his Spirit's might
Works both to will and do.

- Q. How shall my maladies be heal'd,
So fore molesting me?
A. Christ is the great Physician seal'd,
The Lord that bealeth thee.
- Q. By prayer I ought to seek his face;
This course how shall I drive?
A. 'Tis Christ alone that has the grace
And Sp'rit of pray'r to give.
- Q. Salvation-work is great and high;
Alas! what shall I do?
A. Christ as the Alpha thereof eye,
And the Omega too.
- Q. What pillar then is most secure
To build my hope upon?
A. Christ only the foundation sure,
The living corner-stone.
- Q. When I'm with black pollution stain'd,
How shall I cleansed be?
A. Christ is a fountain for that end
Set open wide for thee.
- Q. What shall I do, when plagues abound,
With sorrows, griefs, and fears?
A. Christ has a balsam for thy wounds,
A bottle for thy tears.
- Q. But is there any help for one
That utterly is lost!
A. Christ saves from sin, and he alone,
Even to the uttermost.
- Q. But where shall I be safe at last
From hell and endless death?
A. Christ is a refuge from the blast
Of everlasting wrath.
- Q. But mayn't ev'n nat'ral death to me
Become a dreadful thing?
A. Christ by his death, in love to thee,
Did ev'ry death unstring.
- Q. Why, Sir, is Christ the whole you say?
No answer else I find.
A. Because, were Christ, our *all*, away,
There's nothing left behind.

- Q. How can he answer ev'ry case,
And help in every thrall?
- A. Because he is the Lord of grace,
JEHOVAH, all in all.
- Q. How is he present to supply,
And to relieve us thus?
- A. Because his glorious name is high,
IMMANUEL *God with us.*
- Q. Has he alone all pow'r to save;
Is nothing left to man?
- A. Yea, without Christ we nothing have,
Without him nothing can.
- Q. Mayn't some from hence take latitude
And room their lusts to please?
If Christ do all, then very good,
Let us take carnal ease.
- A. Christ will in flaming vengeance come,
With fury in his face,
To damn his foes that dare presume,
And thus abuse his grace.

S E C T. IV.

*FAITH and WORKS both excluded from the Matter of
Justification before GOD, that Redemption may appear
to be only in CHRIST.*

WHO dare an holy God address,
With an unholy righteousness?
Who can endure his awful probe,
Without perfection for their robe?
None could his great tribunal face,
Were faith itself their fairest dress:
Faith takes the robe, but never brags,
Itself has got but filthy rags.
Faith claims no share, and works far less,
In justice-pleasing righteousness;
The servant were to me abhorr'd,
Would claim the glory of his Lord.
Blasphemous unbelief may claim
The praises of the worthy Lamb:
By faith disclaiming all its best,
Not on itself, but Christ, will rest.

I'm sav'd and justify'd by faith,
Which yet no saving value hath;
Nor e'er pretends to save from thrall,
But in its object has its all.

'Tis Christ alone saves guilty me,
And makes my right to life so free,
That in himself it stands alone:
Faith takes the right, but gives me none.

I dare not act with this intent,
For acts of mine to draw the rent;
Nor do good works with this design,
To win the crown by works of mine.

I'd thus the promis'd grace forsake,
Nor Jesus for my Saviour take;
Yea' thus would dreadfully presume,
And work mine own eternal doom.

Presumption cannot rise more high,
I'd make the truth of God a lye,
The God of truth a liar too;
What more mischief could Satan do?

Why I'd discredit God's record
Concerning Jesus Christ, the Lord,
His glorious and eternal Son,
Whose blood has life eternal won.

In him, says God, this life I give,
In him shall therefore men believe,
My gift embracing in their arms;
None shall be sav'd on other terms.

Vain man must stoop and freely take,
Or else embrace a burning lake:
Proud nature must submit to grace,
And to the divine righteousness.

In vain on works our hope is built,
Our actions nothing are but guilt:
The best obedience of our own
Dare not appear before his throne.

What finite worm can bear the load,
The fury of an angry God?

What mortal vigour can withstand
The vengeance of his lifted hand?

The law can never save us now,
 To damn is all that it can do.
 Heav'n casts all righteousness of ours,
 The law of works is out of doors.
 No merit, money, more or less,
 Can buy the gift of righteousness.
 O may I take what Heav'n does give:
 JEHOVAH, help me to believe;
 And in that righteousness to trust,
 Which only makes a sinner just.
 And then, the truth of faith to prove,
 Lord, make my faith to work by love.

CHAP. II.

The BELIEVER'S PRINCIPLES concerning
 the *Law* and the *Gospel*:

PARTICULARLY,

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. The <i>Mystery</i> | } of Law and Gospel. |
| 2. The <i>Difference</i> | |
| 3. The <i>Harmony</i> | |
| 4. The <i>Place and Station</i> | |

SECT. I.

The Mystery of Law and Gospel.

THOUGH law-commands and gospel-grace
 Agree in mutual joint embrace; 1
 Yet law and gospel in a shock
 Can never draw an equal yoke. 2

1 Rom. iii. 31. Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid: yea, we establish the law. Gal. iii. 21. Is the law then against the promises of God? God forbid: for if there had been a law given which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by the law.

2 Psalm cxxx. 3, 4. If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayst be feared. Verse 7, 8. Let Israel hope in the Lord; for, with the Lord there is mercy; and with him is plenteous redemption: and he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities. And cxliii. 2. O Lord, enter not into judgment with thy servant; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified. Verse 8. Cause me to hear thy loving-kindness in the morning, for in thee do I trust: cause me to know the way wherein I should walk, for I lift up my soul unto thee.

The law of works, the law of grace,
 Can't stand together in one place ;
 The brighter scene destroys the dark,
 As Dagon fell before the ark. 1
 They harmonize like marry'd pairs, 2
 Yet are at odds, and keep not squares ; 3
 As mercy stands from merit far,
 The letter and the Spirit jar. 4
 The law does gospel-comforts harm,
 The gospel breaks the legal arm ; 5
 Yet both exalt each other's horn,
 And garlands bring their head t' adorn. 6
 I through the law am dead to it,
 To legal works and self-conceit ; 7

1 Rom. vi. 14, 15. Sin shall not have dominion over you : for ye are not under the law, but under grace. What then ? shall we sin, because we are not under the law, but under grace ? God forbid. Chap. vii. 4,—6. Wherefore, my brethren, ye also are become dead to the law by the body of Christ ; that ye should be married to another, even to him who is raised from the dead, that we should bring forth fruit unto God. For when we were in the flesh, the motions of sins which were by the law, did work in our members to bring forth fruit unto death. But now we are delivered from the law, that being dead wherein we were held ; that we should serve in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter. 2 Cor. iii. 7,—10. But if the ministration of death, written and engraven in stones, was glorious, so that the children of Israel could not stedfastly behold the face of Moses, for the glory of his countenance, which glory was to be done away ; how shall not the ministration of the Spirit be rather glorious ? For, if the ministration of condemnation be glory, much more doth the ministration of righteousness exceed in glory. For even that which was made glorious, had no glory in this respect, by reason of the glory that excelleth.

2 Gal. iii. 24. Wherefore the law was our school-master, to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith.

3 Rom. xi. 6. And if (election be) by grace, then it is no more of works ; otherwise grace is no more grace ; but if it be of works, then it is no more grace ; otherwise work is no more work.

4 2 Cor. iii. 6. —The letter killeth ; but the Spirit giveth life.

5 Heb. ii. 15. And deliver them who through fear of death were all their life-time subject to bondage. Phil. iii. 7,—9. But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord ; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.

6 Gal. ii. 19. For I, through the law, am dead to the law, that I might live unto God.

7 Rom. vii. 9. But now we are delivered from the law, that being dead wherein we were held ; that we should serve in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter. Verse 9. For I was alive without the law once ; but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died.

Yet, lo! through gospel-grace I live,
 And to the law due honour give. 1
 The law great room for boasting makes,
 But grace my pride and boasting breaks; 2
 Yet all my boasts the law does kill, 3
 And grace makes room to boast my fill. 4
 The gospel makes me keep the law; 5
 Yet from its painful service draw: 6
 It does all law-demands fulfil, 7
 Yet makes them wholly void and null. 8
 The gospel gives me no command, 9
 Yet by obeying it I stand. 10
 To strict obedience though it call, 11
 Does bind to none, but promise all. 12

1 Rom. vii. 4. Wherefore, my brethren, ye also are become dead to the law by the body of Christ, that ye should be married to another, even to him who is raised from the dead, that we should bring forth fruit unto God. And x. 4. Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.

2 Rom. iii. 27. Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law? of works? Nay, but by the law of faith.

3 Rom. iii. 19. Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God.

4 1 Cor. i. 29.—31. That no flesh should glory in his presence. But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption; that, according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.

5 Tit. ii. 11, 12. For the grace of God, that bringeth salvation, hath appeared to all men; teaching us, that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world.

6 Gal. v. 1. Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.

7 Rom. viii. 3, 4. For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh; that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

8 Rom. vi. 14. Sin shall not have dominion over you: for ye are not under the law, but under grace. Gal. iv. 4, 5. But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law.

9 Gal. iii. 8. And the Scripture foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached before the gospel unto Abraham, saying, In thee shall all nations be blessed.

10 Mark xvi. 16. He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved.

11 2 Thes. i. 7, 8. The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

12 John iii. 17. God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved. And xii. 47. And if any man hear my words, and believe not, I judge him not; for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world. Heb. viii. 10,—12. For this is the

The law does strict commandment give,
 That I the gospel-news believe; 1
 But yet it teaches no such thing,
 Nor e'er could gospel-tidings bring. 2
 When I the gospel truth believe,
 Obedience to the law I give; 3
 And when I don't the law 4 observe,
 I from the gospel-method swerve. 5
 Yet if I do the law 6 obey,
 I am not in the gospel-way, 7
 Which does to sweet obedience draw: 8
 Yet is the gospel no new law. 9
 All precepts to the law belong,
 Yet in the gospel-field are throng. 10
 Curs'd ev'ry gospel-flighter is, 11
 Yet all its office is to blefs. 12

covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord; I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts; and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people. And they shall not teach every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for all shall know me from the least to the greatest. For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.

1 John iii. 18. He that believeth on him, is not condemned: but he that believeth not, is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

2 Rom. x. 5. For Moses describeth the righteousness which is of the law, That the man which doth those things shall live by them. And iii. 19. Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God.

3 John iii. 18. He that believeth on him, is not condemned.

4 Viz. as it is a rule.

5 Tit. ii. 11, 12. See figure 5 forecited.

6 Viz. as it is a covenant.

7 Gal. v. 3, 4. For I testify again to every man that is circumcised, that he is a debtor to do the whole law. Christ is become of no effect unto you; whosoever of you are justified by the law, ye are fallen from grace.

8 Rom. xvi. 25, 26.—The mystery that was kept secret since the world began,—now is made manifest, and by the scriptures of the prophets, according to the commandment of the everlasting God, made known to all nations for the obedience of faith.

9 Gal. iii. 21. Is the law then against the promises of God? God forbid: for if there had been a law given which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by the law.

10 Matth. v. 17, 18. Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled, &c. Psalm cxix. 96. I have seen an end of all perfection; but thy commandment is exceeding broad.

11 Heb. x. 26,—29. For if we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain

It from the law has pow'r to kill, 1
 Yet saving does it pow'r fulfil; 2
 No favour but of life it hath, 3
 Yet most the favour is of death. 4
 Weakness perfection doth exclude,
 The law is perfect, just, and good: 5
 Yet can it nothing perfect make,
 But all the comers to it break. 6
 Strength to the gospel does belong,
 Mighty through God it is, and strong: 7
 It to the law does strength emit,
 Yet 'tis the law gives strength to it.

fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries. He that despised Moses' law, died without mercy, under two or three witnesses; of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy of, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace? Chap. xii. 25. See that ye refuse not him that speaketh: for if they escaped not who refused him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from him that speaketh from heaven.

12 Rom. xv. 29. And I am sure that when I come unto you, I shall come in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. Acts iii. 26. Unto you first, God having raised up his Son Jesus, sent him to bless you, in turning away every one of you from his iniquities.

1 John iii. 18.—He that believeth not, is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God. Mark xvi. 16.—He that believeth not, shall be damned. Heb. ii. 3. How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?

2 Eph. i. 13. In Christ ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation. 1 Tim. i. 15. This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.

3 Phil. ii. 16. Holding forth the word of life, &c. 2 Tim. i. 1. Paul an apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God, according to the promise of life, which is in Christ Jesus. Ver. 10.—Our Saviour Jesus Christ—hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light, through the gospel.

4 2 Cor. ii. 16. To the one we are the savour of death unto death, &c.

5 Psalm cxix. 96. I have seen an end of all perfection: but thy commandment is exceeding broad. Rom. viii. 12. Wherefore the law is holy; and the commandment holy, and just, and good. Heb. vii. 19. For the law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did; by the which we draw nigh unto God.

6 Heb. vii. 19. See figure 6, above. Chap. x. 1. For the law having a shadow of good things to come, and not the very image of the things, can never with those sacrifices which they offered year by year continually, make the comers thereunto perfect.

7 Rom. i. 16. For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek. 2 Cor. x. 4, 5. For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds; casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.

The gospel gives the law, I see,
 Sufficient strength to justify; 1
 Yet I may say in truth it is
 The law that gives the gospel this. 2
 For as the law no sinner clears,
 But who the gospel garment wears;
 So none are justify'd by grace,
 Unless the law-demand have place. 3
 Again the law, which yet seems worse,
 Gives gospel-news condemning force; 4
 Yet they are news that never can,
 Nor never will condemn a man. 5
 Dread threat'nings to the law pertain, 6
 Not to the gospel's golden chain: 7
 Yet all law-threats and Sinai's ire
 To gospel-grace are walls of fire. 8

1 Rom. viii. 1. There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. Ver. 3. 4. For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God did, sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh; that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit.

2 Rom. iii. 31. Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid: yea, we establish the law. Chap. x. 4. For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.

3 Rom. iii. 19.—22. Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law; that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God. Therefore by the deeds of the law, there shall no flesh be justified in his sight: for by the law is the knowledge of sin. But now the righteousness of God, without the law, is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets; even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all, and upon all them that believe: for there is no difference. Chap. v. 19.—By the obedience of one shall many be made righteous. Ver. 21.—Grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.

4 John iii. 18. He that believeth on him, is not condemned: but he that believeth not, is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

5 Luke ii. 10, 11. And the angel said unto them (viz. the shepherds,) Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people: For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. John iii. 17. For God sent not his Son into the world, to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved. Chap. xiii. 47. And if any man hear my words, and believe not, I judge him not: for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world.

6 Gal. iii. 10. For as many as are of the works of the law, are under the curse: for it is written, Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them.

7 Acts xiii. 26. Men and brethren, children of the stock of Abraham, and whosoever among you feareth God, to you is the word of this salvation sent.

8 Mark xvi. 16.—He that believeth not, shall be damned. Heb. ii. 3. How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation? Chap. x. 26,—29. See figure 9 forecited.

The righteous law assoileth none
 Of Adam's guilty race, save one; 1
 Who being guilty, for this cause
 By God's just law condemned was. 2
 Yet free of guilt it did him see;
 Hence fully clear'd, and set him free: 3
 Yet, had not guilt his soul-involv'd,
 By law he could not been absolv'd. 4
 But he withal condemn'd and spoil'd
 The law of works, which him assoil'd: 5
 And now the law is (in these views)
 The marrow of the gospel-news. 6
 The law can justify no man
 That is a sinner 7; yet it can

1 Rom. v. 19. For, as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners; so, by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous. John xvii. 4. I have glorified thee on the earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do.

2 Isa. liii. 6. The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. Gal. i. 13. Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree.

3 Heb. vii. 26. For such an High-priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens. Dan. ix. 24. Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people, and upon thy holy city, to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness, and to seal up the vision and prophecy, and to anoint the most holy. 2 Tim. iii. 16. And without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory. Rom. ii. 13. For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified. Isa. l. 8. He is near that justifieth me, who will contend with me? let us stand together: who is mine adversary? let him come near to me.

4 2 Cor. v. 21. God hath made Christ to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. 1 Pet. iii. 18. Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust (that he might bring us to God); being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit.

5 Col. ii. 14, 15. Blotting out the hand-writing of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross; and having spoiled principalities and powers, he made a shew of them openly, triumphing over them in it. Rom. viii. 3. For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son, in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh.

6 Rom. x. 4. For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. Isa. xlv. 24. Surely, shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength. Jer. xxiii. 6. In his days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely: and this is his name whereby he shall be called, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

7 Rom. iii. 19, 20. Now we know, that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God. Therefore by the deeds of the law, there shall no flesh be justified in his sight: for by the law is the knowledge of sin.

Thus favour sinful men, and free
 The chief of sinners, guilty me. 1
 The gospel too acquitteth none
 That have not put perfection on; 2
 And yet it cleareth none (I grant)
 But those who all perfection want. 3
 Those that with gospel-clearance meet,
 Must by the law be found complete; 4
 Yet never could (again I grant)
 The gospel justify a saint. 5
 All perfect persons it controls, 6
 And justifies ungodly souls; 7

1 The law of works, as fulfilled by Christ, can and does so, Rom. viii. 3, 4. For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh; that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. Ver. 33, 34. Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth; who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died; yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right-hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.

2 Rom. iii. 21, 22. But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets; even the righteousness of God, which is by the faith of Jesus Christ unto all, and upon all them that believe: for there is no difference.

3 Rom. iv. 5. To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness.

4 1 Cor. i. 30. But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who, of God, is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption. Col. ii. 10. And ye are complete in him, which is the Head of all principality and power.

5 Matth. ix. 13.—I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Rom. iii. 10. There is none righteous, no not one. Chap. ix. 30, 31, 32. What shall we say then? That the Gentiles, which followed not after righteousness, have attained to righteousness, even the righteousness which is of faith: but Israel, which followed after the law of righteousness, hath not attained to the law of righteousness. Wherefore? Because they sought it not by faith, but, as it were, by the works of the law. Chap. x. 3. Israel being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God. 1 Tim. i. 15. This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.

6 Matth. xxi. 31. Jesus saith unto them (viz. the Pharisees,) Verily I say unto you, that the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you. Luke xviii. 9,—14. And Jesus spake this parable unto certain who trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others: Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I possess. And the publican standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.—I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself, shall be abased; and he that humbleth

Yet still no man its grace partakes,
 But whom it truly godly makes. 1
 The law withstands the gospel-path, 2
 Which yet its approbation hath: 3
 The gospel thwarts the legal way, 4
 Yet will approve the law for ay. 5
 Hence though the gospel's comely frame
 Doth openly the law condemn; 6

himself, shall be exalted. Ver. 21, 22. And he (viz the ruler said, All these have I kept from my youth up. Now when Jesus heard these things, he said unto him, Yet lackest thou one thing; sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me.

7 Rom. iv. 5, 6. To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness. Even as David also describeth the blessedness of the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works.

1 Tit. ii. 11, — 14. The grace of God that bringeth salvation, hath appeared to all men; teaching us, that denying ungodliness, and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ: who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. — Chap. iii. 4, 5. After that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost. Ver. 8. This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God, might be careful to maintain good works: these things are good and profitable unto men.

2 1 Cor. xv. 56. — The strength of sin is the law. Rom. iv. 14. Sin shall not have dominion over you: for ye are not under the law, but under grace. Chap. x. 3. Israel being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God.

3 Isa. xlii. 21. The Lord is well-pleased for his righteousness sake; he will magnify the law, and make it honourable. Math. iii. 17. And lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well-pleased.

4 Rom. ix. 31, 32, 33. But Israel, which followed after the law of righteousness, hath not attained to the law of righteousness? Wherefore? Because they sought it not by faith, but as it were by the works of the law: for they stumbled at that stumbling-stone; as it is written, Behold, I lay in Sion a stumbling-stone, and rock of offence; and whosoever believeth on him, shall not be ashamed.

5 Rom. vii. 7. What shall we say then? Is the law sin? God forbid. Nay, I had not known sin, but by the law; for I had not known lust, except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet. Ver. 16. And the commandment which was ordained to life, I found to be unto death. Ver. 12. Wherefore the law is holy; and the commandment holy, and just, and good.

6 Rom. x. 5, — 9. For Moses describeth the righteousness which is of the law, That the man which doth these things, shall live by them. But the righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise, Say not in thine heart, Who shall ascend into heaven? (that is, to bring Christ down from above:) or, Who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead.) But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is the word of faith which we preach, That if thou shalt confess with thy

Yet they are blind, who never saw
The gospel Justify the law. 1

Thus gospel-grace, and law-commands,
Both bind and loose each other's hands :

They can't agree on any terms, 2
Yet hug each other in their arms. 3

Those that divide them, cannot be
The friends of truth and verity ; 4

Yet those that dare confound the two,
Destroy them both, and gender woe. 5

This paradox none can decipher,
That plow not with the gospel-heifer.

mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart, that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

1 Rom. iii. 31. Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid; yea, we establish the law.

2 Gal. iv. 21.—26. Tell me, ye that desire to be under the law, do ye not hear the law? For it is written, that Abraham had two sons; the one by a bond-maid, the other by a free woman. But he who was of the bond-woman, was born after the flesh; but he of the free-woman was by promise. Which things are an allegory; for these are the two covenants; the one from the mount Sinai, which gendereth to bondage, which is Agar. For this Agar is mount Sinai in Arabia, and answereth to Jerusalem, which now is, and is in bondage with her children. But Jerusalem which is above, is free, which is the mother of us all.

3 Psalm lxxxv. 28. Mercy and truth are met together: righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

4 Matth. xxiii. 23. Wo unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; for ye pay tithes of mint, and annise, and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone. Rom. ii. 23. Thou that makest thy boast of the law, through breaking the law, dishonourest thou God? Verse 45, 46. For circumcision verily profiteth, if thou keep the law: but if thou be a breaker of the law, thy circumcision is made uncircumcision. Therefore, if the uncircumcision keep the righteousness of the law, shall not his uncircumcision be counted for circumcision? Matth. xix. 6. What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. Chap. iii. 15. And Jesus answering, said unto him (viz. John), Suffer it to be so now; for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered him. Chap. v. 17. Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. Ver. 19, 20. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do, and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven. For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven. 1 John v. 6. This is he that came by water and blood, even Jesus Christ; not by water only, but by water and blood: and it is the Spirit that beareth witness, because the Spirit is truth.

5 Gal. i. 6, 7, 8. I marvel, that ye are so soon removed from him that called you into the grace of Christ, unto another gospel: which is not another; but there be some that trouble you, and would pervert the gospel of Christ. But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you,

than
—I v
and th
disput
that a
mouth
theref
which
the gr
Stand
not in
none
from

S E C T. II.

The Difference betwixt the Law and the Gospel.

THE law supposing I have all,
 Does ever for perfection call.
 The gospel suits my total want,
 And all the law can seek does grant.
 The law could promise life to me,
 If my obedience perfect be :
 But grace does promise life upon
 My Lord's obedience alone.
 The law says, Do, and life you'll win ;
 But grace says, Live, for all is done :
 The former cannot ease my grief ;
 The latter yields me full relief.
 By law convinc'd of sinful breach ;
 By gospel grace I comfort reach :
 The one my condemnation bears ;
 The other justifies and clears.
 The law shews my arrears are great ;
 The gospel freely pays my debt :
 The first does me the bankrupt curse ;
 The last does blefs and fill my purse.
 The law will not abate a mite ;
 The gospel all the sum will quite :
 There God in threat'nings is array'd,
 But here in promises display'd.
 The law and gospel disagree,
 Like Hagar, Sarah, bond and free :
 The former's Hagar's servitude ;
 The latter Sarah's happy brood.

than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed. Zeph. i. 4.
 —I will cut off—ver. 5.—them that worship, and that swear by the Lord,
 and that swear by Malcham. Acts xv. 7. And when there had been much
 disputing, Peter rose up and said unto them, Men and brethren, ye know how
 that a good while ago, God made choice among us, that the Gentiles by my
 mouth should hear the word of the gospel, and believe. Ver. 10, 11. Now,
 therefore, why tempt ye God, to put a yoke upon the neck of the disciples,
 which neither our fathers nor we are able to bear? But we believe that, through
 the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, we shall be saved even as they. Gal. v. 1.
 Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be
 not intangled again with the yoke of bondage. Ver. 4. Christ is become of
 none effect unto you, whosoever of you are justified by the law ; ye are fallen
 from grace.

To Sinai black, and Zion fair,
The word does law and grace compare.
Their cursing and their blessing vye
With Ebal and Gerizzim high.

The law excludes not boasting vain,
But rather feeds it to my bane :
But gospel-grace allows no boasts,
Save in the King, the Lord of hosts.

The law still irritates my sin,
And hardens my proud heart therein ;
By grace's melting pow'r renews,
And my corruption strong subdues.

The law with thunder, Sinai-like,
Does always dread and terror speak :
The gospel makes a joyful noise,
And charms me with a still, calm voice.

The legal trumpet war proclaims,
In wrathful threats, and fire, and flames :
The gospel-pipe, a peaceful sound,
Which spreads a kindly breath around.

The law is weak through sinful flesh ;
The gospel brings recruits afresh :
The first a killing letter wears ;
The last a quick'ning spirit bears.

The law that seeks perfection's height,
Yet gives no strength, nor offers might ;
But precious gospel-tidings glad
Declare where all is to be had.

From me alone the law does crave,
What grace affirms in Christ I have :
When therefore law-pursuits intral,
I send the law to grace for all.

The law brings terror to molest,
The gospel gives the weary rest.
The one does flags of death display,
The other shews the living way.

The law by Moses was exprest ;
The glorious gospel came by Christ :
The first dim nature's light may trace ;
The last is only known by grace.

The law may rouse me from my sloth,
To faith and to repentance both :
And though the law commandeth each,
Yet neither of them can it teach.
Nor will accept for current coin
The duties which it does injoin :
It seeks all, but accepts no less
Than constant, perfect righteousness.
The gospel, on the other hand,
Although it issue no command,
But strictly view'd, does whole consist
In promises and offers blest ;
Yet does it many duties teach,
Which legal light could never reach :
Thus faith, repentance, and the like,
Are fire that gospel-engines strike.
They have acceptance here through grace,
The law affords them no such place :
Yet still they come through both their hands,
Through gospel-teachings, law-commands.
The law's a house of bondage fore ;
The gospel opes the prison-door :
The first me hamper'd in its net ;
The last at freedom kindly set.
The precept craves, the gospel gives ;
While that me presses, this relieves ;
And or affords the strength I lack,
Or takes the burden off my back.
The law requires on pain of death ;
The gospel courts with loving breath :
While that conveys a deadly wound ;
This makes me perfect, whole, and sound.
There viewing how diseas'd I am,
I here perceive the healing balm :
Afflicted there with sense of need,
But here refresh'd with meet remede.
The law's a charge for what I owe ;
The gospel my discharge to show :
The one a scene of fears doth ope ;
The other is the door of hope.

An angry God the law reveal'd;
 The gospel shews him reconcil'd :
 By that I know he was displeas'd ;
 By this I see his wrath appeas'd.
 The law thus shews the divine ire,
 And nothing but consuming fire.
 The gospel brings the olive-branch,
 And blood the burning fire to quench.
 The law still shews a fiery face ;
 The gospel shews a throne of grace ;
 There Justice rides alone in state ;
 But here she takes the mercy-seat.

In SUM :

Lo! in the law JEHOVAH dwells,
 But Jesus is conceal'd ;
 Whereas the gospel's nothing else
 But Jesus Christ reveal'd.

S E C T. III.

The HARMONY betwixt the Law and the Gospel.

THE law's a tutor much in vogue,
 To gospel-grace a pedagogue ;
 The gospel to the law no less
 Than its full end for righteousness.
 When once the fiery law of God
 Has chas'd me to the gospel-road ;
 Then back unto the holy law
 Most kindly gospel-grace will draw.
 When by the law to grace I'm school'd ;
 Grace by the law will have me rul'd :
 Hence, if I don't the law obey,
 I cannot keep the gospel-way.
 When I the gospel-news believe,
 Obedience to the law I give :
 And that both in its fed'ral dress,
 And as a rule of holiness.

Lo! in my Head I render all
For which the fiery law can call:
His blood unto its fire was fuel,
His Spirit shapes me to its rule.
When law and gospel kindly meet,
To serve each other both unite:
Sweet promises, and stern commands,
Do work to one-another's hands.
The divine law demands no less
Than human perfect righteousness:
The gospel gives it this and more,
Ev'n divine righteousness in store.
Whate'er the righteous law require,
The gospel grants its whole desire.
Are law commands exceeding broad?
So is the righteousness of God.
How great soe'er the legal charge,
The gospel-payment's equal large:
No less by man the law can bray,
When grace provides a God to pay.
The law makes gospel-banquets sweet;
The gospel makes the law complete:
Law-suits to grace's storehouse draw;
Grace decks and magnifies the law.
Both law and gospel close combine,
To make each other's lustre shine:
The gospel all law-breakers shames;
The law all gospel-fighters damns.
The law is holy, just, and good;
All this the gospel seals with blood,
And clears the royal law's just dues
With dearly purchas'd revenues.
The law commands me to believe;
The gospel saving faith does give:
The law enjoins me to repent;
The gospel gives my tears a vent.
What in the gospel-mint is coin'd,
The same is in the law injoin'd:
Whatever gospel-tidings teach,
The law's authority doth reach.

Here join the law and gospel hands,
What this me teaches, that commands :
What virtuous forms the gospel please
The same the law doth authorise.

And thus the law-commandment seals
Whatever gospel-grace reveals :
The gospel also for my good
Seals all the law-demands with blood.

The law most perfect still remains,
And ev'ry duty full contains :
The gospel its perfection speaks,
And therefore gives whate'er it seeks.

Next, what by law I'm bound unto,
The same the gospel makes me do :
What preceptively that can crave,
This effectively can engrave.

All that by precepts Heav'n expects,
Free grace by promises effects :

To what the law by fear may move,
To that the gospel leads by love.

To run to work, the law commands ;
The gospel gives me feet and hands :
The one requires that I obey ;
The other does the pow'r convey.

What in the law has duty's place,
The gospel changes to a grace :
Hence legal duties therein nam'd,
Are herein gospel-graces fam'd.

The precept checks me when I stray ;
The promise holds me in the way :
That shews my folly when I roam ;
And this most kindly brings me home.

Law-threats and precepts both, I see,
With gospel-promises agree ;
They to the gospel are a fence,
And it to them a maintenance.

The law will justify all those
Who with the gospel-ransom close ;
The gospel too approves for ay
All those that do the law obey.

The righteous law condemns each man
 That dare reject the gospel-plan :
 The holy gospel none will save,
 On whom it won't the law engrave.
 When Christ the tree of life did climb,
 I see both law and grace in him :
 In him the law its end does gain ;
 In him the promise is Amen.
 The law makes grace's pasture sweet,
 Grace makes the law my fav'ry meat ;
 Yea, sweeter than the honey-comb,
 When grace and mercy brings it home.
 The precepts of the law me show
 What fruits of gratitude I owe ;
 But gospel-grace begets the brood,
 And moves me to the gratitude.
 Law-terrors pause the putrid fore ;
 And gospel-grace applies the cure :
 The one plows up the fallow-ground ;
 The other sows the seed around.
 A rigid master was the law,
 Demanding brick, denying straw ;
 But when with gospel-tongue it sings,
 It bids me fly, and gives me wings.

In SUM.

Both law and gospel close unite,
 Are seen with more solace,
 Where truth and mercy kindly meet,
 In fair IMMANUEL'S face.

SECT. IV.

*The proper PLACE and STATION of the Law
 and the Gospel.*

Note, That in the four following Paragraphs, as well as in the three preceding Sections, by Law is mostly understood the doctrine of the Covenant of Works; and by Gospel, the doctrine of the Covenant of Grace.

PARAGRAPH I.

The Place and Station of Law and Gospel in general.

WHEN we the sacred record view,
 Or divine Test'ments old and new;
 The matter in most pages fix'd,
 Is law and g'spel intermix'd.
 Yet few, ev'n in a learned age,
 Can so resolve the sacred page,
 As to discern with equal eye,
 Where law, where gospel sever'd lie.
 One divine text with double clause
 May speak the gospel's voice and laws *:
 Hence men to blend them both are apt,
 Should in one sentence both be wrapt.
 But that we may the truth pursue,
 And give both law and grace their due,
 And God the glory there display'd;
 The following rules may give us aid.
 Where-e'er in sacred writ we see
 A word of grace or promise free,
 With blessings dropt for Jesus' sake;
 We these for gospel-news may take.
 But where a precept strict we find
 With promise to our doing join'd,
 Or threat'ning with a wrathful frown;
 This as the law we justly own.

* *Ex. Gr.* Lev. xx. 7, 8. Sanctify yourselves therefore, and be ye holy; for I am the Lord your God. And ye shall keep my statutes, and do them: I am the Lord which sanctifieth you. 1 John iv. 7. Beloved, let us love one-another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth, is born of God, and knoweth God. Rom. v. 21. That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord. Chap. vi. 23. For the wages of sin is death: but the gift of God is eternal life, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord. Mark xvi. 15, 16. And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be damned. John iii. 18. He that believeth on him, is not condemned: but he that believeth not, is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God, &c.

PARAGRAPH II.

The Place and Station of Law and Gospel in particular.

Where the Difference is noted betwixt the Gospel largely viewed in its Dispensation, and strictly in itself; and betwixt the Gospel and faith receiving it.

WOULDST thou distinctly know the sound
Of law and grace, then don't confound

The dispensation with the grace;

For these two have a distinct place.

The gospel thus dispens'd we see,

"Believe, and thou shalt saved be;

"If not, thou shalt be damn'd to hell,

"And in eternal torments dwell."

Here precepts in it are dispens'd,

With threat'nings of damnation fenc'd;

The legal sanction here takes place,

That none may dare abuse free grace.

Yet nor does that command of faith,

Nor this tremendous threat of wrath,

Belong to gospel strictly so;

But to its dispensation do.

The method of dispensing here,

Does law and gospel jointly bear;

Because the law's subservient,

Unto the gospel's blest intent.

Precepts and threat'nings both make way

The gospel blessings to convey;

Which differs much, though thus dispens'd,

From laws and threats whereby 'tis fenc'd.

"Believe, and thou shalt saved be,"

Is gospel, but improperly;

Yet safely men may call it thus,

Because 'tis so dispens'd to us.

But sure, the gospel-news we sing,

Must be some other glorious thing,

Than precepts to believe the same,

Whatever way we blend their name.

The gospel-treasure's something more
Than means that do apply the store:
Believing is the method pav'd;
The gospel is the thing believ'd.

The precious thing is tidings sweet,
Of Christ a Saviour most complete,
To save from sin, and death, and wrath;
Which tidings tend to gender faith.

Faith comes by hearing God's record
Concerning Jesus Christ the Lord;
And is the method Heav'n has blest
For bringing to the gospel-rest.

The joyful-sound is news of grace,
And life to Adam's guilty race,
Through Jesus' righteousness divine,
Which bright from faith to faith does shine.

The promise of immortal bliss
Is made to this full righteousness:
By this our right to life is bought;
Faith begs the right, and buys it not.

True faith receives the offer'd good,
And promise seal'd with precious blood:
It gives no title to the bliss,
But takes th' entitling righteousness.

This object great of saving faith,
And this alone the promise hath;
For 'tis not made to faith's poor act
But is the prize that faith does take:
And, only as it takes the same,
It bears a great and famous name;
For self and all its grandeur down
It throws, that Christ may wear the crown.

But if new laws and threats were all
That gospel properly we call,
Then were the precept to believe,
No better news than Do and Live.

If then we won't distinguish here,
We cloud, but don't the gospel clear;
We blend it with the fiery law,
And all into confusion draw.

The law of works we introduce,
As if old merit were in use,
When man could life by doing won,
Ev'n though the work by grace were done.

Old Adam in his innocence
Deriv'd his power of doing hence:
As all he could was wholly due;
So all the working strength, he knew,
Was only from the grace of God,
Who with such favour did him load:
Yet was the promise to his act,
That he might merit by compact.

No merit but of paction could
Of men or angels e'er be told;
The God-man only was so high
To merit by condignity

Were life now promis'd to our act,
Or to our works by paction tack'd;
Though God should his assistance grant,
'Tis still a doing covenant.

Though Heav'n its helping grace should yield,
Yet merit's still upon the field;
We cast the name, yet still 'tis found
Disclaim'd but with a verbal sound.

If one should borrow tools from you,
That he some famous work might do;
When once his work is well prepar'd,
He sure deserves his due reward;
Yea, justly may he claim his due,
Although he borrow'd tools from you:
Ev'n thus the borrow'd strength of grace
Can't hinder merit to take place.

From whence soe'er we borrow pow'rs,
If life depend on works of ours;
Or if we make the gospel thus
In any sort depend on us;

We give the law the gospel-place,
Rewards of debt the room of grace;
We mix heav'n's treasures with our trash,
And magnify corrupted flesh.

The new and gospel covenant
No promise to our works will grant
But to the doing of our Head,
And in him to each gospel-deed.
To godliness, which is great gain,
Promise is said to appertain:
But know, lest you the gospel mar,
In whom it is we godly are:
To him and to his righteousness
Still primar'ly the promise is;
And not ev'n to the gracious deed,
Save in and through the glorious Head.
Pray let us here observe the odds,
How law and grace take counter roads.
The law of works no promise spake
Unto the agent, but the act;
It primar'ly no promise made
Unto the person, but the deed:
Whate'er the doing person shar'd,
'Twas for his deed he had reward.
The law of grace o'erturns the scale,
And makes the quite reverse prevail:
Its promise lights not on the deed,
But on the doing person's head;
Not for his doing, but for this,
Because in Christ his portion is;
Which union to the living Prince,
His living works and deeds evince.
Good fruits have promise in this view,
As union to the BRANCH they shew;
To whom the promises pertain,
In him all Yea, and all Amen.
Observe, pray; for if here we err,
And do not Christ alone prefer,
But think the promise partly stands
On our obeying new commands;
Th' old cov'nant-place to works we give,
Or mingle Grace with Do and Live;
We overcloud the gospel-charms,
And also break our working arms.

More honour to the law profess,
But giving more, we give it less:
Its heavy-yoke in vain we draw,
By turning gospel into law.
We rob grace of its joyful sound,
And bury Christ in Moses ground:
At best we run a legal race
Upon the field of gospel-grace:

PARAGRAPH III.

*The Gospel no NEW LAW; but a joyful sound of Grace
and Mercy.*

LAW-precepts in a gospel-mold,
We may as gospel-doctrine hold,
But gospel-calls in legal dress,
The joyful sound of grace suppress.
Faith and repentance may be taught,
And yet no gospel-tidings brought;
If as mere duties these we press,
And not as parts of promis'd bliss.
If only precepts we present,
Though urg'd with strongest argument,
We leave the weak'ned sinner's hope
In darkness of despair to grope.
The man whom legal precepts chase,
As yet estrang'd to lov'reign grace,
Mistaking evangelic charms,
As if they stood on legal terms,
Looks to himself, though dead in sin,
For grounds of faith and hope within:
Hence fears and fetters grow and swell,
Since nought's within but sin and hell.
But faith that looks to promis'd grace,
Clean out of self the soul will chase,
To Christ for righteousness and strength,
And finds the joyful rest at length.
Proud flesh and blood will startle here,
And hardly such report can bear,
That Heav'n all saving store will give
To them that work not, but believe.

Yet not of works, but 'tis the race
Of faith, that it may be of grace :
For faith does nothing but agree
To welcome this salvation free.

" Come down, Zaccheus; quickly come,
" Salvation's brought unto thy home :
" In vain thou climb'st the legal tree ;
" Salvation freely comes to thee.
" Thou dream'st of coming up to terms,
" Come down into my saving arms ;
" Down, down, and get a pardon free,
" On terms already wrought by me.
" Behold the blessings of my blood,
" Bought for thy everlasting good,
" And freely all to be convey'd
" Upon the price already paid.
" I know thou hast no good, and see
" I cannot stand on terms with thee,
" Whose fall has left thee nought to claim,
" Nor aught to boast but sin and shame."

The law of heavy hard commands
Confirms the wak'ned sinner's bands ;
But grace proclaims relieving news,
And scenes of matchless mercy shews.

No precept clogs the gospel-call,
But therein grace is *all in all* ;
No law is here but that of grace,
Which brings relief in ev'ry case.

The gospel is the promise fair
Of grace, all ruins to repair ;
And leaves no sinner room to say,
" Alas ! this debt I cannot pay ;

" This grievous yoke I cannot bear,
" This high demand I cannot clear."

Grace stops the mouth of such complaints,
And store of full supply presents.

The glorious gospel is (in brief,)
A sov'reign word of sweet relief ;
Not clogg'd with cumbersome commands,
To bind the soul's receiving hands.

'Tis joyful news of sov'reign grace,
That reigns in state through righteousness,
To ransom from all threat'ning woes,
And answer all commanding Do's.

This gospel comes with help indeed,
Adapted unto sinners need.
These joyful news that suit their case,
Are chariots of his drawing grace.

'Tis here the Spirit pow'rful rides,
The fountains of the deep divides;
The King of glory's splendor shews,
And wins the heart with welcome news.

PARAGRAPH IV.

*The Gospel further described, as a Bundle of good News,
and gracious Promises.*

THE first grand promise forth did break
In threats against the tempting snake;
So may the gospel in commands,
Yet nor in threats or precepts stands:
But 'tis a doctrine of free grants
To sinners, that they may be saints:
A joyful sound of royal gifts,
To obviate unbelieving shifts:
A promise of divine supplies,
To work all gracious qualities
In those, who pronest to rebel,
Are only qualify'd for hell.

Courting vile sinners, ev'n the chief,
It leaves no cloak for unbelief;
But ev'n on gross Manassehs calls,
On Mary Magdalens and Sauls.

'Tis good news of a fountain ope'
For sin and filth; a door of hope
For those that lie in blood and gore,
And of a salve for ev'ry sore.

Glad news of sight unto the blind;
Of light unto the dark'ned mind;
Of healing to the deadly sick;
And mercy both to Jew and Greek.

Good news of gold to poor that lack ;
 Of raiment to the naked back ;
 Of binding to the wounds that smart ;
 And rest unto the weary heart.

Glad news of freedom to the bound
 Of store all losses to refund
 Of endless life unto the dead
 And present help in time of need.

Good news of heav'n, where angels dwell,
 To those that well deserved hell ;
 Of strength to weak for work and war.
 And access near to those afar

Glad news of joy to those that weep,
 And tender care of cripple sheep ;
 Of shelter to the soul pursu'd,
 And cleansing to the hellish-hue'd :

Of floods to sap the parched ground,
 And streams to run the desert round ;
 Of ransom to the captive caught,
 And harbour to the found'ring yacht :

Of timely aid to weary groans ;
 Of joy restor'd to broken bones :
 Of grace divine to graceless preys,
 And glory to the vile and base :

Of living water pure, that teems
 On fainting souls refreshing streams ;
 Of gen'rous wine to cheer the strong,
 And milk to feed the tender young :

Of saving faith to faithless ones ;
 Of soft'ning grace to flinty stones ;
 Of pardon to a guilty crew,
 And mercy free, where wrath was due.

Good news of welcome kind to all,
 That come to Jesus at his call ;
 Yea, new of drawing pow'r, when scant,
 To those that fain would come and can't.

Glad news of rich mysterious grace,
 And mercy meeting ev'ry case ;
 Of store immense all voids to fill,
 And free to whosoever will.

Chap.

Of
 Pa
 Of
 An
 Fa
 Str
 An
 Ge
 Fa
 Of
 Bu
 So
 Bu
 To
 So
 W

The

an

The

or

w

K

B

H

B

* J

by th

Sancti

sancti

Of Christ exalted as a Prince,
 Pardons to give a penitence ;
 Of grace o'ercoming stubborn wills,
 And leaping over Bether hills.
 Faith comes by hearing these reports ;
 Straight to the court of grace resorts,
 And, free of mercenary thought,
 Gets royal bounty all for nought.
 Faith's wing within the clammy sea
 Of legal merit cannot flee ;
 But mounting mercy's air apace,
 Soars in the element of grace.
 But as free love the blessing gives
 To him that works not, but believes ;
 So faith, once reaching its desire,
 Works hard by love, but not by hire.

C H A P. III.

The BELIEVER'S PRINCIPLES concerning *Justification*
 and *Sanctification*, their Difference and Harmony.

S E C. T. I.

*The Difference between Justification and Sanctification ;
 or Righteousness imputed and Grace imparted ; in up-
 wards of thirty particulars *.*

KIND Jesus spent his life to spin
 My robe of perfect righteousness ;
 But by his Spirit's work within
 He forms my gracious holy dress.
 He as a Priest me justifies,
 His blood does roaring conscience still ;
 But as a King he sanctifies,
 And subjugates my stubborn will.

* Note, That (METRI CAUSA) *Justification* is sometimes here expressed
 by the words, *Imputed grace, justifying grace, righteousness, &c.*—
Sanctification by the names, *Imparted grace, grace, graces, holiness,*
sanctity, &c. ; which the judicious will easily understand.

He justifying by his merit,
Imputes to me his righteousness;
But sanctifying by his Spirit,
Infuses in me saving grace.
My justifying righteousness
Can merit by condignity;
But nothing with my strongest grace
Can be deserv'd by naughty me.
This justifying favour sets,
The guilt of all my sin remote:
But sanctifying grace deletes
The filth and blackness of its blot.
By virtue of this righteousness
Sin can't condemn nor justly brand:
By virtue of infused grace
Anon it ceases to command.
The righteousness which I enjoy,
Sin's damning pow'r will wholly stay;
And grace imparted will destroy
Its ruling domineering sway.
The former is my Judge's act
Of condonation full and free:
The latter his commenced fact,
And gradual work advanc'd in me.
The former's instantaneous,
The moment that I first believe:
The latter is, as Heav'n allows,
Progressive while on earth I live.
The first will peace to conscience give,
The last the filthy heart will cleanse:
The first effects a relative,
The last a real inward change.
The former pardons ev'ry sin,
And counts me righteous, free, and just:
The latter quickens grace within,
And mortifies my sin and lust.
Imputed grace intitles me
Unto eternal happiness;
Imparted grace will qualify
That heav'nly kingdom to possess.

My righteousness is infinite,
 Both subjectively and in kind;
 My holiness most incomplete,
 And daily wavers like the wind.
 So lasting is my outer dress,
 It never wears nor waxes old;
 My inner garb of grace decays
 And fades, if Heav'n do not uphold.
 My righteousness and pardon is
 At once most perfect and complete;
 But sanctity admits degrees,
 Does vary, fluctuate, and fleet.
 Hence fix'd, my righteousness divine
 No real change can undergo;
 But all my graces wax and wane,
 By various turnings ebb and flow.
 I'm by the first as righteous now,
 As e'er hereafter I can be:
 The last will to perfection grow,
 Heav'n only is the full degree.
 The first is equal, wholly giv'n,
 And still the same in ev'ry faint;
 The last unequal and unev'n,
 While some enjoy what others want.
 My righteousness divine is fresh,
 For ever pure and heav'nly both;
 My sanctity is partly flesh,
 And justly term'd a menstrous cloth.
 My righteousness I magnify,
 'Tis my triumphant lofty flag;
 But, pois'd with this, my sanctity
 Is nothing but a filthy rag.
 I glory in my righteousness,
 And loud extol it with my tongue;
 But all my grace, compar'd with this,
 I under-rate as loss and dung.
 By justifying grace I'm apt
 Of divine favour free to boast;
 By holiness I'm partly shap'd
 Into his image I had lost.

The first to divine justice pays
A rent to still the furious storm;
The last to divine holiness
Instructs me duly to perform.
The first does quench the fiery law,
Its rigid cov'nant fully stay;
The last its rule embroider'd draw,
To deck my heart, and gild my way.
The subject of my righteousness
Is Christ himself, my glorious Head;
But I the subject am of grace,
As he supplies my daily need.
The matter of the former too
Is only Christ's obedience dear;
But, lo! his helping me to do
As all the work and matter here.
I on my righteousness rely
For Heav'n's acceptance free, and win;
But, in this matter must deny
My grace, ev'n as I do my sin.
Though all my graces precious are,
Yea, perfect also in desire;
They cannot stand before the bar
Where awful justice is umpire:
But, in the rob that Christ did spin,
They are of great and high request;
They have acceptance wrapt within
My elder Brother's bloody vest.
My righteousness proclaims me great
And fair, even in the sight of God;
But sanctity's my main off-set
Before the gazing world abroad.
More justify'd I cannot be
By all my most religious acts;
But these increase my sanctity,
That's still attended with defects.
My righteousness the safest ark
'Midst ev'ry threat'ning flood will be;
My graces but a leaking bark
Upon a stormy raging sea.

I see in justifying grace
 God's love to me does ardent burn;
 But by imparted holiness
 I grateful love for love return.
 My righteousness is that which draws
 My thankful heart to this respect:
 The former then is first the cause,
 The latter is the sweet effect.
 Christ is in justifying me,
 By name, *The Lord my righteousness*:
 But as he comes to sanctify,
 The Lord my strength and help he is.
 In that I have the patient's place,
 For there JEHOVAH'S act is all:
 But in the other I'm through grace
 An agent working at his call.
 The first does slavish fear forbid,
 For there his wrath revenging ends;
 The last commands my filial dread,
 For here paternal ire attends.
 The former does annul my woe,
 By God's judicial sentence past;
 The latter makes my graces grow,
 Faith, love, repentance, and the rest:
 The first does divine pard'ning love
 Most freely manifest to me;
 The last makes shining graces prove
 Mine int'rest in the pardon free.
 My soul in justifying grace
 Does full and free acceptance gain;
 In sanctity I heav'nward press
 By sweet assistance I obtain.
 The first declares I'm free of debt,
 And nothing left for me to pay;
 The last makes me a debtor yet,
 But helps to pay it ev'ry day.
 My righteousness with wounds and blood
 Discharg'd both law and justice' score;
 Hence with the debt of gratitude
 I'll charge myself for evermore.

S E C T. II.

The Harmony between Justification and Sanctification.

HE who me decks with righteousness,
With grace will also clothe;
For glorious Jesus came to bliss
By blood and water both.
That in his righteousness I trust,
My sanctity will show;
Though graces cannot make me just,
They shew me to be so.
All those who freely justify'd
Are of the pardon'd race,
Anon are also sanctify'd
And purified by grace.
Where justice stern does justify,
There holiness is clear'd;
Heav'n's equity and sanctity
Can never be sever'd.
Hence, when my soul with pardon deckt,
Perceives no divine ire,
Then holiness I do affect
With passionate desire.
His justifying grace is such
As wafts my soul to heav'n:
I cannot chuse but love him much,
Who much has me forgiv'n.
The Sun of righteousness that brings
Remission in his rays,
The healing in his golden wings
Of light and heat conveys.
Where-ever Jesus is a Priest,
There will he be a King;
He that assails from sin's arrest,
Won't tolerate its reign.
The title of a precious grace
To faith may justly fall,
Because its open arms embrace
A precious Christ for all.

From precious faith a precious strife
Of precious virtues flow;
A precious heart, a precious life,
And precious duties too.
Where-ever faith does justify,
It purifies the heart;
The pardon and the purity
Join hands and never part.
The happy state of pardon doth
An holy life infer:
In subjects capable of both
They never sunder'd were.
Yet in defence of truth must we
Distinctly view the twain;
That how they differ, how agree,
We may in truth maintain.
Two natures in one person dwell,
Which no division know,
In our renown'd IMMANUEL,
Without confusion too.
Those that divide them, grossly err,
Though yet distinct they be:
Those who confusion hence infer,
Imagine blasphemy.
Thus righteousness and grace we must
Not sunder nor confound;
Else holy peace to us is lost,
And sacred truth we wound.
While we their proper place maintain,
In friendship sweet they dwell;
But or to part or blend the twain,
Are errors hatch'd in hell.
To separate what God does join,
Is wicked and profane:
To mix and mutilate his coin,
Is damnable and vain.
Though plain distinction must take place,
Yet no division here,
Nor dark confusion, else the grace
Of both will disappear.

Lo! errors gross on ev'ry side
 Conspire to hurt and wound;
 Antinomists do them divide,
 And legalists confound.

C H A P. IV.

The BELIEVER'S PRINCIPLES Concerning
Faith and Sense.

1. *Of Faith and Sense natural.*
2. *Of Faith and Sense spiritual.*
3. *The Harmony and Discord between Faith and Sense.*
4. *The Valour and victories of Faith.*
5. *The Heights and Depths of Sense.*
6. *Faith and Frames compared, or Faith building upon Sense discovered.*

S E C T. I.

Faith and Sense Natural, compared and distinguished.

WHEN Abram's body, Sarah's womb,
 Were ripe for nothing but the tomb,
 Exceeding old, and wholly dead,
 Unlike to bear the promis'd seed:
 Faith said, I shall an Isaac see;
 No, no, said sense; it cannot be:
 Blind reason, to augment the strife,
 Adds, How can death engender life?
 My heart is like a rotten tomb,
 More dead than ever Sarah's womb;
 O! can the promis'd seed of grace
 Spring forth from such a barren place!
 Sense gazing but on flinty rocks,
 My hope and expectation chokes:
 But could I, skill'd in Abram's art,
 O'erlook my dead and barren heart;
 And build my hope on nothing less
 Than divine pow'r and faithfulness;
 Soon would I find him raise up sons
 To Abram, out of rocks and stones.

Faith acts as busy boatmen do,
Who backward look, and forward row :
It looks intent to things unseen,
Thinks objects visible too mean.

Sense thinks it madness thus to steer,
And only trusts its eye and ear ;
Into faith's boat dare thrust its oar
And put it further from the shore.

Faith does alone the promise eye ;
Sense won't believe unless it see ;
Nor can it trust the divine guide,
Unless it have both wind and tide.

Faith thinks the promise sure and good ;
Sense doth depend on likelihood ;
Faith ev'n in storms believes the seers ;
Sense calls all men, ev'n prophets, liars.

Faith uses means, but rests on none ;
Sense fails when outward means are gone ;
Trusts more in probabilities,
Than all the divine promises.

It rests upon the rusty beam
Of outward things that hopeful seem ;
Let these its support sink or cease,
No promise then can yield it peace.
True faith that's of a divine brood,
Consults not base with flesh and blood ;
But carnal sense, which ever errs,
With carnal reason still confers.

What ! won't my disciples believe
That I am risen from the grave ?
Why will they pore on dust and death,
And overlook my quick'ning breath ?
Why do they slight the word I spake ?
And rather sorry counsel take
With death, and with a pow'rless grave,
If they their captive can't relieve ?

Sense does enquire if tombs of clay,
Can send their guests alive away ?
But faith will hear JEHOVAH's word,
Of life and death the Sov'reign Lord.

Should I give ear to rotten dust,
 Or to the tombs confine my trust;
 No resurrection can I see,
 For dust that flies into mine eye.
 What! Thomas, can't thou trust so much
 To me as to thy sight and touch?
 Won't thou believe till sense be guide,
 And thrust its hand into my side?
 Where is thy faith, if it depends
 On nothing but thy finger-ends?
 But blest'd are they who truth do seal
 By faith, yet neither see nor feel.

S E C T. II.

*Faith and Sense Spiritual, compared and distinguished.
 Where also the Difference between the Assurance of
 Faith, and the Assurance of Sense.*

THE certainty of faith and sense

Wide differ in experience:

Faith builds upon, *Thus faith the Lord;*

Sense views his work, and not his word.

* God's word without is faith's resort;

His work within doth sense support.

By faith we trust him without * pawns; * *pledges.*

By sense we handle with our hands.

By faith the word of truth's receiv'd;

By sense we know we have believ'd.

Faith's certain by fiducial acts;

Sense by its evidential facts.

Faith credits the divine report;

Sense to his breathings make resort:

That on his word of grace will hing;

This on his Spirit witnessing.

By faith I take the Lord for mine;

By sense I feel his love divine:

By that I touch his garment's hem;

By this find virtue thence to stream.

By faith I have mine all on band;

By sense I have some stock in hand:

By that some vision is begun;

By this I some fruition win.

My faith can send ev'n in exile ;
Sense cannot live without a smile.
By faith I to his promise fly ;
By sense I in his bosom lie.
Faith builds upon the truth of God,
That lies within the promise broad ;
But sense upon the truth of grace
His hand within my heart did place.
Thus Christ's the object faith will eye ;
And faith's the object sense may see ;
Faith keeps the truth of God in view,
While sense the truth of faith may shew.
Hence faith's assurance firm can stand,
When sense's in the deep may strand ;
And faith's persuasion full prevail,
When comfortable sense may fail.
I am assur'd when faith's in act,
Though sense and feeling both I lack :
And thus mysterious is my lot,
I'm oft assur'd when I am not ;
Oft pierc'd with racking doubts and fears ;
Yet faith these brambles never bears ;
But unbelief, that cuts my breath,
And stops the language of my faith.
Clamours of unbelieving fears
So frequently disturb my ears
I cannot hear what faith would say,
Till once the noisy clamours stay.
And then will fresh experience find,
When faith gets leave to speak its mind,
The native language thereof is,
My Lord is mine, and I am his.
Sad doubtings compass me about,
Yet faith itself could never doubt ;
For, as the sacred volume saith,
Much doubting argues little faith.
The doubts and fears that work my grief,
Flow not from faith, but unbelief ;
For faith, whene'er it acteth, cures
The plague of doubts, and me assures.

But when mine eye of faith's asleep,
 I dream of drowning in the deep:
 But, as befalls the sleeping eye,
 Though sight remain, it cannot see;
 The seeing faculty abides,
 Though sleep from active seeing hides;
 So faith's assuring pow'rs endure
 Ev'n when it ceases to assure.
 There's still persuasion in my faith,
 Ev'n when I'm fill'd with fears of wrath;
 The trusting habit still remains,
 Though slumbers hold the act in chains.
 Th' assuring faculty it keeps,
 Ev'n when its eye in darkness sleeps,
 Wrapp'd up in doubts; but when it wakes,
 It rouses up assuring acts.

S E C T. III.

*The Harmony and Discord between Faith and Sense; how
 they help, and how they mar each other.*

THOUGH gallant faith can keep the field
 When cow'rdly sense will fly or yield;
 Yet while I view their usual path,
 Sense often stands and falls with faith.
 Faith ushers in sweet peace and joy,
 Which further heartens faith's employ;
 Faith like the head, and sense the heart,
 Do mutual vigour fresh impart.
 When lively faith and feeling sweet
 Like dearest darlings kindly meet,
 They straight each other help and hug
 In loving friendship close and snug.
 Faith gives to sense both life and breath,
 And sense gives joy and strength to faith;
 "O now, says faith, how fond do I
 "In sense's glowing bosom lie!"
 Their mutual kindness then is such,
 That oft they doting too too much,
 Embrace each other out of breath;
 As Æsop hugg'd his child to death.

Faith leaping into sense's arms,
Allur'd with her bewitching charms,
In hugging these, let rashly slip
The proper object of its grip.
Which being lost, behold the thrall!
Anon faith loses sense and all;
Thus unawares cuts sense's breath,
While sense trips up the heels of faith.
Her charms assuming Jesus' place,
While faith's lull'd in her soft embrace;
Lo! soon in dying pleasures wrapt,
Its living joy away is snapt.

S E C T. IV.

The Valour and Victories of Faith.

BY faith I unseen Being see
Forth lower beings call,
And say to nothing, *Let it be*;
And nothing hatches all.
By faith I know the worlds were made
By God's great word of might;
How soon *Let there be light*, he said,
That moment there was light.
By faith I soar and force my flight
Through all the clouds of sense;
I see the glories out of sight,
With brighter evidence.
By faith I mount the azure sky,
And from the lofty sphere,
The earth a little more espy,
Unworthy of my care.
By faith I see the unseen things,
Hid from all mortal's eyes;
Proud reason stretching all its wings,
Beneath me flutt'ring lies.
By faith I build my lasting hope
On righteousness divine;
Nor can I sink with such a prop,
Whatever storms combine.

By faith my works, my righteousness,
And duties all I own
But loss and dung ; and lay my stress
On what my Lord has done.

By faith I overcome the world,
And all its hurtful charms ;
I'm in the heav'nly chariot hurl'd
Through all opposing harms ;

By faith I have a conq'ring pow'r
To tread upon my foes,
To triumph in a dying hour,
And banish all my woes.

By faith in midst of wrongs I'm right,
In sad decays I thrive ;
In weakness I am strong in might,
In death I am alive.

By faith I stand when deep I fall,
In darkness I have light ;
Nor dare I doubt and question all
When all is out of sight.

By faith I trust a pardon free,
Which puzzles flesh and blood ;
To think that God can justify,
Where yet he sees no good.

By faith I keep my Lord's commands,
To verify my trust ;
I purify my heart and hands,
And mortify my lust.

By faith my melting soul repents,
When pierced Christ appears ;
My heart in grateful praises vents,
Mine eyes in joyful tears.

By faith I can the mountains vast
Of sin and guilt remove ;
And them into the ocean cast,
The sea of blood and love.

By faith I see JEHOVAH high
Upon a throne of grace ;
I see him lay his vengeance by,
And smile in Jesus' face.

By faith I hope to see the sun,
The light of grace that lent;
His everlasting circles run
In glory's firmament.
By faith I'm more than conqueror,
Ev'n though I nothing can;
Because I set JEHOVAH's pow'r
Before me in the van.
By faith I counterplot my foes,
Nor need their ambush fear;
Because my life-guard also goes
Behind me in the rear.
By faith I walk, I run, I fly;
By faith I suffer thrall;
By faith, I'm fit to live and die;
By faith I can do all.

S E C T. V.

The Heights and Depths of Sense:

WHEN Heav'n me grants at certain times,
Amidst a pow'rful gale,
Sweet liberty to mone my crimes,
And wand'rings to bewail;
Then do I dream my sinful brood,
Drown'd in the ocean main
Of chrystal tears and crimson blood,
Will never live again.
I get my foes beneath my feet,
I bruise the serpent's head;
I hope the vict'ry is complete,
And all my lusts are dead.
How gladly do I think and say,
When thus it is with me,
Sin to my sense is clean away,
And so shall ever be?
But, Ah! alas! th' ensuing hour
My lusts arise and swell,
They rage and reinforce their pow'r,
With new recruits from hell.

Though I resolv'd and swore through grace
 In very solemp terms,
 I never should my lusts embrace,
 Nor yield unto their charms;
 Yet such deceitful friends they are,
 While I no danger dream,
 I'm snar'd before I am aware,
 And hurry'd down the stream.
 Into the gulph of sin anon
 I'm plunged head and ears;
 Grace to my sense is wholly gone,
 And I am chain'd in fears;
 Till straight my Lord with sweet surprize
 Returns to loose my bands,
 With kind compassion in his eyes,
 And pardon in his hands.
 Yet thus my life is nothing else
 But heav'n and hell by turns;
 My soul that now in Goshen dwells,
 Anon in Egypt mourns.

S E C T. VI.

*Faith and Frames compared; or, Faith building upon
Sense discovered.*

FAITH has for its foundation broad
 A stable rock on which I stand,
 The truth and faithfulness of God:
 All other grounds are sinking sand.
 My frames and feelings ebb and flow;
 And when my faith depends on them,
 It fleets and staggers to and fro,
 And dies amidst the dying frame.
 That faith is surely most unstay'd,
 Its stagg'ring can't be counted strange,
 That builds its hope of lasting aid
 On things that ev'ry moment change.
 But could my faith lay all its load
 On Jesus' everlasting name,
 Upon the righteousness of God,
 And divine truth that's still the same:

Could I believe what God has spoke,
 Rely on his unchanging love,
And cease to grasp at fleeting smoke,
 No changes would my mountain move.
But when, how soon the frame's away,
 And comfortable feeling fail;
So soon my faith falls in decay,
 And unbelieving doubts prevail:
This proves the charge of latent vice,
 And plain my faith's defects may show;
I built the house on thawing ice,
 That tumbles with the melting snow.
When divine smiles in sight appear,
 And I enjoy the heav'nly gale;
When wind and tide, and all is fair,
 I dream my faith shall never fail:
My heart will false conclusions draw,
 That strong my mountain shall remain;
That in my faith there's not a flaw,
 I'll never, never doubt again.
I think the only rest I take,
 Is God's unfading word and name;
And fancy not my faith so weak,
 As e'er to trust a fading frame.
But, ah! by sudden turns I see
 My lying heart's fallacious guilt,
And that my faith, not firm in me,
 On sinking sand was partly built:
For lo! when warming beams are gone,
 And shadows fall; alas! 'tis odd,
I cannot wait the rising sun,
 I cannot trust a hiding God.
So much my faith's affiance seems
 Its life from fading joys to bring,
That when I lose the dying streams,
 I cannot trust the living spring.
When drops of comfort quickly dry'd
 And sensible enjoyments fail;
When cheering apples are deny'd,
 Then doubts instead of faith prevail.

But why, though fruit be snatch'd from me,
Should I distrust the glorious root,
And still affront the standing tree,
By trusting more to falling fruit;

The smallest trials may evince
My faith unfit to stand the shock,
That more depends on fleeting sense,
Than on the fix'd eternal Rock.

The safest ark when floods arise,
Is stable truth that changes not;
How weak's my faith, that more relies
On feeble sense's floating boat?

For when the fleeting frame is gone,
I straight my state in question call;
I drop and sink in deeps anon,
As if my frame were all in all.

But though I miss the pleasing gale,
And heav'n withdraw the charming glance;
Unless JEHOVAH's oath can fail,
My faith may keep its countenance.

The frame of nature shall decay,
Time-changes break her rusty chains;
Yea, heav'n and earth shall pass away;
But faith's foundation firm remains.

Heav'n's promises so fix'dly stand,
Ingrav'd with an immortal pen,
In great IMMANUEL's mighty hand,
All hell's attempts to raze are vain.

Did faith with none but truth advise,
My steady soul would move no more,
Than stable hills when tempests rise,
Or solid rocks when billows roar.

But when my faith the counsel hears
Of present sense and reason blind,
My wav'ring spirit then appears
A feather to's'd with ev'ry wind.

Lame legs of faith unequal crook;
Thus mine, alas! unev'nly stand,
Else I would trust my stable rock,
Not fading frames and feeble sand:

I would, when dying comforts fly,
As much as when they present were,
Upon my living joy rely,
Help, Lord, for here I daily err.

C H A P. V.

The BELIEVER'S PRINCIPLES concerning
Heaven and Earth.

S E C T. I.

The Work and Contention of Heaven.

IN heav'nly choirs a question rose,
That stirr'd up strife will never close,
What rank of all the ransom'd race
Owes highest praise to sov'reign grace?
Babes thither caught from womb and breast,
Claim'd right to sing above the rest;
Because they found the happy shore
They never saw nor sought before.
Those that arriv'd at riper age,
Before they left the dusky stage,
Though grace deserv'd yet higher praise,
That wash'd the blots of num'rous days.
Anon the war more close began,
What praising harps should lead the van?
And which of grace's heav'nly peers
Was deepest run in her arrears?
" 'Tis I, (said one), 'bove all my race,
" Am debtor chief to glorious grace."
" Nay, (said another), hark, I trow
" I'm more oblig'd to grace than you."
" Stay, (said a third), I deepest share
" In owing praise beyond compare;
" The chief of sinners you'll allow,
" Must be the chief of singers now."
" Hold, (said a fourth), I here protest
" My praises must outvie the best;
" For I'm of all the human race
" The highest miracle of grace."

" Stop, (said a fifth), these notes forbear,
 " Lo! I'm the greatest wonder here;
 " For I of all the race that fell,
 " Deserv'd the lowest place in hell.

A soul that higher yet aspir'd,
 With equal love to Jesus fir'd,
 " 'Tis mine to sing the highest notes
 " To love, that wash'd the foulest blots."
 " Ho! (cry'd a mate), 'tis mine I'll prove,
 " Who sinn'd in spite of light and love,
 " To sound his praise with loudest bell,
 " That sav'd me from the lowest hell.
 " Come, come, (said one), I'll hold the plea
 " That highest praise is due by me;
 " For mine, of all the sav'd by grace,
 " Was the most dreadful, desp'rate case."

Another rising at his side,
 As fond to praise, and free of pride,
 Cry'd, "Pray give place, for I defy
 " That you should owe more praise than I:
 " I'll yield to none in this debate;
 " I'm run so deep in grace's debt,
 " That sure I am, I boldly can
 " Compare with all the heav'nly clan."

Quick o'er their head a trump awoke,
 " Your songs my very heart have spoke;
 " But ev'ry note you here propall,
 " Belongs to me beyond you all."

The list'ning millions round about
 With sweet resentment loudly shout;
 " What voice is this, comparing notes,
 " That to their song chief place allots?
 " We can't allow of such a sound,
 " That you alone have highest ground
 " To sing the royalties of grace;
 " We claim the same adoring place."

What! will no rival-finger yield
 He has a match upon the field?
 " Come then, and let us all agree
 " To praise upon the highest key."

Then jointly all the harpers round
In mind unite, with solemn sound,
And strokes upon the highest string,
Made all the heav'nly arches ring:
Ring loud with Hallelujah's high,
To him that sent his Son to die;
And to the worthy Lamb of God,
That lov'd and wash'd them in his blood.
Free grace was sov'reign empress crown'd
In pomp, with joyous shout around:
Assisting angels clapp'd their wings,
And sounding grace on all their strings.
The emulation round the throne
Made prostrate hosts (who ev'ry one
The humblest place their right avow)
Strive who shall give the lowest bow.
The next contention without vice
Among the birds of paradise,
Made ev'ry glorious warbling throat
Strive who should raise the highest note.
Thus in sweet holy humble strife,
Along their endless, joyful life,
Of Jesus all the harpers rove,
And sing the wonders of his love.
Their discord makes them all unite
In raptures most divinely sweet;
So great the song, so grave the base,
Melodious music fills the place.

S E C T. II.

Earth despicable, Heaven desirable.

THERE's nothing round the spacious earth
To suit my vast desires;
To more refin'd and solid mirth
My boundless thought aspires.
Fain would I leave this mournful place,
This music dull, where none
But heavy notes have any grace,
And mirth accents the mean:

U

Where troubles tread upon reliefs,
New woes with older blend ;
Where rolling storms and circling griefs
Run round without an end :
Where waters wrestling with the stones,
Do fight themselves to foam,
And hollow clouds, with thund'ring groans,
Discharge their pregnant womb :
Where eagles mounting meet with rubs
That dash them from the sky ;
And cedars, shrinking into shrubs,
In ruin prostrate lie :
Where sin the author of turmoils,
The cause of death and hell ;
The one thing foul that all things foils,
Does most befriended dwell.
The purchaser of night and woe,
The forfeiter of day,
The debt that ev'ry man did owe,
But only God could pay.
Bewitching ill, indors'd with hope,
Subscribed with despair :
Ugly in death when eyes are ope,
Though life may paint it fair.
Small wonder that I droop alone
In such a doleful place ;
When lo ! my dearest friend is gone,
My Father hides his face.
And though in words I seem to show
The fawning poets style,
Yet is my plaint no feigned woe ;
I languish in exile.
I long to share the happiness
Of that triumphant throne,
That swim in seas of boundless bliss
Eternity along.
When but in drops here by the way
Free love distils itself,
I pour contempt on hills of prey,
And heaps of worldly pelf.

To be amidst my little joys,
Thrones, sceptres, crowns, and kings,
Are nothing else but little toys,
And despicable things.

Down with disdain earth's pomp I thrust,
Bid tempting wealth away ;
Heav'n is not made of yellow dust,
Nor blifs of glitt'ring clay.

Sweet was the hour I freedom felt
To call my Jesus mine ;
To see his smiling face, and melt
In pleasures all divine.

Let fools an heav'n of shades pursue,
But I for substance am :
The heav'n I seek is likeness to,
And vision of the Lamb :

The worthy Lamb with glory crown'd
In his august abode ;
Inthron'd sublime, and deck'd around
With all the pomp of God.

I long to join the saints above,
Who crown'd with glorious bays,
Through radiant files of angels move,
And rival them in praise :

In praise to JAH, the God of love,
The fair incarnate Son,
The holy co-eternal Dove,
The good, the great Three-one.

In hope to sing without a sob
The anthem ever new,
I gladly bid the dusty glob,
And vain delights, Adieu.

The END of the GOSPEL SONNETS.

The following POEM, the second Part of which, was wrote by Mr. ERSKINE, is here inserted, to fill up this Page, as a proper Subject of Meditation to Smokers of Tobacco.

Smoking Spiritualized,

IN TWO PARTS.

The first Part being an old MEDITATION upon Smoking Tobacco; the second, a new Addition to it, or Improvement of it.

PART I.

THIS Indian weed now wither'd quite,
Tho' green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay;
All flesh is hay.

Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The pipe so lily-like and weak,
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak.
Thou art ev'n such,
Gone with a touch.

Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then thou behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff,
Gone with a puff.

Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soul defil'd with sin;
For then the fire,
It does require.

Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And seest the ashes cast away;
Then to thyself thou mayest say,
That to the dust
Return thou must.

Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

PART II.

WAS this small plant for thee cut down?
So was the Plant of great renown;
Which mercy sends,
For nobler ends.

Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Doth juice medicinal proceed
From such a naughty foreign weed?
Then what's the pow'r
Of Jesse's flow'r?

Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The promise, like the pipe, inlays,
And by the mouth of faith conveys
What virtue flows
From Sharon's rose.

Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

In vain th' unlighted pipe you blow;
Your pains in outward means are so,
Till heav'nly fire
The heart inspire.

Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The smoke, like burning incense, tow'rs;
So should a praying heart of yours,
With ardent cries,
Surmount the skies.

Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

A
PARAPHRASE,
OR,
LARGE EXPLICATORY POEM,
UPON THE
SONG of SOLOMON.

WHEREIN,

The mutual Love of CHRIST and his CHURCH, contained
in that Old-Testament SONG, is imitated in the
Language of the New-Testament, and adapted to
the Gospel-Dispensation.

P R E F A C E

TO THE

PARAPHRASE,

DIRECTED TO

THE CURIOUS AND SERIOUS READERS.

CURIOUS READER,

I DO not propose, by the following lines, to satisfy your curiosity any further than by a plain explication of this Scriptural Song, in a way adapted to the New-testament dispensation: and, perhaps, you will be at no loss, if you find the equity of the Paraphrase, even where you lose the elegance of the poem; or, if you find any truth to edify your soul, though you should miss a pompous embellishment to gratify your fancy. If I had been of the opinion, that no poem should see the light, but such as has the name of some great and famous poet prefixed to it, and could reasonably expect the universal applause of a learned age, I would never have consented to the publication of this, in a day wherein the art of poesy is improved to such great perfection by some, whose bright genius has made them capable to set forth their poetical productions in a very beautiful and splendid dress. If I thought that nothing now cast into the mould of metre could be useful and edifying, but what is superlatively fine, I would have been quite discouraged from this attempt: but to be of this mind were, in effect, to think there could be no wholesom food but what is presented in a lordly dish; no good lodging in any house, but such as were built by some curious mechanic, or famous architect; nor convenient accommodation in any room or chamber, but such as were finely painted, or hung around with very neat arras. How few would there be to fight for their country, if none were allowed to do so, but mighty heroes, great champions, and such as are head and shoulders higher than others? How many must go naked, if no clothing were allowed but silk and sattin, and rich embroideries? It will be hard to persuade the world that none should write, or make use of a pen, but such as could imitate the finest copper-plate; or that none should open their mouth to speak above their breath, but such as can equal the finest orator.

But though, in this Essay, I pretend not to act the part of the lofty poet; yet I have endeavoured, that what I hope is obvious to the vulgar, and not above their view, may be, at the same time, not nauseous to the polite, nor below their view, if they are such as

can lay aside the sullen air of criticism. These to whom no plain, serious gospel-truths can give any satisfaction, and to whom nothing else but flowers of wit, and flights of rhetoric, can give delight, do, perhaps, too much bewray their ignorance of pious pleasures. The soul may be miserably hungred and starved, where the fancy only is pleased and feasted. And hence I look upon it as a most candid and ingenious acknowledgement of a famous and religious poet*, in the preface to his excellent Hymns and Spiritual Songs, speaking of some of them; "I confess myself, says he, to have been too oft tempted away from the more spiritual designs I proposed, by some gay and flowery expressions that gratified the fancy; the bright images too oft prevailed above the fire of divine affection, and the light exceeded the heat." Now, though I own, that the defect of my poetical talent might lead me to an acknowledgement of a quite other nature, being sensible how much every paragraph here despairs of giving much delight to these of a more refined taste, and of pleasing the fancy with many bright embellishments of poetry; yet the great scarcity of these may have this great advantage, that here there are few such beautiful flowers, or bright images, to tempt any man away from the spiritual design; or so to gratify the fancy, and to prevail above the fire of divine affection that should burn in the heart with a heat equal to the light. Not that I am disobliged with these gay and flowery expressions, in this and other valuable authors, whereby they are so apt to be a temptation to themselves and their readers, even in their spiritual Songs; for, I must confess, they have been oft so tempting and alluring to myself, that as I have frequently, both here and elsewhere, essayed to imitate them, by adopting some of their delicious metaphors, so I would have certainly run into the same fault, if I had been endowed with the same genius: only I may infer from the foresaid confession, that poems upon divine subjects, which afford not a train of those gay temptations, that bewitch the fancy and divert the imagination, may, upon this account, be at least not the less fitted for advancing spiritual designs and divine affection.

I am not here to make any apology for the metre, though some may judge that, in this essay, I have studied rhyme as much as poetry. I know that there may be good music and measure without the gingle of a crambo; and that it is a great weakness to humour the sound, so as to darken the sense. I own, my difficulty never lay much in studying the crambo, with the even cadency; for these, if they be any parts or properties of poetry, occurred natively enough, without much thought: and, perhaps, it would have been a fault to have slighted the rhyme designedly in a composition of this sort, fitted for the religious recreation of serious Christians; especially when I find the fore-mentioned eminent poet (by whose remarks, of which I had a little specimen, perhaps the following sheets had been better polished for the public, had his circumstances allowed a more close and full review thereof) in his Hymns, page 194. by a marginal note,

* Dr. ISAAC WATTS.

I find him, I say, hoping, "the reader will forgive the neglect of "rhyme even in the first and third lines of the Stanza throughout some "following pages;" which supposes it may be a fault, in his opinion, not to humour the metre in essays of this nature. But, if any think, I have done it too much, all I can accuse myself of, is only that I did not neglect the rhyme, when words favouring it, appeared to me as apposite to the purpose as others, and the low genius afforded no better.

I am sorry for your sake, curious Reader, that precious truth is here set before you in such a coarse garb; but, if you attend to the matter, it will, as I formerly said, be no loss to you, that you have not here many artful embroideries. I do not indeed think that sacred truth can be set off in too comely a dress; no more than I think that the Holy Bible can be printed with too good a type, or too fine a paper; but, if every page and passage thereof were illuminate or adorned with fine cuts, I suppose this would do more harm than good, and be more diverting than edifying.

I should be glad to see this sacred book painted forth in more lively, pure, and spiritual colours, than it can appear into, in this homely Essay; however, if the picture here be but just, you will perhaps be much obliged to a genius that could not set it within a curiously gilded frame to divert your eye from it.

But when you hear of the spirituality and religious design of this Poem, and that (as I may shew in the other part of the preface) the subject thereof is not the Fair Circassian, but the Fair Christian, and his infinitely fairer Head and Husband, JESUS CHRIST; though the theme be more noble in itself, and more needful to be read and considered, than all the wanton sonnets in the world, however artfully trimmed; yet I am afraid this subject be thought so jejune, insipid, and unfashionable, that it is possible, after you have satisfied your curiosity so as to glance over a few lines of this book, you may throw it aside like an old almanack, and soon give your judgment *pro* or *con*; and this is all the poor profit and advantage you shall get by it, if you remain always more *curious* than *serious*. And since I have done with you, I shall apply myself to those to whom this little Essay will readily be more welcome and acceptable.

SERIOUS READER,

THOUGH it is especially for your spiritual edification, and comfort, I have essayed, in this manner, to explain and open up the gospel that is contained in this sacred Song; yet I design not to say one word to you in commendation of this Poem upon it; nor does it deserve I should, if it cannot, through the blessing of God, commend itself to your heart and experience. But if you are exercised unto godliness, and acquainted with the sweet life of fellowship and communion with our Lord Jesus Christ, I hope you shall see here a picture and representation both of his heart towards you, and of your heart towards him:

him: and a portraiture of the sweetest experience of intimacy with heaven, that the bride of Christ can have upon earth. And I judge, that a song upon this subject is not unseasonable amidst these evil days, wherein the songs of the temple are like to be turned into howlings, and wherein the bride, the Lamb's wife, is ready to hang her harp upon the willows. How desirable were it, if this little book might prove a mean for helping her to sing away her sorrows, and to harmonize with the design of that precious promise, Hios. ii. 15. "I will give her the valley of Achor for a door of hope, and she shall sing there!" To drive away the night of trouble with songs of praise, would be a work and exercise most suitable to that gracious name our Lord takes to himself, Job xxxv. 10. "God our Maker, who gives songs in the night."

We have a divine precept, perhaps too much forgotten and neglected even among the serious, Eph. v. 18, 19.—"Be filled with the Spirit: speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." And, Col. iii. 16. "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in wisdom; teaching and admonishing one-another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." And how we are to sing, we are further taught, not only by the apostle's example, 1 Cor. xiv. 15. "I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also:" but likewise by an express divine appointment; Psalm xlvii. 6, 7. where the command to sing is repeated five times in a breath, "Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing praises unto our King, sing praises: sing ye praises with understanding."—Now, this sacred Song of Solomon being very mysterious and metaphorical, that you may be the more able to sing it over with understanding and judgment, I have endeavoured to lay open the mysteries and metaphors thereof to your view.

I have designedly cast this book into the mould of common metre; because, as it was intended especially for the use of serious Christians in this part of the island; so, in case any of them should see fit to make some of these lines a part of their spiritual and devout recreation in secret, they might, if they please, sing them over in any of the tunes to which they are accustomed in our Scots churches, where none but the common tunes are used. And, on the whole, I am so far from attempting to soar aloft above your capacity, that, where-ever I have been obliged to use any words (such as *prolific*, *mellifluous*; &c.) which I reckon not so obvious to the understanding of the vulgar, I have explained it upon the margin; and hope it is but very seldom any such words occur to cloud and darken the sense to you.

I know that this sacred book of scripture, wherein the sweetest and noblest instances of the grace of Christ, toward his church and people, are represented under the figure of a conjugal state, has been greatly profaned by impure writers, who have used, or rather abused their poetical art, to the gratifying of carnal minds, and prostituting this holy divine song to the most unholy ends. I have; therefore, endeavoured in this Paraphrase, so to open the import of every
meta-

metaphor, as to secure it from being perverted and abused to wanton passions; which, I hope, shall find no handle here by any mode of expression tending to divert the mind from the spirituality of the theme. The composition upon every text here is such, as, I think, without great violence done to it, can never be applied to any lovers inferior to that glorious Bridegroom, the Lamb of God; and *the Bride, the Lamb's wife*, as the church is designed, Rev. xxi. 9.

I thought it needless here, in a prefatory way, to offer you a Key for opening this Song, since this has been done so oft and so well already by others, and particularly DURHAM's book upon it, which is so common among many hands; I refer the reader to his *Clavis Cantici*, prefixed to that book. Mr. HENRY says, the best key for opening this book is the forty-fifth Psalm, which we find applied to Christ in the New Testament. And it seems the more fit this book be now opened, in a way suited to that dispensation, since Christ is more frequently and clearly represented in the New Testament than in the Old, as *the Bridegroom* of his church and people; for which I might multiply instances, were it needful.

The objections of adversaries, against the divinity of this book, are but weak and trifling, while we are confirmed in the faith of its divine extraction, and spiritual application to the marriage between Christ and his church, by the antient, constant, and concurring testimony both of the Jewish and Christian church. And hence, though to carnal minds, it is a flower out of which they have extracted poison; yet, to these that are spiritual, it is sweeter than honey and the honey-comb; insomuch, that some have made it the mark and characteristic of a saint, to find and experience the spiritual relish and quickening savour of this part of scripture.

Profane wits, who ridicule this lofty anthem as a carnal Epithalamium, or Marriage-song, seem to be at a nonplus whether to apply it to Solomon's marriage with the Egyptian princess, or a Circassian dame; but they must be yet at a greater loss, what to make of some compliments and commendations given to Solomon's bride, if they were to be properly (and not figuratively) understood. For, how monstrous and ridiculous were it to describe her as having "An head like Carmel, teeth like a flock of sheep, a nose like the tower of Lebanon looking toward Damascus, and terrible like an army with banners!" &c.—And, if Solomon's chariot were to be understood properly and materially, of what matter would they suppose it to be made, when the midst of it is said to be paved with Love? Or, if Love be no material thing; how shall it be a material chariot?—But this sacred Song is not the worse, because profane and wanton wits abuse it, and endeavour to fasten their absurd and obscene senses upon some passages of it.—It requires, indeed, as some interpreters acknowledge, a sober and pious, not a foolish and lascivious reader. It breathes forth the hottest flames of love between Christ and his people; and has, in all ages of the church, been most sweet, comfortable, and useful, to all that have read it with serious and spiritual eyes. One of the fathers [viz. Athanasius] comparing this Song with the other scriptures of
the

the Old Testament, says, "It is like John the Baptist among the prophets: other scriptures speak of Christ as coming, and afar off; this speaks of him, and to him, as already come, and near-hand: so familiar and present is he here represented both to the faith and sense of his people." Zanchius makes this Song a compend and copy of the spiritual marriage with Christ. And another great divine [Bodius in Eph.] calls it, *Ipsi fidei et religionis Christianæ medulla*; i. e. "The very marrow and substance of faith and Christianity itself." And therefore, I hope it will not be reckoned an unprofitable work or service, to open up, in a homely poesy, sunk to the level of vulgar capacities, the great gospel-mysteries contained in this allegorical scripture, and in a strain suited to the New-testament dispensation.

This essay, serious Reader, being the fruit of some study and application only at leisure-hours, is, on this account, the work of several years; and though occasions had allowed, yet the nature of the study, however pleasant in itself, was more severe, both to body and mind, than to have allowed a continued progress in it, without many intermissions, till it was finished. Some parts of this composition being therefore at some years distance from other parts of it, it is possible some discerning and judicious readers will observe, that some of the texts and chapters are explained with more life and accuracy than others; which may be easily accounted for, by every one who knows that the vein of poesy and frame of spirit is subject to various alterations, higher or lower, at different times.—The greatest defect I have here found myself to labour under, was with reference especially to that spirituality of frame, heavenliness of mind, and close communion with Christ, that an essay to open this sacred divine Song required; since in it the believer's most intimate fellowship with this glorious Bridegroom is represented under so many figurative expressions. However, it has been my earnest desire sometimes, That my labour in this may not be in vain in the Lord; but that it might contribute, through the divine blessing, to the instruction, edification, and comfort of the Lord's people, especially such as have little access to read large comments upon this sacred Song; and particularly those of the congregation which I have so long had a special concern in, and relation to, and to whom I have but very seldom preached upon texts in this book of the Song of Solomon.

It must be owned, there are great depths in this allegorical scripture; the letter whereof kills these that rest in that, and look no further; but the Spirit thereof giveth life, 2 Cor. iii. 6. John vi. 63.; and that it requires great pains, and caution, to point out the meaning of the Holy Ghost, in every part of this poetical book, and in applying the figures and similes therein to the several graces and virtues of the Bridegroom and Bride; and therefore I have not admitted of any private thought or imagination of mine own, in the interpretation of this notable part of holy scripture, without observing my view thereof to be agreeable with the judgment of
found

found commentators upon it. Though they could afford me little help as to the form, yet from them I willingly collected materials.— Nor did I venture to make a Paraphrase upon any one verse here, till I had consulted them, and was satisfied that I should not deviate from the current of orthodox writers, their judgment upon it, of which you have here a sum. Though yet the Paraphrase is the longer, that I have not only enlarged upon these places that I reckoned were most emphatical, but also touched at the connection of one verse and purpose with another, where I thought it was necessary for the illustration of the scope. Nor have I past over any one verse, however more curtly treated than others, without giving some plain view of the meaning and import of it. And, if more seem to be said upon any verse in this Song than is directly imported in it, I hope it will be reckoned no great fault, if what is said be deducible from it, or necessary for the further explication of it, and for adapting this Paraphrase upon an Old-Testament song to a New-testament dispensation. Besides, the sense being cramped and contracted within the narrow bounds of common metre, has sometimes made the repetition (though not of words, yet) of matter unavoidable: and though every explication is but an amplified circumlocution; yet I have used as few repetitions as could consist with my design of conveying a clear idea of the meaning.

I thought fit to set down the scripture-text at large before the Paraphrase; partly, that every one, even of these who would hardly be at the pains to consult their Bibles, might have an opportunity to compare the text and Paraphrase together; and partly, that there might be occasion to mark, upon the margin, some of the different readings that the original text admits of, which I endeavour also not to neglect in the Paraphrase.

A
P A R A P H R A S E
O N T H E
S O N G o f S O L O M O N.

=====

C H A P. I.

The Church's Love unto CHRIST.—She confesseth her Deformity, and prayeth to be directed to his flock.—CHRIST directeth her to the Shepherds Tents; and sheweth his love to her, by giving her gracious Promises.—The Church and CHRIST congratulate one another.

The T I T L E.

Ver. I. *The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's.*

THE choice of anthems * exquisite, * *Songs.*
From Sol'mon's sacred pen,
Which doth to heav'nly love excite
The souls of holy men.
Its characters divine evince,
And evidently clear,
A wiser King, a greater Prince,
Than Solomon is here.
Who from above did animate,
And with celestial flame
Inspire the song, to equal that
Of Moses and the Lamb.
This to the Lamb's fair Bride belongs,
To sound on all her strings,
With tuneful harp, the Song of songs
To Christ the King of kings.

CHRIST'S Words.

*Ver. 2. Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth;
for thy † love is bitter than wine.*

Let him who in my room and place
Did act the kindest part,
The God of love, and Prince of peace,
The victor of my heart,
With sweet indearments from above,
Let him my soul embrace;
To shew my int'rest in his love,
And manifest his grace.

With blessings of thy mouth divine,
O may I favour'd be!
More precious is thy love than wine;
More sweet than life to me.

I was among the trait'rous crew
Doom'd to eternal fire,
When he, to pay the ransom, flew
On wings of strong desire.
Jesus the God, with naked arms,
Hangs on a cross and dies;
Then mounts the throne, with mighty charms,
T'embrace me from the skies.
His mouth delicious, Heav'n reveals;
His kisses from above
Are pardons, promises, and seals
Of everlasting love.

*Ver. 3. Because of the favour of thy good ointments,
thy name is as ointment poured forth; therefore
do the virgins love thee.*

The oil of gladness and of grace,
On thee pour'd largely forth,
Does spread around, in ev'ry place,
Thy favour and thy worth.
Like precious oil diffus'd, thy name
Along such odour sends;
That hence from virgin-souls a flame
Of holy love ascends.

† Heb. *Thy Loves.*

Thy love to them, thus shed abroad,
So much inflames their heart,
With love to thee ; that thou their God
Their darling also art.

O sav'ry names ! The Prophet kind,
Anointed to instruct ;
Who by his counsel leads the blind,
To glory will conduct.

Th' anointed Priest, by solemn vow,
Did once for sin atone :
The blood, that was the price, is now
The plea before the throne.

Th' anointed King, to bear the sway,
And dash the rebel foes,
To make the feeble win the day,
Though death and hell oppose.

Ev'n virgin-tongue with pleasure sings
Thy lasting honours, thus ;

" Jesus our Prophet ever brings
" The light of life to us.

" Jesus our Priest for ever lives
" To plead for us above :

" Jesus our King for ever gives
" The blessings of his love."

Ver. 4. *Draw me ; we will run after thee :—*

No strength to come to thee have I ;
Yea, Lord, no will to move ;
Till pow'r divine my bonds unty,
And draw with cords of love.

O draw me, Jesus, by thy grace,
Allure me by thy charms ;
Then we will run to thine embrace,
And flee into thine arms.

My zeal will other souls excite
When I am drawn to thee ;
With virgin saints will sinners meet,
And run along with me.

—*The King bath brought me into his chambers ; we
will be glad and rejoice in thee :—*

The glorious King, whom I besought,
Anon my cry did hear;

Me to his presence-chamber brought,
And kindly drew me near.

Then ev'ry thing that did annoy,
While I his absence mourn'd,
So quickly vanish'd into joy
My grief to gladness turn'd.

We'll now exult in thee, O King,
With holy chearfulness;
Our hearts will joy, our lips will sing,
Our lives will praise express.

*—We will remember thy love more than wine: the up-
right love thee.*

Our grateful mem'ries will record
This matchless love of thine,
And keep the relish thereof, Lord,
Beyond the richest wine.

Though fools abound, who nor desire
Nor pleasure fix on thee;
Yet wisdom's children all conspire,
To love and joy with me.

Th' upright without deceit, that prove
Like gold without alloy,
Make thee the object of their love,
And centre of their joy.

*Ver. 5. I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of
Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar at the curtains
of Solomon.*

Ye that professors are at large,
Or that are weak in grace,
Take no offence at me, I charge,
Nor at my swarthy race.

Shun not to come and share with me.
Both in my love and joy,
Because my visage black ye see
With sin and sore-annoy.

Though in myself I'm black indeed,
And in my outward lot;
Yet in my lovely, glorious Head
I'm fair without a spot.
Dusky like Kedar-tents am I,
O ye of Salem's race;
But yet with Sol'mon's curtains vie
For comeliness by grace.

Verse 6. Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me;—

Then gaze not with disdainful eyes
On me in sable clad;
Nor slight my beauty fair, that lies
Within the gloomy shade.
No wonder I so black became,
If ye the cause will note;
For fore sun-burnt and scorch'd I am
With persecution hot.
False brethren, that malignant race,
My mother's sons untrue,
In rage cast dust upon my face,
And sully'd all my hue.
They pour'd on me what open shame
Their malice could conceive;
With foul reproaches stain'd my name,
And us'd me like a slave.

—They made me the keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept.

They of their vineyards me the drudge
Opprest with crushing care:
Such servile labours, ye may judge,
My beauty much impair.
Yea, while, alas! thus toll'd, I slept,
And sloth my watch remov'd,
I've not my proper vineyard kept,
My talents not improv'd.

But though my folly hath me marr'd,
 And wrought my own distress;
 Yet be not at religion scarr'd,
 Nor stumbled at my bliss.
 For 'gainst myself I bear record,
 That hence my slav'ry flows:
 While I neglect to serve my Lord,
 I'm left to serve my foes.

*Verse 7. Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where
 thou feedest †, and where thou makest thy flock to
 rest at noon:—*

When sins and suff'rings work my grief,
 And both depress me so,
 My Lord alone can give relief;
 To whom I therefore go.
 O thou the darling of my heart,
 My soul's beloved One,
 Who Isra'l's kindly Shepherd art,
 Thy paths to me make known.
 O shew me where thy flocks are fed;
 Where dost thou cause them eat;
 And where thou giv'st them rest and shade
 At noon, from scorching heat.
 The pasture's fat, the shelter vast,
 That does thy sheep inclose;
 Fain would I feed in their repast,
 And rest in their repose.

*—For why should I be as one that turneth aside by
 the flocks of thy companions?*

For why should I that am thy bride
 Be left to starve and stray,
 Or seem as one that turns aside
 To any crooked way?
 All other loves my soul abhors,
 Thy rivals I disdain;
 With flocks of thy competitors
 Why should I wander then?

† The word is here *active*.

I all thy feign'd companions hate,
 They are a bane to me;
 My soul affects no other mate,
 No other Lord but thee.

O if I knew thy fix'd abode,
 I'd lodge for ever there;
 Where may I then enjoy my God?
 O tell me, tell me where!

CHRIST'S Words.

Verse 8. *If thou know not, O thou fairest among women,
 go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and
 feed thy kids beside the shepherds tents.*

O thou my bride, whom I esteem
 The fairest of thy race,
 However black thy form may seem
 While griefs do veil thy grace;
 Dost thou not know, my lovely bride,
 The shadow of the rock?
 Nor pastures green where I abide
 And feed my little flock?
 Come follow my directing grace,
 Which I afford to thee;
 I'll lead thee to the sweetest place
 Of fellowship with me:
 That hence thy feet may never swerve,
 Nor fall in snares and wrack,
 The footsteps of the flock observe,
 And follow thou the track.
 See how they climb the rock in droves,
 To social worship prone,
 And forthwith haunt retiring groves,
 To meet with me alone.
 Keep thou the beaten good old path,
 Yet new and living way,
 Which all my saints have trode by faith
 And prayer night and day.
 Though none of their disslik'd escapes
 Must be a rule to thee;
 Yet follow them in all the steps
 Wherein they follow me.

And, while my under-shepherds tents
Are kept in good repair,
Attend them still; for heav'n presents
My choicest dainties there.

These holy ordinances are
The pastures of my grace:
There feast thyself, nor thence debar
Thy little tender race.

Bring children, servants, all thy kids
Along to feed with thee;
Thy Lord all comers welcome bids
In offers full and free.

Make all within thy charge to haunt
These goodly tents of mine;
For there my feasts of love I grant
To nourish thee and thine.

Thus, that thy feet no more appear
With other flocks to roam,
In these my best inclosures here
Stay till I bring thee home.

Verse 9. *I have compared thee †, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharoah's chariots.*

My love, on whom the stream unspent
Of my affection flows,
Mine ears have heard thy heavy plaint
About thy naughty foes.

But they shall know to their remorse,
Their war had better be
To fight with Pharoah's chariot-horse,
Then dare to fight with thee.

To that well-harnest stately rout
I have thy strength compar'd,
Because my armour round about
Is thy defensive guard.

Thou mayst contemn the burnish'd spear
When brandish'd in the field;
As warlike horses laugh at fear,
And mock the glitt'ring shield.

† Or, *made thee like so.*

This wing'd array more swiftly damps
The foes that thee defy,
Than conqu'ring chariots through the camps
On thund'ring wheels that fly.

Weak in thyself thou art, but well
In me resides thy might;
Therefore the pow'rs of earth and hell
Need never thee affright.

Ver. 10. *Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels:
thy neck with chains of gold.*

My love, I heard thee also mone
Thy beauty marr'd and spilt;
And stile thyself a loathsome one,
Deform'd with sin and guilt.

But as my blood does counterpoise,
And all thy guilt displace;
So jewel-graces, golden-joys,
Do beautify thy face.

Each virtue that thy drefs bespeaks,
Doth thee more richly deck,
Than rows of gems adorn the cheeks,
Or chains of gold the neck.

An order just thy graces do
Like ev'nly rows maintain;
By mutual close connexion too
They're link'd as in a chain.

Thou hast thy royal Lord to thank
That thee a Moor betroth'd;
And then conform to highest rank,
With gold and jewels cloth'd.

To make thy cheeks and neck so fair,
Mine gave I to the stroke;
My cheeks to them that pluck'd the hair,
My neck to justice' block.

Ver. 11. *We will make † thee borders of gold, with
studs of silver.*

Object not, saying, How shall I,
So weak, so black a swain,
Such beauties in JEHOVAH'S eye
Or furnish or maintain?

† The word used for making man at first, Gen. i. 6.

For with united pow'r divine
 We FATHER, SON, and SP'RIT,
 Do stand engag'd thee to refine,
 And make thy form complete.

Keep thou no finite pow'rs in view,
 To grace and deck thee thus;
 Creation-work, both old and new,
 Belongs to none but us.

We'll make thee yet more radiant gems
 Of grace, without thine aid,
 To fence thy robe, like golden hems,
 With silver studs inlaid.

Thy growing grace shall thrive and bear
 A perfect crop at length;
 Yet by no might within thy sphere,
 But our concurring strength.

Thy gold and silver ornament
 Must strong and lasting prove;
 For, lo! it is the pow'rful vent
 Of our eternal love.

Of old the good, the great THREE-ONE,
 Did jointly take thy part;
 Thy naked soul we thought upon
 With pity in our heart.

We held a counsel for thy good,
 Where I, without a sob,
 Did choose a vesture dipt in blood
 To buy thy golden robe.

The CHURCH'S Words.

Ver. 12. ¶ *While the King sitteth at his table, my
 spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.*

Lo! Zion's King array'd in state,
 And love his luring vest,
 Makes ample grace his royal treat,
 And me his welcome guest.

When this his splendid table-head
 Is with his presence crown'd,
 My graces then like spikenard spread
 Their grateful odours round.

With joyful heart I smile and sing,
 Each grace doth rise and run,
 As languid plants revive and spring
 In presence of the sun.

If he withdraw, they fade and faint,
 Their vigour is restrain'd;
 But, by his sweet return, their scent
 And savour is regain'd.

While at his royal feast he sits,
 Such verdure fresh is giv'n,
 That ev'ry sprig of grace emits
 A fragrant smell of heav'n.

My glad affections leap and dance,
 When with a smiling face
 The King does spread and countenance
 The table of his grace.

Ver. 13. *A bundle of myrrh is my Well-beloved
 unto me; he shall ly all night betwixt my breasts.*

No wonder that my spikenard smells
 So sweetly when he comes;
 His love, that casts the scent, excells
 The choicest of perfumes.

Faith, love, and joy begin to stir,
 And spread their odours high,
 When Jesus, like a bunch of myrrh,
 Does in my bosom ly.

From this infolded bundle flies
 His favour all abroad:
 Such complicated sweetness lies
 In my incarnate God.

Abundant virtue here I see
 To ev'ry case adapt;
 The fulness of a Deity
 Is in the bundle wrapt.

Yea, in my well-beloved Lord,
 This plenitude divine.
 Is for my use and comfort stor'd;
 For he himself is mine.

And he has reign'd thus from above
To shew his glorious charms?

I'll hold him fast by faith and love,
As in my folded arms.

My heart and bosom, where he rests,
No other love shall know;
There he embrac'd shall ly, while lasts
The night of sin and wo.

This sweet repose shall wear away
The shadows of the night,
Until the dawning of the day
Of everlasting light.

Ver. 14. *My Beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire * in the vineyards of En-gedi.*

My best Belov'd, to whom the wings
Of my affections flee,
Is sweeter than the sweetest things
Of heav'n and earth to me.

In vineyards fair of En-gedi
Are camphire clusters sweet;
How infinitely more is he,
In whom I am complete! †

When sin and wrath my conscience press,
He standeth for my good,
A cluster full of righteousness,
And wrath-appeasing blood,
Still fresh in view, I may design
His dying love to me,
Like myrrh and camphire, sweet and fine,
New bleeding from the tree.

By faith I eat the cluster prest,
And drink the blood he spilt:
Of all love-banquets here's the best,
Atonement for my guilt.

To me this bleeding love of his
Shall ever precious be;
Whatever he to others is,
He's *all in all* to me.

* *Heb.* COPHER, the same word that signifies an *Atonement*,
or *Propitiation*. † *Col.* ii. 10.

CHRIST'S Words.

Verse 15. *Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold,
thou art fair, thou hast doves eyes.*

What! is thy heart a bed of rest,

A room reserv'd for me?

Behold, I come to be thy guest,

And vent my heart to thee!

My truth that can't the false decoy

Of flatt'ring lips approve,

Asserts, to elevate thy joy,

Thou art my pleasant love.

Lo, thou art fair! lo, thou art fair;

Twice fair thou art, I say;

My righteousness and graces are

Thy double bright array.

Though thou a spotted leopard

And black thyself dost see;

Yet, as a mark of my regard,

I'll see no spot in thee.

When to a dog of no avail

Thou humbly dost compare,

And call thyself a mass of hell,

Ev'n then I call thee fair.

But since thy faith can hardly own

My beauty put one thee;

Behold! behold! twice be it known,

Thou art all fair to me.

I see the beauty of the dove

Within thy soul that lies

Affections there exactly move

Like turtles charming eyes.

So modest, humble, pure, and chaste,

And faithful to their mate;

On me alone they fix and rest,

And all my rivals hate.

The CHURCH'S Words.

Verse 16. *Behold, thou art fair, my Beloved; yes,
pleasant;—*

What wonders, Lord, dost thou perform,
That stoopest thus so low,
To put thy beauty on a worm,
And then commend it so?

What! dost thou praise a native black?

I blush to find it true:

O lend me words to render back
The praise to whom 'tis due.

Lo! my Beloved THOU, even THOU,
Art infinitely fair;

Yea, altogether pleasant too,
And sweet beyond compare.

All comeliness divine in thee
Most gloriously does shine:

What beauty thou commends in me,
Is but the shade of thine.

Dost thou applaud the little stream
That from thy fulness rose?

How highly then should I esteem
The fountain whence it flows!

How shall I thee extol, my God?
It shames me to be mute,

When thou exalts a loathsome clod
Wrapt in a borrow'd suit.

But who, alas! can words invent
To magnify thy grace?

Seraphic pencils cannot paint
The beauties of thy face.

May my delighted eye still gaze
On charming pleasures here;

And what I cannot loudly praise,
I'll silently admire.

—*Also our bed is green.*

How can my tongue the favours hide

That thus my heart attach!

For never was a worthless bride

So happy in her match,

Besides his personage so great,
His equipage is fine;
His furniture and bed of state
For fellowship divine.

When here his love abroad is shed,
My soul, his chearful guest,
Sleeps in his arms, as in a bed
Of holy joy and rest.

If wisdom in a mystery
Will heav'n to hell betroth,
Th' ensuing miracle must be
One bed to serve us both.

What kindness here he does avouch,
No mortal tongue can tell:
The Heir of heav'n has made a couch
To hug an heir of hell.

Lo! this our bed of sweet solace,
Green like the verdant field,
Abundant fruits of holiness
Does by his blessing yield.

To deck our bed of nuptial loves,
Buds of the spring convey;
My fertile soul so pregnant proves,
I'm like an olive green.

Fair blossoms of indulgent grace
That shade the temple round,
With lively verdure paint the place,
And spread the holy ground.

Verse 17. *The beams of our house are cedar, and
our rafters * of fir †.*

Our nuptial-bed in Zion stands,
Within our royal court:
For there the blessing God commands,
There is his lov'd resort.
Our stately dwelling-house excels
The seats of mortal kings,
Whose pompous courts are nothing else
But specious empty things.

* Or, Galleries. † Or, Cypress.

Their gaudy grandeur shrinks away
 Within their with'ring bow'rs;
 No gilded house of mould'ring clay
 Is sure and strong like ours.
 The holy cov'nant Heav'n commands,
 With promises of note,
 By which our house compacted stands,
 Are beams which never rot.
 No cedar-wood from Lebanon,
 Nor fir so firm endures,
 As these our rafters, which his own
 Almighty pow'r secures.
 Thus stablish'd, even our lower courts
 Defy the gates of hell;
 For everlasting strength supports
 The dome wherein we dwell.
 In precious cypress gall'ries here
 We walk along in state;
 Such are the ordinances dear
 Of my imperial mate.
 In these sweet mansions of his grace
 I'll walk with great delight,
 Till he prepare a nobler place,
 To walk with him in white.

C H A P. II.

The mutual Love of CHRIST and his Church.—The
 Hope and Calling of the Church.—CHRIST's Care
 of the Church.—The Church's Profession, her Faith
 and Hope.

CHRIST's Words.

Ver. 1. *I am the Rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.*

SUCH tainted air from Adam's bow'r
 O'er curst mankind blows,
 That no green bed, nor sav'ry flow'r,
 In nature's desert grows.

Thou then that sings the verdant bed,
Adorn'd with flow'rs of grace ;
Come see the rose and lily spread,
That thus perfumes the place.

I **JESUS**, am the fragrant rose,
That healing odours yields ;
And free from common profit grows
In Sharon's open fields.

That all who please may freely come,
Of lapsed human race,
And share the sanative ‡ perfume
That suits their sickly case.

My bleeding love, so oft express'd
To guilty sinners, shows
A beauty in my bloody vest,
Beyond the ruddy rose.

Should I to comely show'rs compare
The beauties of my face,
Roses and lilies red and fair,
Would strive in it for place.

But what's my common paint cast o'er
The blossoms of the field.

Though Solomon in all his glore,
Must to their splendor yield.

Their comely form but serves to foil
The flow'r of flow'rs above,
Sprung from the hottest heav'nly soil,
My Father's fervent love.

Who thence the lily did translate
To valleys here below,
That virtue from my humbled state
To sinful worms might flow ;

And that in vales of misery,
When with'ring comforts fail,
The Rose of heav'n might also be
The lily of the vale.

Ver. 2. *As the lily among the thorns, so is my love
among the daughters.*

‡ Healing.

While I the rose and lily fair
 Join'd as my title claim,
 My love, the bride, must have a share
 Of my enamel'd name.

Mine image she so harmless bears
 Amidst a furious broil;
 She as a lily fair appears
 Ev'n in a thorny foil.

Among the daughters of despite,
 The offspring of the earth,
 Her lily-form, so lovely white,
 Shews her superior birth.

Beset with briers, that pierce and pain,
 Yet precious in my view;
 She pure and harmless does remain
 Among the noxious crew.

The whole of Satan's children are
 A field of hurtful thorns,
 Enrag'd by hell, to scratch and mar
 The flow'r that heav'n adorns.

But I'll provide in this turmoil
 My lily with a shield,
 And afterward a better foil,
 My glorious azure field.

The CHURCH's Words.

*Ver. 3. As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood,
 so is my Beloved among the sons.—*

My dearest Lord has won my heart
 With his mellifluous * tongue,
 That gives unworthy me a part
 Both in his name and song.

He to my need his names doth suit
 As if he could not be
 A rose and lily of repute,
 Without adorning me.

* *Sweetly eloquent.*

His fav'ry titles thus made known,
In such endearing ways,
As warp his name within my own,
Provoke my heart to praise.
Awake, my soul, commend his grace,
And sing the living tree,
Who by such apples of solace
Commends himself to thee.
Above the daughters of the earth
Does he extol my name?
Above the sons of higher birth
I will his praise proclaim.
As garden apple-tees excel
The forrest's barren race?
So shines my Lord o'er mortals all
With a superior grace.
His fruit so sweet, his form so fair,
His healing leaves so broad;
This tree of life bears no compare
With sons of men or God.
Created shrubs, wild gourds be gone,
I Climb a higher tree;
Jesus, the living God, alone
Yields shade and sap to me.

*—I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and
his fruit was sweet to my taste.*

What fool soever disagrees,
My sweet experience proves,
That Jesus is the tree of trees,
Among a thousand groves.
From paradise, within he grows,
He spreads his branches vast,
To give sweet shade for my repose,
Sweet fruit for my repast.
When sore fatigu'd, I sat by faith
Beneath his cooling shade;
Skreen'd from the heat of scorching wrath,
My shelter'd soul was glad.

The shadow of his righteousness,
 The covert of his blood,
 When conscious guilt and dread oppress,
 A happy peace conclude.

This shadow shields me from the fire
 That strikes the dread and awe,
 The flaming Heav'n's incensed ire
 And Sinai's fiery law.

Such shelter this thick shade imparts,
 That no temptation fierce,
 No feather'd shafts, nor fiery darts,
 Can once the shadow pierce.

When Christ my skreen is interpos'd,
 Between the flames and me,
 My joyful heart and lips unclos'd
 Adore the glorious tree.

No mortal tongue can speak the bliss
 That in his shade is giv'n;
 For then I'm safe from all distress,
 And taste an early heav'n.

The tree does with immortal food
 My fainting soul solace,
 With fruits the purchase of his blood,
 The apples of his grace.

O here's the tree of life, that gives
 The virtue sinners need,
 Enliv'ning fruit, and healing leaves,
 To raise and cure the dead. †

Pardons, and promises, and joys,
 Upon his branches grow;
 Which, bending down, with gentle poise,
 Unload themselves below.

Laden with grace, his fruit he drops,
 And spreads my table o'er,
 To please my taste, and feed my hopes,
 Until I feast in glore.

*Ver. 4. He brought me to the banquetting-house †, and
 his banner over me was love.*

† Rev. xxii, 2.

‡ Or, House of wine.

Who but my Lord, the living tree,
My leader also is,
That brings me near to taste and see
This love and grace of his?
Because my fall, he kindly thought,
Did nature's pow'r displace;
To his wine-cellars I was brought
By his almighty grace.
Brought from his garden, to his house,
To taste more joy divine;
From sipping of the apple-juice,
To drink the spiced wine.
With sweet and ravishing solace
My soul was feasted there,
In ordinances of his grace,
The house of his repair.
And lo! the royal flag display'd,
Dy'd with the bleeding vine,
Along my solemn entrance led
Into his house of wine.
With flying colours did I move,
And march triumphantly;
For then was love, victorious love,
His banner lifted high.
This signal of his grace adorn'd
That stately march of mine;
And for my entertainment turn'd
My water into wine.
Love's conqu'ring flag, for war so near,
Did all my sins subdue;
Love led the van, love fenc'd the rear,
Love dash'd the hellish crew.
My fainting heart was giv'n o'er,
Till with his ensign spread,
My Standard-bearer went before,
And all the furies fled.
Soul, now to arms; love fights and wins;
This banner guards my life:
Almighty Love will slay my sins,
And end the bloody strife.

Still therefore to pursue the chase,
 Till I triumph above;
 I'll mind the banquet of his grace,
 The banner of his love:

With love he march'd, with love he led,
 With love he arm'd my breast;
 With love he drew, with love he fed,
 With love he crown'd the feast!

Ver. 5. *Stay * me with flaggons, comfort † me with apples; for I am sick of love.*

Lo! while my mem'ry does review
 His matchless bleeding love,
 My spirit falls a-bleeding too,
 My bowels melt and move.

O ye whose office is to bear
 The vessels of his grace,
 Bring flaggons full of comfort here,
 And apples of solace.

Large vessels fetch, without delay,
 With cordials from above:

Haste, ere my spirits swoon away;
 I'm sick, I'm sick of love!

I'm overcome; I faint, I fail,
 Till love shall love relieve;
 More love divine the wound can heal
 That love divine did give.

The agent Christ alone I view,
 Though now my soul that faints
 In sickness raves of aid from you,
 That are but instruments.

Fill out the wine my Lord did bleed
 To stay and strengthen me:
 The deeper in his love I wade,
 The sweeter still is he.

Straw me with apples all along;
 Their taste does so surprise,
 I'd ly and roll myself among
 These fruits of paradise.

* Here the verbs are in the plural number, *stay ye me, comfort ye me.* † Heb. *Straw me.*

Support this sinking heart of mine
Beneath a weight of love,
With living fruit and gen'rous wine
From azure fields above.

I cannot surfeit here nor fift,
Ev'n though my cup run o'er;
But feed on hunger, drink on thirst,
And covet always more.

New feasts of love I seek, to free
And give love-sickness ease.
How can I lothe what sickens me,
So sweet is my disease?

The love, the love that I bespeak,
Does wonders in my soul;
For, when I'm whole, it makes me sick;
When sick, it makes me whole.

More of the joy that makes me faint
Would give me present ease:
If more should kill me, I'm content
To die of that disease.

Ver. 6. *His left-hand is under my head, and his right-hand doth embrace me.*

How soon my fainting soul did cry
For cordials to be brought,
So soon my Lord himself drew nigh,
With more than I had sought.

I sought wine flaggons, but anon
The vine drew near to me:
I sought but apples in my swoon,
And, lo! I found the tree.

When I on servants call'd in vain,
My Lord himself with speed
Did in his arms of love amain
Uphold my fainting head.

My heart's desire is now obtain'd,
I have my royal guest;
And, by his kind embrace sustain'd,
Do in his bosom rest.

He does with joys that can't be told
 My health and strength repair;
 And both his hands about me hold,
 To shew his tender care.

His left-hand for my support he
 • Beneath my head doth place;
 And for my comfort lendeth me
 His right-hand's soft embrace.

His presence brings a plenteous show'r
 Of blessings from above;
 For now I'm guarded with his pow'r,
 And girded with his love.

For my solace 'gainst sin and death
 I feel his heav'nly charms;
 And for my safety underneath
 His everlasting arms.

Ver. 7. *I charge you* *, *O ye daughters of Jerusalem,*
by the roes, and by the binds of the field, that ye
stir not, up nor awake my love †, till he please.

Immortal love her rest and room
 Does in my bosom take;
 Woe to the fury that shall come
 This joyful rest to break.

Soon as the tim'rous hinds and roes
 Are scarr'd from sleep and rest,
 Would earth and hell this sweet repose
 Maliciously infest.

O Salem's daughters, then I pray,
 And charge you stand in awe
 To waken love, or do what may
 Make Jesus to withdraw.

Yea, all about me I adjure,
 Professors and profane;
 Excepting neither rich nor poor,
 The sov'reign nor the swain:

* Heb. *Adjure you.*

† The word *my* is a supplement, and the word *love* is in the feminine gender. She speaks of Christ as *that love* eminently; or, *love* in the abstract: the original runs, *that ye stir not up nor awake love till it please.*

By pleasant roes and loving hinds,
 Affections emblem meet;
 By all that's dear to loving minds,
 And ev'ry thing that's sweet;
 By all that's lovely in your eyes,
 I earnestly obtest,
 Since Jesus in my bosom lies,
 Ye may not mar his rest.
 Begone, Sin, Satan, earthly toys,
 Far be ye from my heart:
 Approach not to disturb my joys,
 Nor cause my Lord depart.
 His smiles are free, he comes and goes,
 My happy hour is this:
 Why should ye prove such cursed foes
 To interrupt my blifs?
 My glorious Lord now sleeps within
 Mine arms of faith and love;
 I charge myself, my heart, my sin,
 Not once to stir nor move.
 He may as sov'reign countermand
 The signals of his grace;
 But never let a sinful hand
 Of mine eclipse his face.
 Let no deceitful lusts attend,
 To rob me of his charms;
 Nor cursed unbelief to rend
 My love out of mine arms.
 I all the spawn of hell explode,
 That would his rest annoy;
 O may I never grieve my God,
 Nor sin away my joy.

Verse 8. ¶ *The voice of my Beloved! Behold, he com-
 eth leaping upon * the mountains, skipping upon
 the hills.*

Sweet was the rest, but short the stay,
 Of Jesus my Belov'd;
 Who lately in my bosom lay,
 But instantly remov'd.

* Or, over.

Thus doth my sov'reign Lord declare
The freedom of his charms,
By slipping off, amidst my care
To hold him in mine arms.

Great hills, alas! now interveen
Betwixt my Lord and me;
His voice unheard, his face unseen:
Stop, stop; I hear! I see!

The voice of my Beloved sounds;
I know the charming lyre;
No mortal voice so sweetly wounds
And ravishes mine ear.

I hear the voice, I feel the dart,
My breast begins to burn,
The joyful sound revives my heart
With hopes of his return.

In's volume, *Lo! I come*, said he †,
And now I see him move,
In solemn triumph, towards me,
On wings of wondrous love.

His coming in the flesh I view,
Glad Heav'n his march attends:
And coming in the Spirit too,
For, lo! the Dove descends.

Dark shades adieu, bright morning springs;
Behold the gilded sphere!
Incarnate Love's perfumed wings
Now cleave the shady air.

He over hills and mountains high
Comes flying on the clouds,
In stately pomp advancing nigh,
Through all opposing crouds.

Of principalities and pow'rs
He makes an open shew;
Down, in his march, he throws the tow'rs
Of hell's outrageous crew.

He skips o'er rocks without delay,
Nor tarries he to climb;
For hills and mountains in the way
Are but a leap to him.

† Psalm xl. 7.

O'er heaps of sin to run he deigns ;
O'er hills of guilt to flee :
Nor death, nor hell, nor wrath restrains
His loving march to me.

Ver. 9. *My Beloved is like a roe, or a young hart:—*

When faith itself can hardly see
What pow'r could ever pave
The rocky mountains whereon he
Must come to seek and save ;
When manifold obstructions met,
My loving Jesus made
A stepping-stone of every let
That in his way was laid.
O'er hills of sin and vales of grief,
O'er mountains, rocks, and seas,
For my salvation and relief
He runs, he leaps, he flies.
O'er every Bether, high and low,
That him and me did part,
He marches like the bounding roe,
Or loving youthful hart.
To manifest that his delights
Were with the sons of men,
He hastens to restore their rights,
And rattle Satan's den.
No doubt remains of his good-will,
Whose speedy march does prove
His joyful fondness to fulfil
His purposes of love.
When heinous trespasses of mine,
Make me conclude that he
Will never any more incline
Again to visit me ;
And yet I see him hasting near,
And smiling in my face ;
How can I but adore, admire,
And magnify his grace !

—*Behold, he standeth behind our wall; he looketh
forth * at the windows, shewing † himself through
the lattices.*

Come, friends, admire how he renews

The visits of his grace,

And in what various forms he shews

The beauties of his face.

His darkest ways will prove him kind;

For, when he hides at all,

He goes not far, but stands behind

Our own partition-wall.

Though we alas! do build up high

The hiding wall of sin:

Yet he behind it, very nigh,

Stands ready to come in.

His feet no rest can elsewhere take,

But skipping, leaping, move,

Till me the resting-place he make,

And centre of his love.

And though, while in this distant place,

This vale of sin and thrall,

There's still between me and his face

A thick, a dark'ning wall;

Yet distance alters not his love,

Nor ought abates his care,

Which force him through the wall to move,

And make a window there:

That there, as through a window-glass

However dark and dim,

His eyes of love to me may pass,

Mine eye of faith to him.

Through lattices that light divide,

Through glorious gospel-lines,

A vail of flesh, a pierced side,

His love, his beauty shines.

Thus, like a beauteous flow'r in spring,

He shews himself in state,

Before the window flourishing,

And growing through the grate.

* Or rather, *looketh in.* † Heb. *Flourishing.*

Verse 10. *My Beloved spake, and said unto me ; Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away *.*

When my beloved Jesus nigh
Did to my soul appear,
His matchless beauty charm'd mine eye,
His gracious words mine ear.

Why, though the sweetest favours given
Are in his felt embrace ;
Yet surest intercourse with heav'n
Is by his word of grace.

I'll therefore sing the words he said,
And his alluring art,
Who me no silent visit made,
But spake into my heart.

The joyful sound my soul restor'd,
And heal'd to that degree,
I never will forget his word
By which he quick'ned me.

" Rise up, said he, my pleasant bride,

" And leave what thee annoys ;

" Lay killing fears and damps aside,

" And share my quick'ning joys.

" My love ! there is no spot in thee

" But what my grace shall hide ;

" Thou art, and evermore shalt be,

" My fair and comely bride.

" And since thou'rt mine by solemn tye,

" And I'm so fond of thee,

" It ill becomes thee to be shy

" And carry strange to me.

" Are mortal pleasures worth thy stay ?

" Fly from their dying arms ;

" Haste to my bosom, come away,

" And share immortal charms.

Verse 11. *For, lo ! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.*

* See Verse 13.

- " Come love, said he, for now thy way
" Is pleasant, safe, and plain :
" Behold a fair, inviting day,
" And heav'n above serene.
" Fear not the storm ; for, ere I gave
" The gracious call to thee,
" Fair weather I commanded have,
" And calm'd the raging sea.
" Thou hast no dang'rous winter-flight,
" No drop of wrath to dread ;
" The storm did with a vengeance light
" Down on thy Surety's head.
" So full did I my charge perform
" Once in thy room and place,
" That now no killing wrathful storm
" Can blow upon thy face.
" Tempestuous wrath and death is past,
" Stern justice is appeas'd ;
" Since I courageous bore the blast,
" All Heav'n is fully pleas'd.
" I call thee not to fight and bleed,
" But, free of pain and toil,
" To follow thy victorious Head,
" And gather in the spoil.
" Yea, winter of desertion's past,
" And rain of trouble o'er,
" While by my presence now thou hast
" An antepast * of glore.

Verse 12. *The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing † of birds is come.—*

- " Come, come ; for now beloved bride,
" By warming beams of grace,
" The youthful spring with flow'ry pride
" Looks smiling in thy face.

* Or, *foretaste*.

† Heb. *The time of singing is come*. The word rendered *singing*, signifies also to *prune*, or *crop*.

- " See lapsed nature's curfed earth,
" Nipt with a winter-fall,
" Now blest with buds of heav'nly birth
" And flow'rs around the ball.
" See Adam's dry and blasted root,
" Where briers and thorns were rife,
" Now bud and bear unfading fruit
" Unto immortal life.
" Lo! heav'n appears upon the ground
" Where hell grew up apace;
" While earthly hearts do now abound
" With heav'nly flow'rs of grace.
" The fading trees of righteousness
" Resume their fruitful life,
" While I the branches lop and dress,
" And blefs the pruning knife.
" The present time of peaceful spring
" From wintry blusters free,
" Invite the heav'nly birds to sing
" Upon the living tree.

—*And the voice of the turtle † is heard in our land.*

- " Lo! now is heard the heav'nly Dove,
" The sacred Turtle's voice;
" The joyful found of grace and love
" Makes drooping hearts rejoice.
" Resounding echoes through the plain
" From all my little doves,
" That in the valleys mourn amain,
" Melodious music proves.
" Their hearts that could nor joy nor mourn,
" So close bound up and pent,
" Have now upon their Lord's return,
" A joyful, mournful vent.
" As loving friends, long distant, do
" Most joyful meet their wish,
" Whose sorrows during absence, now
" Dissolving, bleed afresh:

† By the turtle, some understand the *Spirit*, some the *bride*.

- " So wrestling tribes, in chearful mones,
 " Their Lord approaching wait,
 " With joyful hearts, yet mournful tones,
 " As turtles meet their mate.
 " Sweet sounds, alluring all that list,
 " Are heard on every hand,
 " Around the field that I have blest,
 " And stil'd Immanuel's land.

Verse 13. *The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vine with the tender grape give a good smell.—*

- " Now, now is the accepted time,
 " When heav'nly plants of grace
 " All pressing forward to their prime,
 " And thriving, grow apace.
 " The figs, though yet unripe for meat,
 " Appear in green array :
 " Young grapes unripe for drink, yet sweet
 " And sav'ry scents convey.
 " With joy the early sprigs I see,
 " The young and tender race ;
 " And view with pleasure in mine eye,
 " The smallest buds of grace.
 " Yea, lo ! the well-advanced spring
 " Does in abundance now,
 " Not only flow'rs for pleasure bring,
 " But fruits for profit too.
 " The living vine incessant does
 " To ev'ry branch dispense,
 " Most sweet and odorif'rous juice,
 " From streams of hell to fence.
 " Are serpents said to flee the smell
 " Of vines with fear and dread ?
 " Perfumes of Heav'n's true Vine repell
 " Th' old serpent and his seed.

—*Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. **

- " Rise, drooping bride, while spring so sweet,
 " In place of winter snell,
 " Does thus by various charms invite
 " Thine eyes, and ears, and smell.

* See Verse 10.

- " Fair love, 'tis thee I'm fond to wed;
" 'Tis thee I'm loth to want:
" Come to thy heav'nly mate, and bid
" All earthly loves avaunt.
" Thy company and love to gain
" I am so strongly bent,
" I'll still insist, till I obtain
" Thy full and free consent.
" Haste to mine arms; for, didst thou move
" As I'm to thee inclin'd,
" Thy heart would on the wings of love
" Outfly the hasty wind.

Verse 14. ¶ *O my dove that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.*

- " My dove that in the lofty rock
" Are wont to nestle high,
" And to my wounds, when storms provoke,
" As shelt'ring holes to fly;
" In secret corners wont to vent
" Thy heart to me alone,
" Kindly to pour thy heavy plaint,
" And make thy humble mone:
" O why dost thou that built so high,
" At every threat'ning shoke,
" So tim'rous now for shelter fly
" To any lower rock?
" Why, frightened from thy lofty nest,
" To lurking holes and clefts
" Dost take, with shame and fear oppress,
" Such vain and sorry shifts?
" Look up, my dove; nor blush nor fear
" Thy heav'nly mate to face,
" Who wills thee boldly to appear
" Before his throne of grace.
" Lift voice and count'nance both upright,
" With confidence to me;
" And let thy voice mine ears delight,
" Thy countenance mine eye.

- " For sweet's thy voice of pray'r and praise,
 " Which please me more to hear,
 " Than ever choice melodious lays
 " Could charm a mortal ear.
 " Thy humblest mournful notes, my dove,
 " Excel, in my esteem,
 " Their highest strains that artful rove
 " In orat'ry divine.
 " Thy countenance is also fair
 " And comely in mine eyes;
 " Though earthly minds with scornful air
 " Thy heav'nly mein despise.
 " For, while my righteousness complete
 " Is still thy robe renown'd,
 " My graces in thy count'nance meet,
 " And cast their lustre round.

Verse 15. *Take † us the foxes, the little foxes that
 spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes.*

- " But since my bride's a tim'rous dove,
 " Soon scarr'd and set astray;
 " Care must be taken to remove
 " The fright'ning beasts of prey.
 " Of hurtful foes a hellish brood
 " Against her peace combines;
 " As in a vineyard foxes rude
 " Infest the feeble vines.
 " Let all concerned in her and me
 " Soon, at our instance, seize
 " The foxes great and small they see
 " That spoil the rising trees.
 " Ye ministers of my affairs,
 " My vineyard who attend,
 " I charge you guard against the snares
 " That do the vines offend.
 " All erring teachers soon descry,
 " Deceitful workers check;
 " All false apostles take and try,
 " Refute, repel, reject.

† *Take*, in the original, is in the plural number, *take ye*.

- " No cunning spoilers slightly mark,
 " No little foxes spare :
 " For these no small destruction work,
 " No little mischief share.
 " A little fox soon spoils and rents
 " Small branches to the stump :
 " A little leaven soon ferments
 " And leavens all the lump.
 " Our vines have small and tender grapes :
 " And if the strong, the big,
 " With much ado the hurt escapes,
 " How hardly will the sprig ?
 " Each soul be also taught to catch
 " Small foxes hid in heart ;
 " Vain thoughts, deceitful lusts, that hatch
 " And gender grievous smart.
 " Their little rising brats destroy,
 " Their small beginnings hush ;
 " Else they the buds of grace and joy,
 " The tender branches crush."

Verse 16. ¶ *My beloved is mine, and I am his; he feedeth † among the lilies ‡.*

Such were the kindly words he spoke

To give my soul repose ;

Such was the order strict he took

With my disturbing foes.

I'll therefore boldly now assert,

While yet he hides his face,

And own his int'rest in my heart,

My int'rest in his grace.

Lo! I am his, and he is mine ;

Our titles are involv'd

By mystic union, so divine

As cannot be dissolv'd.

Our mutual int'rest firm abides,

And will endure for ay ;

Hence, though behind the shades he hides,

He is not far away.

† Viz. *Himself*, or *his people*.

‡ That is, *his people*, or *his ordinances*.

Though heav'n the noblest banquet yields,
 Among his flow'rs above;
 Yet here amidst his lily-fields
 He keeps his feasts of love.

'Mongst saints whose robes are lily-white,
 By washing in his blood,
 To grace the feast is his delight,
 His meat, and drink, and food.

With loving care his flocks he feeds
 Upon the fatest place,
 Among the fairest lily-beds,
 The pastures of his grace.

By faith I wait my proper share,
 When nought by sense I see;
 And argue from his past'ral care
 His loving mind to me.

Ver. 17. * *Until the day break †, and the shadows
 flee away.*—

Among the lilies here below
 My Lord will feed and stay,
 Until eternal day shall blow
 Time's shady night away:
 Still therefore rays of joy remain,
 Tho' damp't with clouds of fear;
 Until he cleave the starry plain,
 And on the clouds appear.

Did saints of old, when wrapt in night,
 Believing, hope to see
 Incarnate Love's substantial light
 Make legal shadows flee?

'Tis done; and now the brighter sky
 Makes gospel-grace the pawn
 That all remaining shades shall die
 And sink in glory's dawn.

Her fiery wheels, with speedy flight,
 Shall o'er the shades be hurl'd;
 And deluges of dawning light
 O'erspread the dusky world.

* These words are applicable either to the preceding or following.

† Heb. *Breathe*, or *blow*.

Let there be light, once more he'll say,
 Who first did gild the ball :
 Then up shall rise the endless day,
 And down the shadows fall.
 Darkneſs the charge, *no more to be*,
 Shall hear, and ſoon obey ;
 And clouds of ſin and ſorrow flee
 Before the riſing day.
 The long dark nights that keep the field,
 And domineer'd with might,
 Shall then reſign their place, and yield
 To everlaſting light.
 Ev'n ordinances ſweet ſhall paſs,
 Which darkly ſhew him here ;
 For then he'll break the looking-glaſs,
 And face to face appear.
 Welcome, the great, the glorious ſcore ;
 Adieu, ſweet little pawns :
 I'll doubt, and fear, and ſin no more,
 When glory's morning dawns.

—Turn †, my Beloved, and be thou like a roe, or
 a young hart upon the mountains of Beſher ‡.

Kind Lord, till this bright morn appear
 To my eternal bliſs ;
 Till duſky ſhadows all retire
 And work no more diſtreſs :
 Turn, till this glorious break of day ;
 O turn to me thy face ;
 While in the ſhady vale I ſtay,
 Deny me not thy grace.
 While circling woes depreſs my ſoul
 To various darkſome urns :
 Let circling mercies round me roll,
 By various kind returns.
 O'er hills of ſin, and guilt, and wo,
 That place us far apart,
 Come marching like the bounding roe,
 Or loving youthful hart.

† Viz. *As in a circuit.*

‡ That is, *of diſviſion, or ſeparation.*

O'er mountains to their mates they move,
 They skip, they leap, they flee ;
 With equal ease, and speed, and love,
 Haste o'er the hills to me.

Though justly thou retire and hide,
 Thy favours stand unmov'd ;
 I'll therefore own I am thy bride,
 And thou art my Belov'd.

Hence shall dividing hills and rents
 Between my soul and thee,
 Be to my faith but arguments
 To haste thy march to me.

Let mighty hills, o'er much to go
 Defies my feeble limbs,
 Enhance the glory of the roe
 That rocks and mountains climbs.

Difficulties so huge to me
 I never can remove,
 Be but occasions fair to thee
 To shew thine active love.

Let rising mountains haste to view
 Of all-surmounting might :
 And ev'ning shades, the falling dew
 Of love, till morning light.

C H A P. III.

The Church's Fight and Victory in Temptation.—
 She glorieth in CHRIST.

The Church's Words.

Ver. 1. *By night on my bed I sought him whom my
 soul loveth : I sought him ; but I found him not.*

WHEN shadows dark, and mountains high,
 With stern united might,
 Conspir'd to hide him from mine eye.
 Whose absence is my night ;

Upon my drowsy bed alone,
 Amidst my slumbers tost,
 I sought him : but my slothful mone
 And lazy labour lost.

Love acting such a languid part,
 I felt a strange disease;
 An absent Lord, a careless heart,
 And rest without release.

Justly the darling of my soul,
 Still rolling in my mind,
 Did my dull suit again controul;
 I fought; but could not find.

Verse 2. I will rise now, and go about the city, in the streets and in the broad ways; I will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him; but I found him not.

Since my Beloved won't be found
 In such a sleepy road,
 I'll rouse, and rise, and go around
 The city of my God.

More life and vigour than before,
 Through grace, I will display;
 And in my search frequent no more
 This lazy, formal way.

But, shaking off my drowsy chains,
 About his courts I'll move,
 With more activity and pains,
 To seek my dearest Love.

I'll ev'ry secret corner trace,
 And search the public street,
 The ordinances of his grace,
 Till I my Saviour meet.

In mere resolves I did not list,
 But sought him here and there;
 Yet, ah! the God of Jacob mist,
 Ev'n in the house of pray'r.

So much did former laziness
 To present loss redound,
 That in the most devout address
 He was not to be found.

Verse 3. The watchmen that go about the city found me: to whom I said, Saw ye him whom my soul loveth.

Then was I (while I roam'd abroad)
By faithful watchmen found,
Who in the city of their God
Perform'd their painful round.

To whom I cry'd, with great respect,

“ Ye pilots of the blind,

“ Can ye my wand'ring steps direct

“ My dearest love to find ?

“ I hope, ye who with heav'nly art

“ Still tread the holy ground,

“ Well know the darling of my heart,

“ And where he may be found.

“ When my Belov'd is hid from you,

“ What paths, what means of grace ;

“ What course do ye yourselves pursue

“ To see his lovely face ?

“ Tell me, ye watchmen of the night,

“ I pray you, tell me where

“ Did ye espy my soul's delight ?

“ That I may seek him there.

“ O happy stars, if ye might be

“ My guides to Jesus now !

“ Seers, did ye my Saviour see ?

“ Pray, tell me where and how ?”

But, ah ! no lips of saints, or priests,

My present plaint could stay ;

All were but dry and empty breasts,

While Jesus was away.

My teachers left me still in doubt,

While he withheld his grace ;

Even when their doctrine found me out,

And touch'd my very case.

Though public means no present stop

Put to my bleeding wound ;

Yet, lo ! the healing dew they drop

I soon in private found.

*Verse 4. It was but a little that I passed from them,
but I found him whom my soul loveth:—*

When public ordinances fail'd
In easing my complaints;
When little to my help avail'd,
Or ministers or saints:
When means and duties could not do,
Though useful in their place,
As open inns; and precious too,
As sweet canals of grace:
Yet, proving, as to success, weak,
Beyond them all I past,
A little further step to make,
And found my Love at last.
When outward conduit-pipes could vent
No drop to help my need,
The little step I further went
Was to the fountain-head.
For passing through the brittle reeds,
And but a little space;
And looking o'er the servants' heads,
I saw the Master's face.
My trust in means did from them pass,
A higher rock to climb;
But through them, as the looking-glass,
I fixt mine eyes on him.
How soon through gospel telescopes
Faith did his glory spy;
Dismissing all inferior hopes,
My heart pursu'd mine eye.
I found my soul's beloved chase,
In all his pleasing charms;
Then joyful flew to his embrace,
And grasp'd him in mine arms.

—*I beld him †, and would not let him go,*—

His presence, which by faith and prayer,
I sought so much to gain;
Now, when enjoy'd, with equal care
I labour'd to retain.

† Viz. *firm*, as a man doth his possession.

I wept for joy to see his face ;
 And, like a kindly bride,
 Inclos'd him fast in mine embrace,
 And prest him to abide.

His presence did such bliss imply,
 His absence such a bane ;
 I now resolv'd that he and I
 Should never part again.

I saw his smiling face, where stood
 A thousand lovely charms ;
 And melted down into a flood
 Of pleasure in his arms.

And, lighting now on Jacob's road,
 Did equal fervour show ;
 I wept and wrestled with my God,
 And would not let him go †.

In heat of battle for the bliss,
 On pleasant Bethel plains ;
 I held him by his faithfulness,
 The girdle of his reins.

And while I made his truth my shield,
 His word of grace my stay ;
 The God of Jacob deign'd to yield,
 And could not say me nay.

Of freedom great without offence
 Allowing me my fill :
 With holy, humble violence
 I won him to my will.

*—Until I had brought him into my mother's house, and
 into the chambers of her that conceived me.*

While such a banquet I enjoy'd,
 Such pow'r with God in pray'r,
 My court and moyen * I employ'd,
 That others too might share.

Rememb'ring, while I suck'd the comb,
 My starving friends in jail ;
 I brought him to my mother's home,
 His largesses to deal ;

† Gen. xxxii. 24.—28. Hos. xii. 4.

* Interest.

That all the relatives might taste
My present wondrous bliss,
Who faint with famine in the waste
And howling wilderness.
With ardent zeal besought I him,
To let his blessing fall
On mystical Jerusalem,
The mother of us all.
'Tis writ in Zion's infant-roll,
This man and that man there
Was born again †; and there my soul
First drew the vital air.
I therefore beg'd, her offspring free
Might have with peaceful days,
The pleasure of his company
In his approved ways.
His presence to her house I sought,
Its ruins to repair;
To strengthen what his hands had wrought,
And shew his glory there.
I pray'd him to my native home,
As his belov'd resort;
Nor did my Lord refuse to come
And grace his sacred court.
For there he fill'd oft to the brim
My cup of joy; and there
His love to me, and mine to him,
Did mutual tokens share.
I found, to my experience glad,
That, in the wrestling way,
The God of Jacob never said
The seed of Jacob, nay.

Verse 5. *I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
by the roes, and by the binds of the field, that ye
stir not up nor awake my love till he please* *.

My Lord does now his joyful rest
In Zion's bosom take;
Wo to the sin, th' unwelcome guest,
This sweet repose shall break.

† Psalm lxxxviii. 5.

* See Chap. ii. 7. the same words; but here they relate to Christ's presence in the church, the mother's house, that that be not marred.

Ye daughters of Jerusalem,
 That love to him profess,
 Take care you do not lose the gem,
 The joy that ye possess.
 While some delight in hinds and roes,
 And from alarms would shield
 Their soon-disturbed, soft repose,
 Upon the open field.
 Shall we awake our dearest Love,
 With vain and earthly noise,
 That may provoke him to remove,
 And dash our present joys?
 If some affect the rural charms
 And pleasures of the field,
 A dearer love is in our arms
 Than ever earth could yield.
 If they their pleasing trifles would
 All undisturb'd enjoy;
 Shan't we our dearest darling hold
 And hug without annoy?
 Ye then that of my mother's house
 The sons and daughters are,
 Be careful, while he stays with us,
 Lest ye the pleasure mar.
 While he vouchsafes to be our guest,
 And grace our public inn,
 Let none of us disturb his rest,
 By Heav'n-provoking sin.
 In love he comes and goes, and so
 May leave his holy hill;
 But woe to us, if off he go
 In wrath, against his will.
 His will and pleasure is a law,
 To which we must submit:
 But never tempt him to withdraw,
 Until he judge it fit.

The COMPANIONS Words.

Verse 6. ¶ *Who is this † that cometh out of the wil-*

† *This, here, is in the feminine gender; q.d. Who is SHE that cometh up? &c.*

*dernefs like pillars of fmoke, perfumed with myrrh
and frankincenfe, and all powders of the merchant?*

What bride is this, in bright aray,
With precious blessings ftor'd,
That gives us folemn charge to pay
Such homage to her Lord?
Up from the defart fee her move,
And climb the azure fskies;
As from the glowing altar's ftove
The fmoaky pillars rife.
Her heart inflam'd with holy fire
In the devouteft mode,
Adventures boldly to afpire
Unto the throne of God.
As tow'ring fmoke in air ferene,
With ftately rifing heads,
Majeftic mounts above the plain
In lofty pyramids:
See how her warm'd affections tow'r,
And, with a heav'nly air,
Contempt on earthly glory pour,
As worthlefs of her care.
Perfum'd with myrrh and incenfe fweet,
She fmelis like flow'ry fpring,
With fav'ry graces, odours meet
To entertain her King.
No precious powders from afar,
Of which the merchant boafis,
Like thefe her grateful odours are,
Brought from IMMANUEL'S coafis.
So wondrous are the charms we fpy,
So rich the broider'd robe;
Her darling fplendor blinds our eye,
And blazes o'er the globe.

The CHURCH'S Words.

Verfe 7. *Behold his bed † which is Solomon's,—*

† See Chap. i. 16.

O friends, what mean you, with surprise,
On mortal me to gaze?
From borrow'd beauty turn your eyes
To uncreated rays.

Behold the King magnificent,
Who me so richly clad;
Whom Solomon the opulent *,
Did typify and shade.

Come, see his equipage prepar'd,
And ensigns of renown;
His stately bed, his royal guard
His chariot, and his crown.

His bed of state in Zion stands,
Within the royal court;
For there the blessing heav'n commands,
There is his lov'd resort.

There, still remains, as prophets vouch,
And holy scriptures tell,
The Heir of heav'n's embroider'd couch
For hugging heirs of hell.

This is my rest, here will I stay,
In sacred lines he said †;
And, till he can his word unsay,
He'll never change his bed.

'Tis here, with pleasure unexpress'd,
Our mutual loves combine,
On easy downs of holy rest,
And fellowship divine.

The furniture and cost immense
About the bed may clear,
An infinitely greater Prince
Than Solomon is here.

—*Threescore valiant men are about it, of the valiant of Israel. Verse 8. They all hold swords, being expert in war; every man bath his sword upon his thigh, because of fear in the night.*

Behold the royal guard, to fence
His bed on ev'ry side;
To shew the splendor of the Prince,
The safety of the bride.

* Rich. † Psalm cxxxii. 14.

A num'rous host of nobler knights
Than Solomon's brigade
Of sixty valiant Israelites
Around his iv'ry bed.

For, lo ! the resting-place to guard
The hosts of God combine ;
Thousands of angels all prepar'd,
And attributes divine.

The lowest rank that rails the bed
Are watchmen of the night,
Who stand as sentries in the shade,
Until the morning-light.

Of these the faithful to their Prince
No naked soldiers are,
But arm'd complete for bold defence,
As mighty sons of war.

By long experiee skilful grown
They in the field command ;
And val'rous for the heav'nly crown
They fight with sword in hand.

The Spirit's sword each ready wears
Close girded by his side,
The word of God, to still the fears
Of Jesus' royal bride.

When nightly dread her quiet mar,
Their swords silence the fright,
And from the holy spot debar
The terrors of the night.

Yea, Zion's King himself acclaims
To be their shield and shade ;
His blood, his word, his oath, his names
Defend the royal bed.

The sentry is almighty wings,
For * subsidy prepar'd :
What sleeping couch of earthly kings
Can boast of such a guard ?

Amidst night-shades that fear suggest,
Amidst † menacing harms,
They ly secure, whose bed of rest
Is strong IMMANUEL's arms.

* Help or aid.

† Threatening.

Ye that my bright aray descry,
See, see, his guarded bed;
Where I in ease and safety ly,
Beneath his garment spread.

Verse 9. King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon. Verse 10. He made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it of purple; the midst thereof being paved with love for the daughters of Jerusalem.

Ye that, amaz'd at my ascent,
Stand gazing to the sky,
Come see the engine eminent,
By which I mount so high.
Lo, here! beside the resting-place
And bed to lay me soft,
Are flying chariot-wheels of grace
To bare my soul aloft.
Our Solomon, the Prince of peace,
The King of Zion fam'd,
For his renown, and my release,
A stately chariot fram'd,
He who for pleasure made the bed,
For peace who set the guard.
For solemn pomp and cavalcade,
This glorious engine rear'd.
He, congruous to his old decree,
For shewing forth his praise,
A cov'nant firm, of promise free,
Did like a chariot raise.
None fram'd of Leb'non's finest wood
By wisest engineers,
Could equal this, so gay, so good,
And firm to endless years.
The pillars thereof, for the ease
And support of the weak,
Are precious silver promises,
That will nor bow nor break.

Its bottom is a ground-work sure
Of pure and solid gold,
From bankrupt begg'ry to secure,
From falling through t'uphold.

Its cov'ring safe from sin to shroud,
And sure from wrath to hide,
Is purple dye, the scarlet flood,
From Jesus' wounded side.

For Salem's race (though some purblind
Its outside pomp but move,)
The midst unseen is pav'd and lin'd
With velvet seats of love.

He who to shew his kindness fresh
For human brats abroad,
Came riding in a car of flesh,
The high, the humble God;

Now for his bride a chariot fair
Of gospel-grace provides;
In which he conqu'ring ev'ry where,
And the triumphing rides.

*Verse II. Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and
behold king Solomon with the crown wherewith his
mother crowned him in the day of his espousals,
and in the day of the gladness of his heart.*

King Jesus' royalties each one,
O Zion's daughters see;
The bed, the guard, the couch, the crown
Presented to your eye.

Behold my King, you'll strange the less
To see my bright array;
'Tis fit I now appear in drefs,
His coronation-day.

Go forth in heart, from earthly toys,
From self, that airy thing;
From sinful pleasures, dying joys,
And see the living King.

To him whom mother Zion bore,
The crown does appertain;
His father to his mother swore,
That Solomon should reign.

Behold the King, with wonder deep,
Whose glory cannot fade,
Jesus through Solomon the type,
The substance through the shade.

Come see, believe, admire, adore,
Heav'n glad'ning homage pay,
To match his mother's crown he wore
Upon his nuptial day.

The day wherein he blest the earth,
And won his bride apart,
When she him met with holy mirth,
And he rejoic'd in heart.

The saints, who do his image bear,
Proclaim the high renown
Of Zion's King; who deigns to wear
Their praises as his crown.

They act the fond * maternal part,
In joint applauding bands;
The heav'nly babe, form'd in their heart,
Is crown'd with both their hands.

His wedding and his crowning day
The pompous joys unite;
To pourtray him the lovely way
Where grace and grandeur meet.

Once bound unto the altar's horns
A victim for our dues,
His head was crown'd with cruel thorns
By's mother-church the Jews.

But pleasure now his pains repay,
And pomp that suits him well,
His Father's crown, with sov'reign sway
O'er heav'n, and earth, and hell.

* Glad and motherly.

C H A P. IV.

CHRIST setteth forth the Graces of the Church.—
He sheweth his love to her.—The Church prayeth
to be made fit for his Presence.

CHRIST'S Words.

Verse 1. *Behold, thou art fair, my love ; behold, thou
art fair ; thou hast doves eyes within thy locks :
thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from
mount Gilcad.*

MY love, who flighteth gaudy fame,
Dost human praise eschew,
From zeal to magnify my name,
And give to me my due :

Thy name no detriment sustains
By travail mine to raise ;
For, lo ! I now return thy pains,
By crowning thee with praise.

My truth, that can't the false decoy
Of flattering lips approve,
Asserts, to animate thy joy,
Thou art my spotless love.

Lo ! thou art fair ; lo ! thou art fair !

Twice fair thou art, I say ;
My righteousness and graces are
Thy double bright array.

Though thou a spotted leopard,
And black thyself do stile ;
Yet, as a mark of my regard,
I count thee free of guile.

When to a dog, a mite, and gnat,
Thou dost thyself compare,
And call thyself a hellish brat ;
Ev'n then I call thee fair.

Thy trembling faith will scarcely own
My comeliness on thee ;
Behold, behold ! twice be it known,
Thou art all fair in me !

I see the beauties of the dove
 Thee decks without disguise;
 For there devout affections move,
 Like turtles' charming eyes.
 So modest, humble, pure, and chaste,
 So faithful to their mate;
 On me alone they fix and rest,
 And all my rivals hate.

Thy beauteous eyes, vail'd with thy locks,
 Shew with sobriety:
 And heav'nly beauties finest strokes,
 From ostentation free.

Gay, like a comely flock of goats
 On Gilead's stately height,
 Is thine adorning hair, that notes
 Thy gesture shining bright.
 No artful curls, no pamper'd hair,
 The pride of mortal clay,
 Can parallel the heav'nly air
 Of thy well-ordered way.

*Ver. 2. Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even
 shorn, which came up from the washing; whereof
 every one bear twins, and none is barren among
 them.*

The world, struck with thy beauty, may
 Believe thy pasture good,
 Did they thy grinders white survey
 That champ the heav'nly food.
 Thy teeth, the bread of life that cull,
 And eager eat my flesh,
 Are acts of faith, in number full,
 In nature fair and fresh.
 Thy priests the living bread who break,
 And nurse the babes new-born;
 When by an equal law they act
 Like evenly teeth adorn.
 None does his fellow over-grow,
 Wry'd from his proper place;
 But all, as equal grinders, show
 Due pains to feed thy race.

They hold a comely paritie,
 Nor orderless molest,
 As proud o'ertopping teeth would be
 Like prelates o'er the rest.
 Thine active zeal, yet mild, doth keep
 A just equality;
 Like ev'nly rounded flocks of sheep,
 New past the shearer's eye.
 Thy purity exceeds their fleece
 Wash'd in the crystal flood;
 Thy fruits of holiness and peace
 Outvie their num'rous brood.
 There does not in the flock appear
 One fruitless barren womb:
 But all by twins their product bear,
 And lead them bleeting home.

Verse 3. *Thy lips are like a threed of scarlet, and thy speech is comely: thy temples are like a piece of a pomgrenate within thy locks.*

I view'd thy beauteous moving lips,
 Instructing Salem's race,
 And dropping purest nectar † sips,
 In fav'ry words of grace.
 Thence sacred pray'rs and praise proceed,
 So grateful unto God;
 Thy lips are like a scarlet threed
 Dy'd with atoning blood.
 These balmy lips, with pleasing voice,
 Shrill in devotion's path,
 Salute mine ears with secret joys:
 And spread a fragrant breath.
 Thy speech, in praise, to my renown;
 And pray'r for blis from me;
 In social words, to make me known;
 Shews grace with gravity.

† A pleasant liquor; delightful in taste, colour, and smell; antiently feigned to be drunk by the gods, and that whosoever drank of it should become immortal.

Hence granate-like, thy temples fair,
Vail'd in thy locks appear;
While ruddy blushes deck thy pray'r,
When none but God can hear.
From men thou hid'st thy rosy cheeks,
Which shame for sin doth flush;
Yet, spite of masks, thy mein detects
Thy beauteous holy blush.

*Verse 4. Thy neck is like the tower of David, builded
for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand
bucklers, all shields of mighty men.*

Besides thy coral lips and cheeks,
Thy tow'ring iv'ry neck,
Fram'd like a heav'nly structure, speaks
Wisdom its architect.

This neck of precious faith excells
King David's stately tow'r;
It holds the glorious Head, and dwells
Upon the rock of pow'r.

As that was for an arm'ry built
Of warlike weapons bright,
Where hung a thousand bucklers gilt,
All shields of men of might.

So this most vig'rous faith of thine
More conquest by my names,
My words, and attributes divine,
Than many shields acclaims.

Defensive arms, in ev'ry case,
Within this tow'r abound;
With weapons of victorious grace,
And bulwarks built around.

Thy neck of faith assimilates
An arm'ry built upright.
It stands renown'd for valiant feats,
And boldest acts of might.

Faith joining her almighty King,
Safe, spite of fears, can dwell;
And viewing death, without a sting,
Defy the gates of hell.

Verse 5. *Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies*.*

Thy breasts of love resemble roes
Both young delightful twins:
In thee such equal ardour glows,
For God, and 'gainst thy sins.
Thou op'nest frank a twofold breast,
Two test'ments, and two seals;
Which to thy children yield a feast
Of milk for daily meals.
Thine equal breasts delightful feed,
With milk of sweet solace
In just proportion to the need
Of all the babes of grace.
Among my flocks, the lillie-fields,
Where I with pleasure feast,
Thy wholesome conversation yields
Sweet food with open breast.

Verse 6. *Until the day break †, and the shadows flee away, I will get me to the mountains of myrrh, and to the bill of frankincense.*

I heard thy former warm request,
To haste the shades away;
Or, during night, abide thy guest
Until the break of day.
Thy pray'r still in mind I bear,
To which no longer mute;
As then I bent my list'ning ears,
So now I grant thy suit.
In Zion mount my feet shall stay,
And there I'll lodge with thee,
Until the dawn of glory's day
That shades of sorrow flee.
There will I smell the savour sweet
Of active grace and prayer;
For Zion is my chosen seat,
I'll rest for ever there.

* See Chap. vii. 3.

† Heb. breathe.

Accepted offering all mature
 My holy hill surround,
 Perfum'd with myrrh and incense pure,
 That spread their odours round.
 No spice so much delights the smell
 As incense smoking there :
 Still, therefore, shall my Spirit dwell
 Within the house of pray'r.
 The mount of incense, hill of myrrh,
 My grace shall still adorn :
 Nor thence will I decamp or stir,
 Till glory's nuptial morn ;
 Till to my royal courts above
 My trumpet call thee up
 To consummate our endless love,
 And drink full pleasure's cup.

Verse 7. *Thou art all fair, my love ; there is no spot in thee.*

My love, thou seem'st a loathsome worm :
 Yet such thy beauties be,
 I spoke but half thy comely form ;
 Thou'rt wholly fair in me.
 Whole justify'd, in perfect dress ;
 Nor justice, nor the law
 Can in thy robe of righteousness
 Discern the smallest flaw.
 Yea, sanctify'd in ev'ry part,
 Thou'rt perfect in design :
 And I judge thee by what thou art
 In thy intent and mine.
 Fair love, by grace complete in me,
 Beyond all beauteous brides ;
 Each spot that ever sullied thee
 My purple vesture hides.

Verse 8. ¶ *Come * with me from Lebanon, my spouse ; with me from Lebanon : look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions dens, from the mountains of the leopards.*

* The words here may be read by way of promise, *Thou shalt come with me.*

Fair consort, did I thee betroth ;

And get thy heart and hand ?

I urge thee by the marriage-oath

Regard my kind command.

Come, come with me from Lebanon,

This mount of vanity :

Faith's object, things unseen, unknown,

More suit thy high degree.

Come from this world's bewitching heights ;

O new-born soul forget

The pompous fopp'ries, gay delights,

Toys of thy native state.

Are mortal pleasures worth thy stay,

Or dying shades and toys,

When I invite thy heart away

To share immortal joys ?

By faith look from Amana's top,

From Shenir, Hermon fair ;

Thence over Jordan look with hope,

Where Zion's glories are.

Let me alone possess thy heart,

Leave ev'ry lion's den ;

From these wild leopard-hills depart,

The place of furious men.

All worldly joys are overweigh'd

With hills of vexing care,

And under gaudy pleasures hide

Some ghastly dang'rous snare.

Let blinded moles, in earthen hills,

Their mould'ring store pursue,

And lick the dust that never fills ;

Bid thou mole-hills, adieu.

I'll thee to higher bliss exalt,

For ever with the Lord :

Come, come thou must ; and come thou shalt,

My love's thy drawing cord.

Verse 9. *Thou hast * ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse ; thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck.*

* Or, taken away my heart.

Thy fellowship's my fond desire,
Thus su'd by kindly calls;
Because my vanquish'd heart on fire
Thy beauty's captive falls.

I cannot see with pleasure, love,
Thy feet on mountains roam;
Nor can I rest, until above
My palace be thy home.

I own, my spouse, and sister dear,
Unsham'd my brother-hood;
We're doubly sib, our kindred's near
By marriage and by blood.

Thou hast, my Father being thine,
In's love a filial part;
And I'm (thou hast so much of mine,)
Scarce master of thy heart.

To thee I bear a love intense,
Ev'n to the last degree;
Thou, in effect, by violence
Hast rapt my heart from me.

Of all created beauties brave
E'er fashion'd by my hand,
None like thy comely graces have
My heart at such command.

One glance of thy believing eye,
One chain of thy fair neck,
Part of thy form has ravish'd me;
How must the whole affect!

Thy pow'rful faith and love detains
My heart trapt, yet enlarg'd,
With strong delights and pleasing chains,
I'm conquer'd and o'er-charg'd.

Verse 10. *How far is thy love, my sister, my spouse!
how much better is thy love than wine! and the
smell of thy ointments, than all spices!*

Dear relative, thou in whose veins
My blood and Spirit run,
Bound to my heart by various chains,
I'll in thy praise go on.

How fair! how grateful unto me
Are all thy fruits of love!

Thy love beyond compare I see,
And with my heart approve.

My love divine was in thine eye
Preferr'd to richest wine;
And, not to be behind with thee,
I'll speak the praise of thine.

Thy love excells the choicest wine
That cheers man's heart apace;
For lo! this fervent grace of thine
Can God's own heart solace:

No wine of off'rings once pour'd out
Did such acceptance win,
As does thy shining life without,
From burning love within.

All graces sweet thy love attend,
By me acceptance find,
And forth their fragrant odours send,
Like oil of purest kind.

The holy unction pour'd on thee
Yields to my heart a feast,
And smells more † redolent to me
Than spices of the east.

As streams into the spring reflow,
To me is thy recourse:
I call thee fair, who made thee so;
My love's of thine the source.

Thy love's my due, because of old
With men were my delights;
I joy'd in loves I should behold,
Now charm'd I'm with the sights.

Heart-piercing love of ancient rise
Thou didst so much engross
The wounds of love made me despise
The torments of my cross.

Ver. 11. *Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honey-
comb: honey and milk are under thy tongue, and the
smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon.*

† Sweet, or savoury.

O spouse, thy love with loveliness
Is mix'd in word and walk ;
My tongue takes pleasure to express
How I approve thy talk.
Drops from my lips distill'd, with ease,
To saints more sweetness yield,
Than honey-combs which busy bees
Suck from the flow'ry field.
Both Canaan's blessings glide below
Thy sweet-instructive tongue :
For thence do milk and honey flow,
To feed and feast thy young.
Thy heart still with thy tongue agrees,
To fill the flowing tide,
And shew thou art, without disguise,
My fair and fertile bride.
Such is thy wonted holy strain,
Refreshing pleasures load,
Thy language in discourse with men,
And duty towards God.
Cloath'd with my righteousness, thy smell
Is like a field of bliss :
And hath with this, to deck thee well,
A robe of sav'ry grace.
Hence still abroad thy favour flies
In work and practice fair,
Which Lebanon's perfumes outvies,
That scents the circling air.
As there, sweet-smelling trees and flow'rs
Did, fann'd with gales, abound ;
Thy gospel-walk sweet odours pours
To God and man around.

*Verse 12. A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse;
a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.*

My bride's a garden of solace,
Where fruits and flow'rs abound ;
A sacred spot, inclos'd by grace,
Well fenc'd and wall'd around.

From common earth sequestrate quite,
Reserved for my use;
Preserved also by my might,
From violence and abuse.

A spring, defusing crystal streams,
Does 'midst the garden swell;
Shut up from sultry hurtful beams,
And feet would taint the well.

A fountain seal'd for secrecy,
T' enhance the worth unseen:
For shelter and security,
To keep it pure and clean.

My privy-seal was stamp'd thereon,
'That bliss which heav'n commands
Abroad from thence in rills may run,
And streams o'er distant lands.

As me the Father seal'd to spread
For hungry souls Heav'n's food;
So Zion's springs are seal'd, to shed
On thirsty ground a flood.

Verse 13, 14. *Thy plants are an orchard of pomgranates, with pleasant fruits, camphire with spikenard; spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon, with all the trees of frankincense; myrror and aloes, with all the chief spices.*

Sweet fruits all flourishing around
My garden well beseems;
Which cannot prove a barren ground,
Amidst such living streams.

Thy plants of grace do parallel
An orchard rich with trees;
Sweet, to delight the taste and smell;
Fair to salute the eyes.

Here 'granates young, and camphire grow;
Here spice and incense bloom,
'Nard, cinnamon, myrrh, aloes blow
With gales a rich perfume.

Here num'rous plants with fragrant scent,
And odours most refin'd;
All in their nature excellent,
And various in their kind.

Thy blooming plants of grace display
A heav'nly soil and air;
And sap divine, which I convey,
Makes all the planting fair.

Wild nature's soil could ne'er produce
Such trees as here do stand
For special pleasure, special use,
All planted by my hand.

Verse 15. A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.

Thy pleasant garden's blooming plants
All others far excel;
For Heav'n, to thine indulgent, grants
Streams of salvation's well.

This fountain open, full, and nigh,
Makes plants their vigour yield;
Yea, neighb'ring gardens does supply,
And each adjacent field.

Thy graces frank their juice convey,
Not dript as shallow pails;
But living springs, that night and day
Flow to refresh the vales.

Such is thy lib'ral flowing mind;
Nor are with penury
Thy blessings to thy banks confin'd,
But common as the sea.

My quick'ning Spirit, freely shed,
That Zion's banks may flow,
The river is, whose streams do glad,
And makes the planting grow.

The well of water here runs o'er,
The current to maintain;
With hasty course to endless gloire,
As rivers to the main.

Not Jordan swell'd from Lebanon
So stoutly rolls his tide;
As crystal rivers from the throne
Thro' Zion's vallies glide.

Thy rills of grace to me return,
And own their springs in me :
As garden-streams from thence must run,
With tribute to the sea.

The Church's Words.

Verse 16. ¶ *Awake, O north wind ; and come, thou south ; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out : let my Beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.*

In ample praise, my King, I hear,
Makes worthless me his theme ;
But with a stunn'd, astonish'd ear,
I sink to dust for shame.
What humbling wonders he performs !
On mites his picture draws ;
Then makes the despicable worms
His subject of applause.
Lord, if I be a garden fair,
On thee the praise must land :
For all my verdant graces were
Plants of thy mighty hand.
Thy spicy fruits thou dost approve,
And deign'st thus to command,
Are blossoms of thy fruitful love,
And on thy breath depend.
They quickly languish, fade, and die ;
They cease to bud or flow,
And sapless, scentless, fruitless lie,
Unless thy Spirit blow.
Awake, O heav'nly Wind, and come ;
Excite the spicy vale ;
Blow on this garden of perfume
A rousing, quick'ning gale.
On Zion's sons, O Sp'rit divine,
Pour grace and gifts abroad ;
Make pastors by perfumes of thine,
A favour sweet to God.

Sharp gales from chilling north command,
To rouse the seeds of grace :

Then warming south's soft wings expand,
Till spices flow apace.

From ev'ry point, O mighty winds,
Blow a new Pentecost :

Let blinded atheistic minds
Know there's a Holy Ghost.

O let my best Beloved come,
And spread his area broad

With choicest fruits of rich perfume,
Most grateful to my God.

My garden's his (in all its views) ;
The life, the sap, the root :

The product whole to him accrues,
From whom is all the fruit.

Come, else the banquet cannot stand ;
Come bring thy pleasant treat ;

The fruits of thy laborious hand,
And toil with bloody sweat.

OR SHORTER THUS :

Am I the garden Heav'n can own,
Where living waters flow,

As crystal rivers from the throne,
To make the planting grow ?

O heav'nly Wind, awake and come,
Blow all thy gracious gales

On this my garden of perfume,
Else all its savour fails.

O holy Spirit, from above

My with'ring heart inspire,
And raise, by various forms of love,

As various wants require.

Let northern breezes fill my sails
With sharp convincing grace :

Then, from the south, refreshing gales
Resume their joyful place.

Make all the spices flow abroad,
 As graces active here,
 To entertain my Lord and God,
 Faith, love, and joy appear.
 Let my Belov'd his presence sweet
 Now to his garden grant,
 To taste his pleasant fruits, and eat
 What he himself did plant.

C H A P. V.

CHRIST awaketh the Church with his Calling.—The Church, having a Taste of CHRIST's Love, is sick of Love.—A Discription of CHRIST by his Graces.

CHRIST'S Words.

Verse 1. *I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse; I have gathered my myrrh with my spice; I have eaten my boney-comb with my boney; I have drunk my wine with my milk: eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.*

MY Love, in answer to thy pray'r,
 I'm here at thy request;
 And ready both to give and share
 The pleasure of the feast.

I'm come, my spouse, and sister dear;
 I'm to my garden come,
 To gather up my spice and myrrh;
 I'm pleas'd with this perfume.

My graces relish like a feast
 Of honey, milk, and wine:
 I make myself a welcome guest;
 The fruits are mine and thine.

Eat, drink, O friends, whom I approve;
 I also welcome you:
 Yea, drink abundance of my love,
 Full freedom I allow.

Your fainting spirits here refresh
 With plenty spread abroad,
 The grace and love, the blood and flesh
 Of your incarnate God.

Not elect angels ever share
 Such strange and matchless food;
 They feast on their Creator's care,
 Not your Redeemer's blood.

The Church's Words.

Verse 2. ¶ *I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my Beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled; for my head is wet with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.*

The heart of Jesus kind I see,
 But mine ungrateful fails;
 Two natures are at odds in me,
 And oft the worst prevails.

Both sleeping flesh I have, that rests
 In sloth unto my shame;
 And waking grace, that still protests
 Against the lazy frame.

Hence, though I sleep, I at my heart
 Some inward knocking hear;
 'Tis Jesus' voice, his loving dart
 Thus wounds my waking ear.

"Come, open, my unspotted dove,
 "Thy heart I bolted find;
 "Awake, my sister; rise, my Love,
 "Let in thy dearest friend.

"Wrath's mid-night show'r bedew'd my locks,
 "Storms on my head did blow:

"Wilt thou unkindly flight my knocks,
 "Who suffer'd for thee so;

"And now stand waiting patiently
 "To give the purchas'd good,

"At present ready to apply
 "The blessings of my blood?"

Verse 3. *I have put off my coat, how shall I put it on?
I have washed my feet, how shall I defile them?*

When thus in most endearing terms
Kind Jesus knock'd and cry'd,
My heart, resisting heav'nly charms,
On bed of sloth reply'd;

"My clothes are off, my nap is sweet;

"How shall I rise undrest?

"How shall I stain my new-wash'd feet?

"Excuse me; let me rest."

My non-admission of his grace

His holy Spirit vex;

My answer for my laziness

Was but a vile pretext.

Verse 4. *My Beloved put in his hand by the bole of
the door, and my bowels were moved * for him.*

When I so shamefully refus'd

Access to my Belov'd,

Another kindly way he us'd,

Which my affections mov'd.

Though I his word did basely flight,

Yet, ere I was aware,

His Spirit by resistless might

Did kindly draw the bar.

He, to unbolt the door, put in

His gracious hand of pow'r:

Then did his love upbraid my sin,

And melt by bowels fore.

Verse 5. *I rose to open to my Beloved, and my hands
dropped with myrrh, and my fingers with sweet-
smelling myrrh, upon the handles of the lock.*

How long he stood, how oft he knock'd,

How patient who can tell!

What drops of grace on th'entry lock'd

From his sweet fingers fell!

* Or, in me.

At length I rose from off my bed,
 My drowsy bed of sloth,
 To open to my spouse, who had
 My solemn marriage-oath.

Soon by the wet lock-handles were
 My fingers moist'ned much,
 And sweetly dropt with oil and myrrh
 Left by his melting touch.

His quick'ning Sp'rit heart-fetters broke
 And heal'd my dull disease;
 As dropping oil that makes the lock
 Soon yield and ope with ease.

Verse 6. I opened to my Beloved, but my Beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone: my heart failed when he spake. I sought him, but I could not find him; I called him, but he gave me no answer.

I op'ned straight to my Belov'd,
 Expecting his embrace;
 But, ah! from thence he had remov'd,
 And justly hid his face.

Mine aking heart did not collect
 His words that gave the wound,
 And, wailing fore my base neglect,
 Away my spirit swoon'd.

With great perplexity I sought,
 But him I could not find;
 I call'd; but, ah! no answer got,
 To ease my restless mind.

So much my former slothfulness
 To present damage turn'd;
 In grief I doubled mine address,
 Yet still his absence mourn'd.

Verse 7. The watchmen that went about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me: the keepers of the wall took away my vail from me.

When I, in private means, with care
 Had sought, but sought in vain;
 I try'd his public courts, but there
 Redoubled was my pain.

Kind pastors formerly condol'd
 My case with sympathy ;
 But now I met with such as rul'd
 With force and cruelty †.
 Untender watchmen, on their rounds,
 In open streets, me got,
 Afflicted me with many wounds,
 And without mercy smote.
 They hurt my name, my head, my crown,
 And sore reproach'd my zeal ;
 Wall-keepers rude thus beat me down,
 And tore away my vail.
 My fair profession they defam'd,
 Nor did my failings hide ;
 A strolling harlot I was nam'd,
 And not a loving bride.

Verse 8. *I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my Beloved, that ye tell him that I am sick of love.*

O Salem's race, when watchmen wound,
 Won't ye more favour shew ?
 What pity can't with them be found,
 May I expect with you ?
 I want my soul's beloved One ;
 None else can give me ease :
 I'm sick of love ; Oh ! is there none
 To tell him my disease ?
 His absence from my soul is death ;
 O ! if ye find his grace,
 I charge you, with my dying breath,
 To represent my case.

The COMPANIONS Words.

Verse 9. ¶ *What is thy Beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women ! What is thy Beloved more than another beloved, that thou dost so charge us ?*

† Ezek. xxxiv. 4.

Fair lover, thou who dost to us
 Thy moaning speech direct,
 Whose shining beauteous carriage thus
 Commands our high respect;
 The object does thy love engage,
 We judge by viewing thee,
 Must surely be some personage
 Of very high degree.
 What's thy Belov'd? pray let us know,
 For whom thou art so sad,
 And giv'st such solemn charge, as though
 He not an equal had.
 Thou fairest beauty, can't thou see
 His match when he removes?
 Pray, what alluring charms has he
 Beyond all other loves?

The Church's Words.

Verse 10. *My Beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest*
 among ten thousands.*

If why I love my Jesus so,
 The wond'ring world enquire,
 My grounds are such as, did they know,
 Their hearts would also fire.
 O there is no Belov'd like mine!
 He's white and ruddy both;
 All human beauties, all divine,
 His glorious person clothe.
 White in his natures both descry'd,
 From ev'ry blemish free;
 And ruddy in his garments dy'd
 With blood he shed for me.
 Was he not red but only white,
 The lily not the rose,
 He might suffice the angels sight;
 But I am none of those.
 Was he not white but only red,
 A sufferer for his sin,
 His blood would rest upon his head,
 Nor could I joy therein.

* Heb. *Standard-bearer.*

But here's my joy and confidence,
Both mix'd I see by faith;
The whiteness of his innocence;
The redness of his death.

Since for my sin he bore disgrace,
Who yet from sin was free;
This makes his white and ruddy face
A beauty meet for me.

The Chief of chiefs beyond compare,
IMMANUEL, God-man,
Among ten thousand ensigns fair,
Triumphant leads the van.

To him the heav'ns their homage bring,
To him celestial throngs,
Ten thousand saints and angels sing,
With rapture on their tongues.

Created wisdom cannot scan
The root of Jesse's rod;
Nor speak the greatness of the man,
The grandeur of the God.

Verse 11. *His head is as the most fine gold, his locks
are * bushy and black as a raven.*

His head which once was crown'd with thorns,
And where all wisdom dwells,
A crown of glory bright adorns,
Which finest gold excells.

So firm, so bright, so eminent,
And durable for ay,
Is his extensive government,
And universal sway.

Black as a rav'n's his curled hair
And bushy locks; a mark,
That still his age is fresh and fair,
His counsels deep and dark.

Beauties of youth and age agree
To deck his awful sway;
Fair youth without inconstancy,
Full age without decay.

* Or, *Curled.*

Verse 12. *His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and * fitly set.*

His dove-like eyes most bright appear,
Like these the brooks have wet;
Or milky streams have moist'ned clear,
Like diamonds fitly set.

These sparkling eyes with piercing sight
O'ersee the shades of death;
Inspecting secrets of the night.
And searching hell beneath.

He with his fix'd and steady eyes
Beholding distant parts;
Both deeps divine of counsel spies,
And deeps of human hearts.

Behold, both loftiness and love
In his omniscient eye;
The eagle temper'd with the dove,
With meekness, majesty.

Ver. 13. *His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as † sweet flowers; his lips like lilies dropping sweet-smelling myrrh.*

His rosy cheeks a bed of flow'rs
Still tow'ring up perfume;
Or spices that with summer-show'rs
Their sweetest scent resume.

These very cheeks he once resign'd
To them that pluck'd the hair,
Most sweetly to th'enlighten'd mind
Refreshing virtue share.

His lips, resembling lily blooms,
Drop sav'ry words of grace;
Like oil of myrrh with fine perfumes,
To suit a fainting case.

The balmy drops his lips afford
Give life to sons of death:
The vital flavour of his word
Restores expiring breath.

* Heb. *Setting in fulness*; that is, *Fitly placed, and set as a precious stone in the soil of a ring.*

† Or, *towers of perfume.*

Ver. 14. *His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl: his *belly is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires.*

His hands are fairer to behold,
Though once nail'd to the tree,
Than beryls set in rings of gold;
So rich in bounty's he.

His operations mighty, vast,
No mortal understands;
For all the works of God have pass'd
Through these his precious hands.
No iv'ry fine so bright is found
With sapphires overlaid,
As bowels of compassion round
Do gild his pierced side.

The love about his heart that twines
Still firm, without decay,
In instances unnumber'd thines
With sparkling bright array.

Verse 15. *His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold. His countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.*

His legs like marble pillars stand
On golden sockets fine;
So firm's the throne of his command,
So ev'n his paths divine.

His stately steps, his steady way,
His stable kingdom, proves
He's solid gold, not mould'ring clay
Like fading mortal loves.

His countenance more lofty is
Than Lebanon by far;
More excellent than all its trees
And stately cedars are.

So high, so eminent is he,
That in his person shine
The glories of the Deity,
With majesty divine.

* Heb. bowels, the same word as in verse 4.

Verse 16. *His mouth is most sweet: yea, he is *altogether lovely.*—

Lo! his blest mouth, that once did taste

The bitter gall for me,

With charms divinely sweet is grac'd,

Unto the last degree.

Grace pour'd into his lips, alway

Does thence so sweetly run;

They share the Father's grace for ay

Who do but kiss the Son.

His mouth a triple heav'n imports,

A word, a smile, a kiss;

A triple doom to dash their sports

Whose lips profane the bliss.

How hard, though sweet, this limning task!

I faint; I must succumb;

He is (if what he is, you ask)

All over loves, in sum.

How weak my tongue his glory sings,

Which drowns seraphic art;

He's all disiderable things,

And charms in ev'ry part.

Adoring heav'ns his name confess

The infinite unknown,

And in created human dress

The uncreated ONE.

Their tongues that do his glory speak,

In loud and lofty lays,

For higher notes are still to seek,

And never reach his praise.

I wrong his name with words so faint,

Nor half his worth declare;

Can finite pencils ever paint

The infinitely fair?

—*This is my Beloved; this is my Friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.*

* *He is all desires.*

My union to his person dear
 Bears such substantial blifs;
 All mortal loves and friendship here
 Are but the shade of this.
 Whatever sweet relations be
 'Mong creatures great or small,
 There's infinite disparity
 Between him and them all.
 Yet how much in himself he is,
 So much is he to me;
 For he is mine, and I am his,
 And evermore shall be.
 The more I hold his glory forth,
 Or would his name unfold;
 The more incomparable worth
 I still in him behold.
 Now this, O Salem's progeny,
 This is my love, my friend;
 Search heav'n and earth but sure am I
 His match you'll never find.
 Your question far exceeds my reach,
 What's thy Belov'd? said he:
 His praise defeats my fault'ring speech;
 But, pray you, Come and see.

C H A P. VI.

The Church professeth her Faith in CHRIST.—CHRIST sheweth the Graces of the Church, and his Love towards her.

The COMPANIONS Words.

Verse 1. *Whither is thy Beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? whither is thy Beloved gone aside? that we may seek him with thee.*

SUCH glorious things are told by thee
 About thy matchless mate;
 His seekers too we fain would be,
 And share thy happy state.

Thy holy walk and talk is such,
 Thy countenance so fair;
 We think whom thou commend'st so much
 Must be beyond compare.

O where is thy Beloved gone!
 Thou fairest of thy kind?
 So happy in that glorious One
 On whom thou set'st thy mind?

Where is he gone? pray let us know
 What place frequents he most?
 That we in quest of him may go,
 Nor find our travel lost.

The Church's Words.

Verse 2. *My Beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies.*

Lo! my Belov'd, though he enthron'd
 In glory keeps his place,
 Yet here below is to be found
 In gardens of his grace.

He plants, he waters every tree,
 His blessing makes them spring;
 Then gladly comes he down to see
 What rich increase thy bring.

He walks among the spicy beds,
 Where aromatics flow;
 And in his young plantation feeds,
 Where fruits delicious grow.

He gathers there his chosen crop
 Of lilies without toil;
 And, when full ripe, he picks them up,
 To deck his fairer soil.

Th' assemblies of his growing saints
 Are still his chief repair:
 Whoe'er his gracious presence wants,
 May seek with success there.

Verse 3. *I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine: he feedeth among the lilies*.*

* See this more largely explained, Chap. ii. 16.

Though now my Lord from me abscond,
Yet judge him not unkind :
In's temple oft I have him found,
And hope again to find.

And, though from me to sense he hides,
My faith holds fast his name :
Mine int'rest in him firm abides,
I will not quit my claim.

He has my warmest love ingross,
And I possess his heart ;
His love and mine unite, I boast,
Nor death nor hell can part.

The bond of love so firm abides,
Ev'n in the darkest day,
That, though behind the shade he hides,
He's never far away.

Though he his noblest table spreads
Among his flow'rs above ;
Yet here amidst his lily-beds
He keeps his feasts of love.

The ordinances of his grace
Are fields of his repair ;
There I have seen his glorious face,
And you may see him there.

CHRIST'S Words.

Ver. 4. *Thou art beautiful, O my Love, as Tirzah, comely
as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners.*

How comely is the bride, I see,
Who thus mine absence wail'd,
And kindly thought and spoke of me
Ev'n when my face was vail'd !

Thy zeal for me when I withdrew
I highly must approve ;

And now return to thee, to shew
My great respect and love.

I did forgive, and have forgot,
All thine infirmities :

Thy holy soul, from sin remote,
Is beauteous in mine eyes.

More fair thou art, my lovely prey,
More comely in my sight,
Than ever Tirzah once so gay,
Or Salem once so bright.
Thine aspect's awful majesty
Does strike thy foes with fear;
As armies do when banners fly,
And martial flags appear.
How does thine armour glitt'ring bright
Their frightened spirits quell!
The weapons of thy warlike might
Defy the gates of hell.

Verse 5. *Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me* *.—

Small wonder that thy foes must bow
When faith does keep the field;
For, lo! I am thy captive too,
And kindly forc'd to yield.
Thy charming eyes of faith and love,
That make myself their prize,
Have overcome me; pray remove
And turn away thine eyes.
They pow'rfully my heart detain,
My kindly passions fill;
Yet no unwilling vict'ry gain,
But win me to thy will.
Thy daring, gallant arms of grace,
Have o'er me such a sway:
I'm conquer'd with their kind embrace,
And cannot say thee nay.
Thy piercing eyes, that ravish me,
Commands me as they list:
My Spirit's aiding force in thee
Is pow'r I can't resist.
Cease wrestling Jacob, let me go,
My love, let me alone:
If not, except I bless thee; lo!
My blessing thou hast won.

* See more on this subject, Chap. iii. 4. and iv. 9.

—† *Thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Gilead. Verse 6. Thy teeth are as a flock of sheep, which go up from the washing, whereof every one beareth twins, and there is not one barren among them. Verse 7. As a piece of a pomegranate are thy temples within thy locks.*

Thy slothful carriage toward me
At our last interview,
Though I observ'd with jealousy,
And thereupon withdrew :

Yet never judge thy change of frame,
My heart from thee could move ;
For still (like solid rocks) the same
Is my unshaken love.

Thy praise I sounded in thine ears
Ere thou wast so unkind ;
And now indulge no faithless fears,
As if I chang'd my mind.

For, to evince the love I bore
Does still the same remain,
I now commend thee as before,
And in the former strain.

Gay, like a comely flock of goats
On Gilead's stately height,
Is thine adorning hair, that notes
Thy conversation bright.

No broider'd ornamental hair
That trims up mortal clay,
Can parallel the heav'nly air
Of thy well-order'd way.

Thy teeth the bread of life that eat,
And feed upon my flesh,
Are acts of faith in number great,
In nature fair and fresh.

Thine active zeal, yet mild, does keep
A just equality,
Like ev'nly rounded flocks of sheep
New past the shearer's eye.

† See these words more largely explained, Chap. iv. 1, 2, 3.

Thy purity exceeds their fleece,
 Wash'd in the crystal flood;
 Thy fruits of holiness and peace
 Outvie their num'rous brood.
 There does not in the flock appear
 One barren fruitless womb:
 But all my twins their offspring bear,
 And bring them bleating home.
 Like 'granates halv'd thy temples fair
 Within thy locks appear,
 While ruddy blushes deck thy pray'r
 When none but God doth hear.
 Thou modest hid'st thy rosy cheeks,
 When sins with shame them flush:
 Yet, through the mask, thy mean detects
 Thy beauteous holy blush.

Ver. 8, 9. There are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number. My dove, my undefiled, is but one: she is the only one of her mother; she is the choice one of her that bare her: the daughters saw her, and blessed her; yea, the queens and the concubines, and they praised her.

Thy song gave me the chiefest name
 Among ten thousand heirs,
 And thee the fairest I proclaim
 Among ten thousand fairs.
 Queens, concubines, and virgins are
 Unnumber'd, whom they call
 Bright dazzling beauties, charming fair;
 But thou excell'st them all.
 Most holy souls (of high descent)
 Are beauties most renown'd:
 The righteous is more excellent
 Than all his neighbours round.
 My spotless dove as one I view;
 Yea, all in one to me;
 Her mother-church's darling too,
 And choicest progeny.

The daughters, her professing friends,
Beheld her beauty great;
And straight admir'd her in their minds,
And blest her in the gate.

Yea, queens and damsels more renown'd
Did all to her give place,
And with extolling praises crown'd
Her comely shining grace.

Verse 10. *Who is she that looketh forth as the morning,
fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as
an army with banners?*

"Who's this, said they, so brightly springs
"Like to the morning-ray,
"That cleaves night-shades with silver wings,
"To haste the golden day?
"Much fairer than the gilded moon
"Her graces shine in dress;
"And clearer than the sun at noon
"Her spotless righteousness.
"Behold, in love to brats forlorn,
"What wonders Heav'n performs!
"That does with stateliness adorn
"Defil'd and loathsome worms.
"By armour which her Captain lends,
"Until her warfare close,
"She's render'd helpful to her friends,
"And hurtful to her foes.
"Yea, while she does her rank maintain,
"And cast her airs abroad,
"Her grace is awful toward men,
"And pow'rful toward God."

Verse 11. *I went down into the garden of nuts, to see
the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the vine
flourished, and the pomegranates budded.*

With friendly mind I hid my face,
 Yet went not far away,
 Retiring but a little space
 My orchard to survey.

I went but down to see anew
 My garden of sweet nuts,
 Within the shady grove, and view
 The pleasant valley-fruits.

To notice round my labour'd plain,
 If all was very good;
 If tender vines produc'd their grain,
 And pomegranates their bud:

If all the water'd flow'ry plains,
 Along the verdant field,
 Did fruits, proportion'd to my pains,
 Ev'n in my absence yield.

Into my heart what chearfulness
 And pleasure did it bring,
 To see the early buds of grace
 And blessings of the spring?

I ravish'd saw my beauteous bride
 Lament my absence sore;
 Nor could myself in thickets hide
 From her a moment more.

Verse 12. *Or ever I was aware, my soul † made me
 like the chariots of Ammi-nadib.*

Such had my bride's inviting frame
 Ev'n in my absence been,
 No longer could I hide the flame
 Of my affections keen.

Ravish'd, ere (in effect) I knew,
 My bowels did me move;
 Into her praying arms I flew
 On speedy wings of love.

Sweet rapt'rous passion rose in me,
 But most divine in mode,
 As far as rapture can agree,
 Or passion to a God.

• Or, *set me on the chariots of my princely willing people.*

My fond affections vehement
In ways of grace divine,
All towards her intensely bent,
Pursu'd their love-design.
My willing people I provide
Bright graces, princely charms :
And in these fiery chariots ride
With speed into their arms.
Oil'd wheels of faith and warm desire,
That make myself their chase,
Fetch from mine altar still more fire
Of sweet surprising grace.
No chariot of Ammi-nadib,
However swift or bright,
The heav'nly rapture can describe
Of love's delicious flight.
So rapid oft, though never rash,
The motions of my grace,
'Tween heav'n and earth are like a flash
Of light'ning in a trice.

Ver. 13. *Return, return, O Shulamite ; return, return, that we may look upon thee ; what will ye see in the Shulamite ? as it were the company of two armies.*

Love, in my absence short, wast thou
With sin and grief oppress'd ?
O blame thy faithless heart, and now
Return unto thy rest.
With confidence and without fear
Thy heav'nly Husband face,
Who wills thee boldly to appear
Before his throne of grace.
The heav'ns unite their voice with mine
Thy heart-return to move ;
Allow thyself no more to whine,
Suspicious of my love.
Return, O drooping Shulamite,
In haste return ; for we
Heav'n's TRINITY and hosts unite
With joy to welcome thee.

We want to see thee, at his call
 Whose peace thy name adorns;
 He with his saints and angels all
 Will joy at thy returns.
 What, in the feeble Shulamite
 What's to be seen? (you'll say,)
 Is struggling grace a goodly sight,
 When sin regains the day?
 Nay, lo! my bride (though apt she be
 Herself to under-rate)
 I, on the field of battle, see
 In warlike pomp and state.
 Behold! two armies in her camp,
 The doubled hosts of God;
 Her lovers charm, her haters damp,
 Her happy triumph bode.

C H A P. VII.

A further Description of the Church's Graces.—The Church professeth her Faith and Desires.

CHRIST'S Words.

Ver. 1. How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter! the joints of thy thighs are like jewels, the work of the hand of a cunning workman.

FAIR bride, thy beauties I'll extol
 So lovely in my sight:

For I my new creation whole
 Still view with great delight.

How noble is thy high descent,
 Not fordid from the earth!

How does thy gesture document
 Thy new and heav'nly birth!

O princess of the royal race!

Thy feet with golden shoes,

Do sparkle; while thy walk, through grace,
 Becomes the gospel-news.

The steps of thy affections clean,
And conversation fair,
Display a heav'nly, royal mein,
A sweet and stately air.

The joints, that strength and motion do
To thy right steps impart,
Like orient jewels, burnish'd new,
Speak holy curious art.

Through thy fair port, in sacred things,
Thy joints as gems appear;
While holy principles and springs
Thy course of duty steer.

Verse 2. *Thy navel is like a round goblet, which
wanteth not liquor; thy belly is like an heap of
wheat, set about with lilies.*

As is thy sparkling bright array,
Form'd to thy pedigree;
So with thy shining outward way,
Thine inward shapes agree.

A wretched infant once thou wast,
To open field cast out,
From native blood and stains unwash'd,
Nor was thy navel cut*.

But now, how neat's thy gracious form,
Fed by a glorious spring!
Since grace transform'd the loathsome worm
To quite another thing.

Thy infant brood to ripeness grows,
Which thy kind bowels feed,
Like to a bowl that overflows
With liquor for their need.

My Spirit is (to fill thy cup,
And give thee rich increase)
A well of water springing up
In thee to endless bliss.

Thy fruitful womb an heap of wheat
† Assimilates in mode;
Thy royal marriage makes thee meet
For bearing fruit to God.

* Ezek. xvi. 4, 5.

† Resembles.

Fruit deck'd around with flow'rs-de-luce *,
 Each grace of active vent;
 A product rich of fruit for use,
 With flow'rs for ornament.

Fair Zion's fertile womb has meat
 For babes, her lily-brood;
 And yields them plenteous store of wheat,
 When ripe for solid food.

Verse 3. *Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins †.*

Thy breasts of love resemble roes
 That seem delightful twins;
 Such equal care to feed thou shows,
 Thy babes in secret inns.

Thou op'nest frank a twofold breast,
 Two test'ments and two seals;
 Which to thy children yield a feast
 Of milk for daily meals.

Thine equal breasts delightful feed
 With milk of sweet solace,
 In just proportion to the need
 Of all the babes of grace.

My children dear, nurs'd at thy side,
 Thy kindly bowels show;
 And plainly prove my beauteous bride
 A fruitful mother too.

Verse 4. *Thy neck ‡ is as a tower of ivory; thine eyes like the fish-pools of Heshbon, by the gate of Bat-rabbim: thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon, which looketh toward Damascus.*

Thy neck of precious faith excels
 The fairest iv'ry tower;
 It holds the glorious Head, and dwells
 Upon the rock of power.

Rais'd and conspicuous, it attracts
 All eyes, and wonder breeds:
 It stands renown'd for valiant acts,
 For strange and mighty deeds.

* The name of a flower of distinction, worn in the French king's arms. † See Chap. iv. 5. ‡ See Chap. iv. 4.

No iv'ry whiter than the swan
 Can match thy precious faith;
 No tow'r with equal boldness can
 Defy the gates of death.

Thine eyes like Heshbon's clear fish-pools,
 Near by Beth-rabbim's gate,
 Enlighten'd brightly, twit the fools,
 That hug blind nature's state.

More clear than any silver brook,
 Thine eyes of knowledge trace
 Hid myst'ries in the sacred book,
 Unfathom'd deeps of grace.

But all conceal'd this glory lies
 From haughty sons of pride,
 Whose boasted wit does blind the eyes,
 And heav'nly light deride.

Thy nose of quick sagacity
 Like Leb'non's tow'r doth rise,
 And with bold look Damascus spy,
 To face thine enemies.

Because they strong and subtle are,
 Thou keep'st the frontier tow'r;
 To smell their policy afar,
 And watch against their pow'r.

Verse 5. *Thine head upon thee is like † Carmel,
 and the hair of thine head like purple;—*

Thy heav'nly mind intelligent
 Excels the wise on earth,
 While strangers to thy high descent,
 And to thy heav'nly birth.

Thy lofty head and stately brow,
 Looks to the heav'ns above;
 And scornful smiles on all below,
 As worthless of thy love.

Thy helmet and thy head-piece is
 Hope built on precious blood;
 High is thy head extoll'd by this
 'Bove ev'ry foe and flood.

† Or, *crimson*.

Higher by far than Carmel top,
The walls of heav'n to scale ;
When thine advent'rous, soaring hope
Takes place within the vail.

Th' excellence of Carmel high
Can't match thy crimson head ;
Its hairs are of a purple dye,
Which once the Lord did bleed.

Each pin which holds thy hair in dress,
Each glance from grace within,
Speaks universal stateliness ;
Not one disorder'd pin.

Each holy air around thy face
Does so thy beauty 'enhance ;
A lustre shines in ev'ry grace,
A charm in ev'ry glance.

—*The King is * beld in the galleries.*

To prove the beauty ravishing
And lustre of thy dress ;
How does it captivate the King,
And deep his heart impress !

Jesus, the King of kings renown'd,
Is held within thine arms,
In gall'ries of his grace, and bound
A captive to thy charms.

The glorious and majestic One,
Whom death could ne'er detain,
Is by thy pow'rful graces won,
And ty'd as with a chain.

Strange loveliness it is that sways
The Regent of the skies !
Constraining him to stay and gaze ;
It so attracts his eyes.

Bold with the King are faith's efforts ;
Bless'd they the conquest share !
Who win him to his sacred courts,
And then can hold him there.

* Or, bound.

Such is the glory of his grace,
He boasts to be o'ercome ;
And feasts the victor with solace,
Who fought but for a crumb.

Verse 6. *How fair * and how pleasant art thou, O
Love, for delights !*

O Love, no words can specify
Thy forms of loveliness :
Delights of diverse kinds in thee
Are more than I express.

No equal for delights hast thou,
No match on earth below :
I call thee fair, and pleasant too,
Because I made thee so.

My Love, thy dress without, how fair !
Within, how sweet to me !
My righteousness and graces are
The robes I made for thee.

My lab'ring life was spent throughout
The marriage-suit to spin,
That makes my bride all fair without,
All glorious too within.

Verse 7. *This thy stature is like to a palm-tree, and
thy breasts to clusters of grapes.*

The sweet proportion I observe
Of graces fair in thee ;
None from their proper station swerve,
But act harmoniously.

Thy stature, like the palm-tree firm,
Is stately, straight, and tall :
No burden can the flourish harm,
Nor years the growth enthrall.

Thy breasts of love to me and mine,
Square to the gospel-plan,
Chear, like the clusters full of wine,
The heart of God and man.

* Or how art thou made fair.

Verse 8. *I said, I will go up to the palm-tree, I will take hold of the boughs thereof: now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine, and the smell of thy nose like apples;—*

“ I will, said I, this palm-tree climb,

“ This lovely walk approve ;

“ And to my bride in holy trim

“ I’ll manifest my love *.

“ I’ll apprehend, by saving grace,

“ As I decreed of old,

“ Her little boughs, her tender race,

“ And never quit the hold.”

Lo ! Heav’n shall then thy breasts inspire,

As clusters fill’d with wine :

My presence shall thy graces fire

To thy content and mine.

The breath of life thy nostrils blow,

Shall with sweet scent abound :

No sav’ry apples e’er could throw

Such grateful odours round.

Verse 9. *And the roof of thy mouth † like the best wine, (for ‡ my Beloved) that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of † those that are asleep to speak,*

Thy palate drench’d with holy love,

Shall drop the richest wine :

So sweet thy pray’rs and praise shall prove

A feast to me and mine,

I’ll taste thy cheer, and speak it good,

For thou’lt in upright ways

Derive it from my plenitude,

Devote it to my praise.

Drops from the living vine that stream

With sweetness down will go ;

To make thy cold affections flame,

Thy wither’d graces grow.

* John xvi. 21.

† Heb. *palate*

‡ A parenthesis of the bride’s, say some,

‡ Or, *the ancient.*

My Spirit's gen'rous wine will make
The old renew their days,
The dead to live, the dull to wake,
The dumb to speak my praise.

The CHURCH'S Words.

Verse 10. ¶ *I am my Beloved's, and his desire
is towards me.*

Lo ! how my loving Lord commends
Base me, who blush to hear !
And blood of grapes from Eph'raim sends
My drooping heart to cheer.

I'm not mine own, but his I'll be,
Whose love my heart doth fire ;
And thus has fix'd on worthless me
His conjugal desire.

What line can this love-ocean sound !
What tongue its measure tell !
Whose height immense, and depth profound,
Won heav'n, and vanquish'd hell !

Verse 11. *Come, my Belov'd, let us go forth
into the field, let us lodge in the villages.*

Come, dearest Love, let us retire
From this vain earth's annoy ;
That undisturb'd communion near
We may alone enjoy.

We'll chuse some secret, lonely place,
To vent our joys the more ;
And forage in the field of grace,
Until we feast in glore.

Thy company such hidden trains
Of consolation brings ;
That, pois'd with this, my soul disdains
The pomp of earthly kings.

In rural villages below,
Come let us lodge all night,
Till dusky shades of sin and woe
Give place to glory's light.

Verse 12. *Let us go up early to the vineyards: let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth: there will I give thee my loves.*

Unto the vineyards of thy grace
Come let us early go;
To see, in this retiring place,
If all the planting grow.
Come visit, Lord, thy sacred ground;
See how thy nurs'ries bear;
If vines and grapes and 'granates round
Their flow'ry raiment wear.
O come along, thy succour grant,
While I thy fruits review;
For at thy pleasure ev'ry plant
Its verdure will renew.
The vines their blossom will resume,
Their tender grapes revive;
See how the 'granates then will bloom,
And all the graces thrive.
In these retirements while I live,
Thy presence I'll improve;
And joyful there I will thee give
The tokens of my love.
In nearness sweet with thee apart
I'll dash vain loves with ire,
And wholly offer thee my heart
In flames of holy fire.

Verse 13. *The mandrakes give a smell; and at our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits, new and old, which I have laid up for thee, O my Beloved!*

Here, Lord, for thee the garden's drest;
For thee the feast is spread,
Come then vouchsafe with me to rest,
Below the verdant shade.
The mandrakes here, love-fruits and flow'rs,
Do spread their odours round;
And at our very gates sweet stores
And fruits of grace are found.

Embracing faith is here, to meet
 My Lord when he appears ;
 Repentance here to wash his feet
 With floods of joyful tears.
 Love, joy, and all the heav'nly train,
 Old fruits with new increase,
 Laid up in store to entertain
 The God of all my grace.
 Come thou, to whom I all devote,
 O my beloved Lord ;
 Lo ! all that's from thy fulness got
 Is for thy glory stor'd.
 'Tis thine to plant, and prune, and dress ;
 Thou mak'st the garden grow :
 In thee my all I still possess,
 To thee my all I owe.

C H A P. VIII.

The Love of the Church to CHRIST.—The Vehemency of Love.—The calling of the Gentiles.—The Church prayeth for CHRIST's coming.

The CHURCH's Words.

Verse I. *O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother ! when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee ; yea, * I should not be despised.*

SO sweet I find thy heav'nly charms,
 Still more and more I bode ;
 And long to clasp within my arms
 A whole incarnate God.

O would thou as my brother wert,
 My mother's sucking child !
 I'd kiss and hug thee in my heart,
 And should not be revil'd.

* Heb. They shall not despise me.

Yea, in the op'nest, patent place,
Without a blush through shame,
I would with joyful arms embrace
The babe of Bethlehem.
Hell could reproach thy church of old,
That lov'd a child unborn :
But now *the Son is giv'n*†, I'm bold
To love, and fear no scorn.
To him I'll give the highest room,
And joy beneath his shade,
That deign'd to bless the virgin's womb,
And human nature wed.
My God's my brother now in dress ;
And if he would allow't,
Though hell should mock my fond carress,
I'd openly avow't.

Verse 2. I would lead thee, and bring thee into my mother's house, who would instruct me : I would cause thee to drink of the spiced wine, and of the juice of my pomegranates.

I would attend and usher thee
Into my mother's home ;
Then would her courts instructive be,
For light with pow'r would come.
Her children would thy glory see,
Did they thy presence share :
And I for entertaining thee
Would bring my choicest fare.
To spiced wine with 'granates juice
I would thee welcome make ;
And greatly would my heart rejoice,
Were't better for thy sake.
Well were the feast bestow'd on thee ;
For thine my graces are,
Who, when thou comes to feed with me,
Dost bring along the fare.

† Isa. ix. 6.

Verse 3. *His left-hand * should be under my head,
and his right-hand should embrace me †.*

Lo! he descending from above,
In answer to my pray'r,
Enfolds me in his arms of love,
To shew his tender care.

His left-hand for my support he
Beneath my head does place;
Then, for my comfort, lends he me
His right-hand's soft embrace.

His presence brings a silver show'r
Of blessings from above;
I'm closely guarded with his pow'r,
And girded with his love.

For my solace 'gainst sin and death,
I feel his glad'ning charms;
And, for my safety, underneath
His everlasting arms.

O welcome blest and happy hour,
When he unvails his face;
I'm then supported by his pow'r,
Comforted by his grace.

Verse 4. † *I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that
ye stir not up †, nor awake my Love until he please.*

O Salem's daughters, now, I pray,
And charge you, stand in awe
T' awake my Love, or any way
Provoke him to withdraw.

This heav'nly quiet marr not ye
With loud offensive noise;

Why should you rob yourselves and me
Of such uncommon joys!

His smiles are free, he comes and goes;
The happy hour is this:

Why should you prove such wretched foes,
To interrupt the bliss!

* Or rather is. † See Chap. ii. 6.

† See these words more largely spoken to, Chap. ii. 7. and iii. 5.

† Heb. *Why should you stir up?* or, *why awake, &c.*

My glorious Lord now rests within
 Mine arms of faith and love;
 I charge myself, my heart, my sin,
 Not once to stir or move.

While he allows his visit sweet,
 Let none his rest annoy;
 O may I never grieve his Sp'rit,
 Nor sin away my joy!

The COMPANIONS Words.

Verse 5. (*Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved?*)—

What fair and lovely bride is this!
 Though prest with griefs and sins,
 Yet trav'ling from the wilderness,
 On her Beloved leans!

How boldly does she in his name,
 And in his strength go on,
 All other righteousness disclaim,
 And mention his alone?

His wings bear up her soul aloft,
 'Bove all that can molest:

His bosom is the pillow soft
 On which her head doth rest

Lo! how on his almighty arms
 She can her cares unload;
 And march through all opposing harms,
 Depending on her God.

Her fir'd affections upward tow'r,
 And, with a heav'nly air,
 Contempt on earthly glory pour,
 As far below her care.

Ascending from the wilderness
 Of sorrow, sin, and thrall;
 And, strongly bent for heav'nly bliss,
 She leaves the dusky ball.

The CHURCH'S Words.

—*I raised † thee up under the apple-tree: there thy mother brought thee forth; there she brought thee forth that bare thee.*

† *Thee* in the Hebrew has the mark of the masculine gender.

To mens applause, with mighty maze,
What small regard is due?
But, Lord, with thee, who art my praise,
Let me my suit pursue.

Such sweet experience, Lord, I had
Beneath the apple tree;
Under thy shadow still I'm glad
Alone to meet with thee.

I rais'd thee up in secret pray'r,
Thy joyful help to yield:
For by thy grace I wrestled there,
And by thy grace prevail'd.

Thy mother too that brought thee forth,
Hard trav'ling with annoy,
There at her Son, her Saviour's birth
Forgot her pangs with joy.

The saints beneath thy fruitful shade,
Thy beauteous likeness wore;
They that in sorrow travail'd had,
In joy thine image bore.

Thy shadow thus to them and me
Such pleasure does afford,
That more and more I long to see
Thy glory there, O Lord.

Verse 6. ¶ *Set me as a seal upon thine heart,
as a seal upon thine arm:—*

Grant, Lord, my name engrav'd may be
Upon thy heart and breast;
And so insure thy love to me,
My glorious God and Priest.

O set me stedfast as a seal
Upon thine arm divine,
And by confirming marks reveal
Thy mighty love is mine.

Grant also, Lord, my love to thee
May firmly be imprest:
And let thy name my signet be
Deep stamp'd upon my breast.

O may my heart the centre prove
Of thy affections keen ;
Thy heart the centre of my love,
And nought to interveen.

—*For love is strong as death, jealousy is cruel as the grave :—*

Strong wings of holy love aloft
Bear up my soul afresh,
Which in sweet raptures dying soft
Forgets the clog of flesh.

While thus my heart does mounting fly,
On this seraphic wing,
In love to thee I kindly die
To ev'ry mortal thing.

As thy strong love, O Lord, to me,
Could conquer death and dread ;
So does my ardent love to thee
The pow'r of death exceed.

It kills me, Lord ; I can't resist
This strong desire of mine :
If not with satisfaction blest,
To death, to death I pine.

Admit, me Lord, into thy heart,
Lest my heart jealous be,
That either thine from me depart,
Or mine depart from thee.

Such jealousy would fore torment,
And torture me to death ;
Like the devouring grave, intent
To stop my vital breath.

—*The coals thereof are coals of fire, which have a most vehement flame.*

These jealous flames will quite consume
My soul, like burning fire ;
Unless thy loving answer come
To suit my heart's desire

My flaming heart does bleed afresh,
If thou depart i' th' least ;
Mine ardent zeal eats up my flesh,
Love-sickness pains my breast.

The sparks of fervid love ascend
 Like mounting flames on high ;
 With veh'ment force they heav'nward bend,
 And pierce the azure sky.

O let thy bowels, Lord, be mov'd
 To grant my heart's desire :
 I'd rather die than not be lov'd ;
 My heart is all on fire.

Verse 7. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.

No waves could quench thy love, which sat
 As king upon the flood
 Of rolling vengeance, vastly great,
 And on a sea of blood.

Thus nor can many waters drown
 My flaming love to thee ;[†]
 Nor torrents of turmoil † beat down
 The zeal that burns in me.

In vain by flatt'ries, or by fears,
 Do hell and earth combine
 To quench the fire of love, that bears
 A stamp so much divine.

Desertion black, nor dev'l, nor man,
 Nor air, nor earth, nor sea,
 Nor life, nor death, nor angels can
 Divorce my love from thee ‡.

Were wealth to bribe my love, I could
 The golden bait disdain,
 Like despicable dung that would
 Invade my heart in vain.

I cast contempt on suiters all,
 That dare compete with thee ;
 And value thrones no more than thrall,
 Should they thy rivals be.

Verse 8. ¶ We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts: what shall we do for our sister, in the day when she shall be spoken for?

† Bustle or stir.

‡ See Rom. viii. 35,—39.

Since now, dear Lord, our mutual love
Is thus so deep imprest ;

May I this access sweet improve,
That others may be blest.

Our little sister, Lord, to wit,
A barren Gentile race,
With all uncall'd, unsav'd, as yet,
Though chosen by thy grace ;

She little knowledge hath, we see,
No fashion'd breasts of love ;
No principle of grace from thee,
Nor nurture from above :

No breasts of consolation sweet,
No word, no means of grace ;
No warm milk of instruction meet
To feed her starving race.

What shall be done for her, I pray,
And for her progeny,
When they shall on the marriage-day
Be call'd to match with thee ?

What for our sister-church to come,
Which Jews or Greeks shall hatch ;
To bring her to the marriage-room,
And carry on the match ?

CHRIST'S Words.

Verse 9. *If she be a wall, we will build upon her a palace of silver ; and if she be a door, we will inclose her with boards of cedar.*

Love, I'll inform thee what we'll do,
With this our sister dear,
When by the gospel-call I woo,
And speak into her ear.

If once the good work were begun,
As by my grace it shall ;
And she by faith on me alone
Built like a brazen wall :

We'll make the wall a work complete,
A silver palace fair *,
A temple for my holy Sp'rit
To dwell for ever there.

* Psalm cxliv. 12.

- If once I make her heart a door,
 Wide ope to take me in;
 We'll as with cedar-boards secure,
 And strengthen her within.
 We Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Will frame, advance, and crown
 The happy building, at our cost,
 Which hell shall ne'er pull down.
 Ev'n outcast Gentiles base, at length
 The wond'ring world shall see
 In num'rous issue, beauty, strength,
 And grandeur rival thee.

The Church's Words.

Verse 10. *I am a wall, and my breasts like towers:
 then was I in his eyes as one that found favour.*

Kind Lord, how gladly do I hear
 Thy promise made to me,
 For elect sister-churches dear!
 I roll their care on thee.
 My sweet experience clears thou wilt
 Thus kindly deal with them;
 For I'm a wall most firmly built,
 And rear'd upon thy name.
 Thou mak'st my breasts of graces grow
 Like iv'ry tow'rs so high;
 I trust what love to me dost show,
 To them thou won't deny.
 When grace my unbelief destroy'd,
 And on my rock me fix'd;
 Thy favour then my soul enjoy'd,
 With sweet love-tokens mix'd.
 Then did my life's department shew
 Thine image on my heart;
 And thou thyself with pleasure view
 The grace thou didst impart.
 I'm joyful when to mind I do
 These happy days recall;
 By gaace was I built up, and so
 My little sister shall.

Verse 11. *Solomon had a vineyard at Baal-hamon ; he let out the vineyard unto keepers : every one for the fruit thereof was to bring a thousand pieces of silver.*

Another object of my care,
Beside our sister dear,
Is likewise, Lord, thy vineyard fair,
Already planted here.
Our Solomon, the Prince of peace,
A vineyard did possess,
And to a multitude did lease,
And let it out to dress.
At Baal-hamon, where he plants
Upon a fruitful soil,
And servants with commission grants
To keep it from turmoil.
He takes the care in chief, but they
An under-trust maintain ;
He wakes and keeps it night and day,
Else watchmen watch in vain *.
From ev'ry servant there employed
He still requires the rent
Of praise, for what they have enjoy'd,
And work to his content.
Each one for fruit that he assigns
Proportion'd tribute brings,
And renders for a thousand vines
A thousand silverlings †.

CHRIST'S Words.

Verse 12. *My vineyard which is mine, is before me:—*

My vineyard, Love, the object is
Of my peculiar care ;
My heart and eye is fix'd on this
More close than any-where.
'Tis mine by special right and grant,
By blood and conquest too ;
The state and case of ev'ry plant
Is always in my view.

* Isaiah v. 1,—4. Psalm cxxvii. 1. † Isaiah vii. 23.

My vineyard in my bosom set,
Has therein such a room,
A woman sooner can forget
The infant of her womb †.
Though nature should her frame desert,
And mothers monstres prove;
Yet Zion dwells upon the heart
Of everlasting love.

The CHURCH's Words.

*—Thou, O Solomon, must have a thousand; and those
that keep the fruit thereof two hundred.*

True, Lord; the vineyard is thine own,
The charge is chiefly thine;
Yet under thee, thou hast made known,
The charge is also mine *.

This vineyard of mine own, alas!
Of late I did neglect;
But now I will the trust, through grace,
More carefully inspect.

My graces, talents, time, and all,
That I receive from thee,
To husband for thy service, shall
Be always in mine eye.

The fruits of gratitude I'll bring,
Which unto thee I owe:
The vineyard's revenue, O King,
Belongs to thee, I know.

To thee a thousand fold pertains;
And when thou gett'st thy due,
To under-keepers, for their pains,
Two hundred shall accrue.

Though none that labour in thy name
Shall of thy praise partake:
Yet what respect is due to them
I'll render for thy sake.

† Isaiah xlix. 15.

* The preceding part of this verse, though already explained, and applied to Christ; yet, being reckoned by some to be the churches words, are here also resumed as hers.

CHRIST'S Words.

Verse 13. *Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to thy voice : cause me to hear it*.*

O thou my bride, that lov'st to haunt
The gardens of my grace,
And solemn inns where ev'ry saint
Delights to see my face.

I'm pleas'd thou careful' keep for me
The orchards of my love,
Until thy nobler mansion be
The Paradise above.

The saints, all thy companions dear,
To social worship bent,
Are glad thy graceful words to hear,
And to thy voice intent.

Take this occasion in thy walk
To cause me to be heard ;
Make me the subject of thy talk,
My name to be rever'd.

And while they to my voice give ear,
Cause me to hear it too,
By flying posts of frequent pray'r :
Full freedom I allow.

I'll joy how oft I hear from thee,
Until the parting skreen,
And range of hills, 'twixt thee and me,
No more shall intervene.

The CHURCH'S Words.

Verse 14. ¶ *Make haste †, my Beloved, and be thou like to a roe, or to a young hart, upon the mountains of spices.*

Ah, Lord ! communion with thee now
Is sweet, but quickly o'er :
We must not part but with a view
To meet again in glore.

* Or, *cause me to be heard.*

† Heb. *Fly away.*

Mean-time, let still fresh news from thee
(My soul from sloth to purge)

Effect thy hearing oft from me,
As thou art pleas'd to urge.

But, O make haste to bring me home,
To that delicious place,
Where fears and doubts can never come,
Nor clouds to veil thy face.

Fly like a youthful hart or roe,
On speedy wings of love :
I languish while I sin below,
And long to sing above.

'Tis good, indeed, to taste thy grace,
In gardens here below ;
But better far to see thy face
Above, where spices flow.

These balmy heights thy glory fills,
Till the refreshing day ;
But haste, my Love, upon the hills ;
Love cannot bear delay.

Thy second coming must be dear,
O my Belov'd, to me ;
For, when thou shalt with clouds appear,
I'll then be like to thee.

Thy foes that awful day may hate,
And view with fearful grudge ;
But, free of dread, I long, I wait ;
My Love will be my Judge.

I ardent pant with restless eyes,
To see thee face to face ;
No less than glory can suffice
The appetite of grace.

My months are ages of delay,
Each minute slowly wears ;
Till thy swift chariot roll away
These rounds of tedious years.

No balsam can remede my sore,
Till Jesus, from on high,
Shall cleave the starry plains, and o'er
The crystal mountains fly.

Roll days and years out of the way
Between my foul and thee
O haste the consummation-day;
AMEN, so let it be.

END of the PARAPHRASE on the SONG of SOLOMON.

SCRIPTURE SONGS,

IN TWO BOOKS.

BOOK I. Consists of OLD TESTAMENT SONGS; or, SONGS on several *Select Passages* in the Old Testament.

IN SIX PARTS.

Part I. Comprehends fourteen POEMS upon such Passages of Scripture as the Author has versified from *Genesis* to *Job*.

Part II. Contains JOB'S HYMNS; or, an hundred short POEMS, upon the same Number of select Parts and Passages of that Book.

Part III. A NEW VERSION of the *Song of Solomon*, in eight Chapters.

Part IV. Contains twenty-one POEMS, selected from *Ecclesiastes*, *Isaiab*, and *Jeremiab*.

Part V. A Short PARAPHRASE upon the *Lamentations of Jeremiab*, in five Chapters.

Part VI. Comprehends six POEMS, selected from the *Minor Prophets*.

BOOK II. Consists of NEW TESTAMENT SONGS; or, SONGS on several *Select Parts* in the New Testament.

IN THREE PARTS.

Part I. Containing seventeen SONGS selected from the *Four Evangelists*.

Part II. Comprehends twenty-four SONGS selected out of the different *Apostolical Epistles*.

Part III. Consists of sixteen SONGS extracted from the Book of the *Revelation*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO the account, given by the Author, in the following Preface, of the occasion and design of these *Scripture Songs*, it may not be improper to acquaint the Reader with the *manner* of their first publication, and the *reason* of their present arraignment.

As to the *manner* in which these Songs were emitted into the world, it was at first in four different tracts. The *Paraphrase on the Lamentations of Jeremiab* was first published as a specimen of the whole, with an intimation to any, who had a mind, to offer their remarks thereupon. We never heard of any observations made to the Author upon it; and we are quite certain he himself made no alterations upon it after the first publication. The kindly reception it met with, encouraged him to proceed; and the public was next favoured with *A New Version of the Song of Solomon*, published along with his large Explicatory Poem on that book. Some time after this he published what was intitled, *Job's Hymns*; or, his Poems on several select passages of that book. Then we were favoured with the rest of the *Scripture Songs*, in three parts. All these were carefully revised and prepared for the press by the Author himself, except a few Poems which composed what was called the *third part* of the *Scripture Songs*, which were not extracted from his short-hand characters before his death; but these were carefully revised and compared with the original by his son, the Rev. Mr. Henry Erskine of Falkirk.

We are next to assign the *reason* of their present arraignment. Though these Poems were published at first in sundry separate tracts, and at different times, yet it is certain they were designed to compose one intire work. As we have now the whole before us; it was judged proper to arraign them in such a manner as to compose one complete *Collection of Scripture Songs*. To effectuate this design, they are divided into two books: the first book contains *Old Testament Songs*, in six parts; the other consists of *New Testament Songs*, in three parts. All these are placed in the regular order, in which they ly in the scripture.

It is probable, had our Author lived some time longer, he would have enriched this collection with several other Poems, upon other parallel and celebrated passages of scripture; for it appears he was going on with the work when providence put a period to his natural life, and translated him to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, in the church triumphant above.

P R E F A C E,

S H E W I N G

THE OCCASION AND DESIGN OF THE FOLLOWING POEMS.

READER,

THE work of turning all the rest of the Scripture Songs into metre, as the Psalms of David are, and for the same public use, was proposed by the church of Scotland, more than an hundred years ago, and that in one of the most noted periods of her reformation; particularly by an act of the General Assembly, August 28th, 1647.—This affair having never yet been accomplished to general satisfaction, though some essays were made towards it*, it was recommended to me, however sensible of my own unfitness for it, to try my hand upon this work. The first public recommendation was by the Associate Synod, Anno 1747.: and though I began it, by turning some of these Songs into metre, the best way I could, such as the song of Moses, Exod xv. and Deut. xxxii. the Song of Deborah and Barak, Judges v. and several others; yet, I may say, Satan hindered me in my progress therein, and stood at my right hand to resist me, by casting temptations in my way: and the holy providence of God seemed, from time to time, in vacant hours, to be putting other necessary work in my hand; which yet, I hope, (with means that others also have used) has had its own usefulness, for fencing and fortifying a number of the Lord's people against the terrible temptations, into which too many have been so much ensnared, as that, under the mask of zeal for a *new religion* and *profession*, they cannot tell what, Satan has got his circle drawn about them, to hedge them in from coming to feed in these green pastures, wherein they have been formerly nourished: and in which strait and sinful inclosure they will, in all appearance, be detained, till God himself break the snare, and loose the prisoners; and till "The captives of the mighty be taken away, and the prey of the terrible be delivered," Isaiah xlix. 24, 25. †

But as I have again got a little leisure, amidst the intervals of my other ministerial work, to go on in the prosecution of what has been so often recommended to me; so I have yielded to the publication

* This recommendation of the Assembly was given to Mr. Zacharias Boyd. He complied with the recommendation; for we find the Assembly 1648. appointing two of their number to revise his labours: but they were never publicly approved of.—About forty years after this there was another attempt to have this design accomplished; and so we find a version of the Scripture Songs published, Anno 1686. supposed to be written by one Mr. Simpson: but these did not yield public satisfaction neither.—This affair was again proposed by some latter Assemblies; and some of the scripture songs underwent a revising: but none of them have as yet obtained the public sanction of the church.

† The interruption that our Author met with in this affair, and the other necessary work that was called for at his hand, has a respect to the unhappy contest about the lawfulness of the Religious Clause of some Burgeses Oaths, and the writings he published on that subject.

of this small * part of the work in the mean-time; because this being one of the intire books of scripture by itself, and having just now made this essay upon it: the judgment of the judicious about this being once given, and remarks offered by those that please upon it, there may be the less ado, if providence bring forward all the rest, to be subjected also to the trial of those who have parts as well as piety. And, no doubt, but the rest, if the Lord will, may be forwarded with the more pleasure, if this, as a specimen, shall be acceptable.

In case this paraphrase (*viz.* on the *Lamentations*,) or any other part of the *Scripture Songs*, intended to be published, should come to have another edition, these who incline, and have skill and judgment, are hereby allowed and desired to send, by letters, their observations to the author, if they find any real improprieties or failures, either in the frame of the poetry, or fitness of the paraphrase; especially the latter of these, for he does not pretend to a genius fitted to act the sublime poet; and it may, perhaps, be no disadvantage, in composures of this kind, designed for general use, that the middle path be kept between the too flat and too soaring strain. But he will reckon himself much obliged to any skilled hands, that shall not only observe what they think needs to be amended, but also set down their own essays for correcting thereof; and, according to the gravity, merit and importance of the observations and amendments, so shall he endeavour to give those that make them all the satisfaction he can in the next edition. And that any who please, may the more easily compare the Text and the Paraphrase, he has caused print them both together †. Where the decent frame of the metre allows not any seeming agreement with the words of the text, the learned reader is to judge especially of its agreement with the scope and intent thereof: and in this I have not neglected to consult commentators; only in places where they were of different minds, I was obliged to make a choice of what I thought best, and most consonant with the context. And when the marginal readings, or the original Hebrew text yielded any assistance, they were not neglected.

I have not, in all and every one of the *Scripture Songs*, studied rhyme in the first and third line of every stanza; though, in the most part of them, it is carefully observed.—That all may be blessed of God, for the edification of his church and people, is the earnest desire of their servant, and yours in Christ,

RALPH ERSKINE.

* The small part of the work, here alluded to by the Author, is his Paraphrase on the *Lamentations* of Jeremiah, which he first published by itself, as a specimen of the whole. (with the scriptures annexed on the margin at full length, and the marginal readings at the foot of the page, that the reader might easily compare the version with the original text,) and to which this account of the occasion and design of his writing these *SCRIPTURE SONGS* was first prefixed; but as it respects them all, it is now made to front the whole.

† This was done in the first edition of the Paraphrase on the *Lamentations* of Jeremiah, which was designed as a specimen.

SCRIPTURE SONGS.

BOOK I.

OLD TESTAMENT SONGS ; or, Songs upon several
Select Passages in the Old Testament.

PART I.

POEMS selected from several Passages of Scripture in
the Historical Parts of the Old Testament, *viz.* from
the Book of *Genesis* to *Job*.

INTRODUCTION.

It is generally agreed, among the learned and inquisitive, that writings in poetry have been the first that were used in the world; that they have been co-equal with, if not even prior to the invention or usage of letters: nay, that in several nations poetical compositions actually preceded the very invention or usage of letters. And in such veneration was this way of writing held among the antients, that their poets were called *vates*, Prophets; and their muses were deified.—But, which is still more certain and considerable, the most antient composition that we meet with in the sacred volume itself, is the Song of Moses at the Red Sea, recorded, *Exod. xv. 1,—22.* * which we find before the very first mention of writing; for that occurs not till *Exod. xvii. 14.* when the Lord enjoins Moses to write a memorial of the war with Amalek.

Many sacred Songs are to be met with in the Old Testament, scattered both in the historical and prophetical books, penned upon particular and remarkable occasions; which, in the opinion of very competent judges, have in them as true and noble strains of poetry and picture, as are to be met with in any other language whatsoever, in spite of all the disadvantage from translation into so different tongues, and common prose; nay, are nobler examples of the true sublime stile of poetry than any can be found in the Pagan writers: the images are so strong, lively, and proper; the thoughts so grand, elevated, and profound; the expressions so lofty, magnificent, and divine; and the figures so admirable, bold, and moving, that the wonderful manner of these writings is quite inimitable.

Some other very important and highly interesting passages of scripture, very apposite for the matter of a song, are also here versified, though not so in the original. And although the historical parts of Scripture afford us the smallest number either of these, or poetical passages, yet the following Songs are selected therefrom.

* This Song is the most antient and most sublime piece of poetry in the world: the images are noble and lively; the arraignment of its ideas is proper and beautiful; the stile, lofty and magnificent; and the strain of piety, which breathes through the whole, is evangelical.

S O N G I.

*The first Six Days Work; or, the first Chapter of
Genesis compendized. **

THE first day at Jehovah's word,
Which brought from nothing all,
Did heav'n, and earth, and light afford,
To form the spacious ball
The next, a firmament so wide,
A large expanded sky,
That might the waters course divide,
And bear the clouds on high.
The third, severing land from seas,
Ere sun and rain were seen;
Made earth produce herbs, grass, and trees,
To paint her face with green.
The fourth, sun, moon, and stars of light,
Within their circling spheres,
Set up to rule the day and night,
And mark out months and years.
The fifth, made finny tribes to move,
And cut the floods beneath;
And feather'd hosts to fly above,
And wing their airy path.
The sixth, all earthly beasts did bring,
And form the grazing herb:
Then man to be the creatures king
His Maker great preferr'd.
On man he did his image draw;
Thus fair at first he stood,
When God review'd his works, and saw
That all was very good.
[But soon as man, by sin's inrode,
Was stain'd, the change was sad!
Of all the six days work of God,
The best was very bad!]

* The Reader, if he pleases, may see this transaction in another kind of poetry, p. 250. 251.

S O N G II.

The First Gospel Promise. Gen. iii. 15.

THE promise first, that led the van,
 Did curse the tempting snake;
 But op'd the door of bliss to man,
 For thus Jehovah spake:

" I'll put eternal enmity,

" O thou satanic foe!

" Between the woman foil'd and thee,

" To thy disgrace and wo.

" Her seed and thine immortal feud

" Shall both be made to feel;

" It shall intirely break thy head,

" Thou only bruise his heel.

" And to give thee the fatal blow,

" Her seed shall be my Son;

" Destroy thy works, and quit undo

" What mischief thou hast done.

S O N G III.

The Ten Plagues of Israel named and justified.

Exod. vii. viii. ix. x. and xii. chap.

THE first, their water turn'd to blood,
 Their blood-thirst to requite.

The second, caus'd vile frogs to croud,
 To 'venge their crocking spite.

The third, turn'd all their dust to lice,
 Their fordid ways to wreck.

The fourth, made swarms of flees arise,
 Their soaring pride to check.

The fifth, their beasts with murrain kill'd
 To smite their brutish kin.

The sixth, with boils their bodies fill'd,
 To scourge the blains of sin.

The seventh, destroy'd with fire and hail,
 Their fury to assuage.

The eighth, made locusts fierce prevail,
 To recompence their rage.

The ninth, thick *darkness* on them drew,
 For doubling Isra'l's tales.
 The tenth, all Egypt's *first-born* slew,
 For murd'ring Isra'l's males.

S O N G IV.

*The Song of MOSES, when the Israelites were delivered
 out of the hands of the Egyptians. Exod. xv. 1,—21.*

S E C T. I.

*The LORD's Praise celebrated for his own Excellence,
 and overthrowing his Enemies.*

- Ver. I'LL sing unto the Lord, who doth
 1 His glorious triumph shew;
 For he the horse, and rider both,
 Into the ocean threw.
- 2 Weak was I, but the Lord's my strength;
 Dumb, but he's now my song;
 Lost, but he is become at length
 All my salvation strong.
 He is my God, I'll him prepare
 An habitation nigh;
 My father's God, with double care
 I will exalt him high.
- 3 The Lord's a man of war, I boast
 The Lord his name to be;
- 4 He Pharaoh's chariots and his host,
 Hath cast into the sea.
- 5 He did his chosen captains drown,
 Within the Red-sea brink;
 The depths them hid, to th' bottom down
 They like a stone did sink.
- 6 Thy right-hand, O Jehovah, did
 Its pow'rful glory shew;
 Thy right-hand, O Jehovah, did
 In pieces dash the foe.
- 7 Soon, in thy greatness excellent,
 Thy foes thou ruin'd hast;
 And forth thine indignation sent,
 Did them as stubble waste.

- 8 Lo! at thy nostrils blast, on fight
 The waves combining rose;
 Floods, as an heap, did stand upright,
 The deeps in mid-sea froze.
- 9 The raging foe thus spoke in pride,
 "I'll now pursue them hot;
 "I will o'ertake, I will divide
 "The spoil upon the spot:
 "My lust its satisfaction full
 "Upon them shall enjoy;
 "My bloody sword draw forth I will,
 "My hand shall them destroy."
- 10 But when thy wind did blow, with speed
 The billows were their graves;
 For down they sank, as pond'rous lead,
 Within the mighty waves.
 [Thy orders quickly overthrew
 Thy proud Egyptian host,
 Who, boldly daring to pursue
 Were in the ocean lost.]

S E C T. II.

*The LORD extolled for his wonderful Works
 in preserving his People.*

- 11 Who is like thee among the gods!
 Lord, who is like to thee?
 So vast, so infinite the odds,
 Where can thine equal be!
 In holiness most glorious,
 In praises fearful too;
 In doing wonders marvellous,
 None else the like can do!
- 12 When thou but stretchedst thy right-hand,
 The earth obedient rose,
 With open mouth, at thy command,
 And swallow'd up thy foes.
- 13 Thou all the folk thou did'st redeem,
 Hast led forth in thy grace;
 And, in thy strength, hast guided them
 Unto thy holy place.

- 14 People shall hear and fear, and so
In grief and anguish pine;
Sorrow shall catch the folk that do
Inhabit Palestine.
- 15 On Edom's dukes amazing fits,
On Moab's men of might
Trembling shall seize; all Canaanites
Shall melt away outright.
- 16 Great fear and dread shall them arrest,
Thine arm's great mightiness
Shall still them, as a stone supprest,
Till once thy people pass;
Till once the folk, thou chosen hast,
Pass over by thy grant.
To the mountain thou inheritest,
Thou'lt them bring in and plant.
- 17 The place, O Lord, which thou hast made
To be thy dwelling fine,
The sanctuary established
Firm, by thy hands divine.
- 18 The Lord shall ever reign, who hath
Such fame by Pharaoh's plea,
- 19 Whose chariot, horse, and cavalcade,
So madly took the sea:
For then the Lord upon their head,
Roll'd back the waves again;
But on dry land went Israel's seed
Amidst the cloven main.

SECT. III. MIRIAM'S *Answer*.

Sing to the Lord, who made his name,
In pomp triumphant known;
The horse and rider both, by him,
Were in the ocean thrown.

S O N G V.

The Ten Commands abridged and versified. † Exod. xx. 3.

[1.] NO God but me thou shalt adore,
I am thy God alone.

[2.] No image frame to bow before,
But idols all dethrone.

† See the commands in another kind of poetry, p. 236.

- [3.] God's glorious name take not in vain,
For be rever'd he will.
- [4.] His sacred Sabbath don't profane,
Mind it is holy still.
- [5.] To parents render due respect,
This may thy life prolong.
- [6.] All murder shun and malice check,
To no man's life do wrong.
- [7.] From thoughts of whoredom base abstain,
From words and actions vile.
- [8.] Shun theft and all unlawful gain,
Nor gather wealth by guile.
- [9.] False witnesses flee, and slander's spite,
Nor wilful lies invent.
- [10.] Don't covet what's thy neighbour's right,
Nor harbour discontent.

S O N G VI.

*Submission and Deliverance ; or, God's appearing
in Extremity, and ABRAHAM offering his Son.*

Gen. xxii. 6,—19.

LORD, we, through grace at thy command,
With faith and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould them to thy will.

We, at our Father's heav'nly word,
Who never did us wrong,
Give up our comforts to the Lord,
To whom they all belong.

He will restore what we resign,
Or grant, if not the same,
Some other blessings more divine,
To clear our higher claim.

At God's command thus Abra'm took
The wood, the fire, the knife,
And straight prepar'd the dreadful stroke
At fav'rite Isaac's life.

Abra'm, forbear, the angel cry'd,
Touch not thy darling son ;
Thy faith is shewn, thy love is try'd,
The deed is held as done.

E c

Thy son shall live, and in thy seed,
 That shall of Isaac spring,
 All nations shall be blest indeed;
 And death shall lose its sting.
 Just in the last distressing hour,
 When quite we seem undone,
 The Lord displays deliv'ring pow'r
 And makes his mercy known.
 The mount of danger is the place
 Where God in pomp appears,
 To shew us his surprising grace,
 And dissipate our fears.

S O N G VII.

*The Prophetical Song of MOSES, setting forth God's
 Mercy and Vengeance. Deut. xxii. 1,—43.*

S E C T. I.

GOD and ISRAEL characterized.

- Ver.* **O** LOFTY heav'ns! give ear, I'll speak;
 1 O stupid earth! attend;
 To the instructions of my mouth
 An ear devoutly lend.
 My doctrine down like rain shall drop,
 2 My speech distil like dew;
 As small rain cheers the tender herb
 And show'rs the grass renew.
 3 Because aloud I publish will
 Jehovah's name abroad,
 Ascribe ye glory to the Lord,
 And greatness to our God.
 4 The Rock whose work most perfect is,
 His ways all judgment be!
 A God of truth, and without sin,
 Both just and right is he.
 5 But they have stain'd themselves, their spot
 Is not the spot of sons;
 For they a crooked nation are,
 A race of perverse ones.

Ver. O! do you thus requite the Lord,
6 Unwise and foolish ye?
Is not the Lord thy Father kind,
That bought, made, settled thee?

S E C T. II.

The great Things God had done for ISRAEL.

- 7 Mind days of old, mark what the years
From age to age beset:
Thy father ask, he will thee show;
Thy elders, they will tell:
- 8 That when the Highest did divide
To nations all their lot,
When Adam's sons he set apart,
To each their proper spot,
He wisely set the people's bounds,
Just to the number'd race
Of Israel's seed, whom he design'd
To occupy their place.
- 9 Because Jehovah's portion is
His people, whom he found;
The lot of his inheritance
Is Jacob's seed renown'd.
- 10 He found him in a desert waste,
In howling deserts dry:
He led him round, him taught, him kept,
As th' apple of his eye.
- 11 As th' eagle fond stirs up her nest,
And flutters o'er her young,
Spreads out, and then upon her wings,
Them takes and bears along:
- 12 Ev'n so the Lord along him led,
No helper else was nigh;
As an assistant, join'd with him,
No foreign god could vie.
- 13 On earth's high places, forts, and holds,
He made him ride in state,
That of the increase of the fields,
He might with pleasure eat.

- Ver.* Of honey sweet, for him to suck,
 He made the rock to soil ;
 And made, for him, the flinty rock
 Produce the finest oil.
- 14 Butter of kine, and milk of sheep,
 Were ready thee to feed ;
 With fat of lambs, and goats, and rams,
 That were of Bashan's breed :
 With fat of wheaten kidneys fine,
 So plump and large the shapes ;
 And for thy drink unmixed wine,
 The purest blood of grapes.

S E C T. III.

JESHURUN'S Ingratitude and Sin.

- 15 But, ah ! Jeshurun when posselt
 Of plenty, soon withdrew
 From God ; and like a pamper'd beast,
 Both fat and vicious grew.
 Ungrateful he forsook the God
 Did make and him redeem ;
 The rock of his salvation, thus,
 He lightly did esteem.
- 16 Yea, with strange gods they stirred up
 His jealousy like fire :
 And with abominations great
 Provoked him to ire.
- 17 Altars to devils, not to God,
 For sacrifice they rear'd :
 To gods unknown, new upstart gods,
 Their fathers never fear'd.
- 18 The mighty Rock, that thee begat,
 Is from thy mind remote ;
 Thou hast the God, that formed thee,
 Ungratefully forgot.
- 19 When this JEHOVAH's eye beheld,
 He did them slight and lothe,
 For the provoking of his sons,
 And of his daughters both.

Ver. He said, I'll hide from them my face,

- 20 See what their end shall be,
For they're a very froward race,
A faithless progeny.

- 21 They have me mov'd to jealousy,
With that which is no god ;
To wrath they have provoked me,
With idols vain and odd :

So them to wrath I'll move with these
That are no people now ;
And, with a foolish nation, will
Provoke and vex them too.

S E C T. IV.

God's Indignation against ISRAEL for their Sins.

- 22 For in my indignation hot
Enkindled is a fire,
Which to the lowest hell shall burn,
With unappeased ire :
It shall consume the earth, with all
The increase she distills ;
And, flaming fierce, shall set on fire
The bottoms of the hills.

- 23 Mischiefs I will upon them heap,
Mine arrows on them spend.

- 24 With hunger burn, with heat devour,
With ruin sharp contend.

I'll send on them the cruel teeth
Of beasts, with greedy gust ;
The poison likewise of the snakes,
That lurk among the dust.

- 25 The sword without, and dread within
Shall youths and maids destroy ;
The sucking children also reave,
And hoary heads annoy.

- 26 Thus said I, I will scatter them
To corners out of ken ;
And make their whole remembrance cease
Among the sons of men :

Ver. But that I fear'd their wrathful foes,

- 27 To strange behaviour prone,
Would proudly say, Our hand is high,
Not JAH all this hath done.

- 28 For they a foolish nation are,
So void of counsel found;
No understanding is in them,
Nor knowledge to be found.

- 29 But, O that they were wise in heart,
That this they understood,
That they would mind their latter end,
To their eternal good!

- 30 For, how shall one a thousand chase,
And two a thousand rout,
Had not the Lord, their rock, them fold,
And shut up round about?

- 31 For their rock cannot equal ours,
Whose pow'r superior known,
Our foes themselves are, to their cost,
As judges, forc'd to own.

- 32 For, lo! their vines of Sodom are
And of Gomorrah's fields;
Their grapes are loathsome, grapes of gall,
That bitter clusters yield.

- 33 Like to the dragon's poison is
The wine which they produce,
And like the cruel gall of asps,
For killing, not for use.

- 34 And is not this laid up in store,
Recorded in my mind,
Seal'd up among my treasures hid,
Until the time design'd?

- 35 To me belongeth vengeance just,
And recompense of wrong;
Their foot shall therefore surely slide
In season due ere long:

The day of their calamity
Is very near at hand;
The woful things to come on them,
Make haste at my command.

- Ver.* But yet the righteous Lord will judge
36 His people with allay ;
And for his servants will himself
Repenting, change his way :
When he observes their pow'r is gone,
And they, of help bereft,
Are to the last extreme reduc'd,
And none shut up or left.
- 37 Then to disgrace their idols vain,
Where are their gods ? he'll say,
Their rock on whom they basely threw
Their confidence away ;
- 38 Which ate their sacrifices fat,
Drank their wine-off'rings too ?
Let them rise up to be your help,
And your protection now.

S E C T. V.

Conclusion of the Song ; including Glory to God, Terror to his Enemies, and Comfort to his People.

- 39 See then that I now, ev'n I am,
No God there is with me :
I kill and quicken, wound and heal ;
None can my fury flee :
From lashes of my lifted hand,
There's none that can deliver :
- 40 For I lift up my hand to heav'n,
And say, I live for ever.
- 41 If I but whet my glitt'ring sword,
On judgment to take hold ;
I'll render vengeance to my foes,
Reward my haters bold.
- 42 I'll make my arrows drunk with blood,
(My sword with flesh inclose,)
With blood of slain, and captives both,
From first revenge of foes.
- 43 O ! joy and sing, ye nations all,
With people that are his ;
For he'll avenge his servants blood,
Which to him precious is ;

Ver. He'll render vengeance to his foes,
 With his uplifted hand;
 But favour to his people show,
 And mercy to his land.

S O N G VIII.

MOSES's last Words; or, the Excellency of ISRAEL.

Dent. xxiii. 26,—29.

- 26 **T**HERE's none like to Jeshurun's God,
 Who rides, thy helper high,
 On heav'n; and in his pomp abroad
 Upon the azure sky.
- 27 Th' eternal God thy home secure,
 And refuge is from harms;
 And underneath, to prop thee sure,
 Are everlasting arms.
 Before thy face he'll drive the foe,
 That would thy rest annoy;
 His pow'r resistless, to o'erthrow,
 Shall need but say, *Destroy.*
- 28 Then Isra'l safe alone shall dwell;
 And Jacob's eye shall view
 The land where corn and wine excell,
 And heaven distils its dew.
- 29 O Isra'l! happy in thy Lord;
 No people's safe like thee:
 He's of thy help, the shield, the sword
 Of thy excellency.
 Thus arm'd, thy foes shall sloop to thee,
 To feign'd submission aw'd;
 Thou shalt tread down their places high,
 Their fence of lies and fraud.

S O N G IX.

The Song of DEBORAH and BARAK, on ISRAEL's signal Victory over King JABIN. Judges v. 1,—31.

- 2 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, for the revenge
 Of Isra'l on his foes,
 When for the war, the people bent,
 As volunteers arose.

Ver. Ye kings, give ear ; ye princes, hear ;

- 3 Attention sets you well ;
I'll sing to JAH, I'll sing to JAH,
The God of Israel.
- 4 Lord, when in state thou went'st from Seir,
In march from Edom's field,
The earth did quake, the heav'ns did drop,
The clouds their show'rs distill'd.
- 5 Away before JEHOVAH's face,
The melting mountains wore ;
Before JEHOVAH, Israel's God,
As Sinai blaz'd before.
- 6 In Shamgar son of Anath's time,
In Jael's troublous days,
The roads infested were untrode,
And trav'lers took by-ways.
- 7 Then Isra'l's villagers harass'd,
Did cease, through fear, did cease,
Till I, Deborah, rose ; I rose,
A mother there for peace.
- 8 New gods they choose ; then wars arose,
And spite of gates were keen :
Where was in Isra'l shield or spear
'Mong forty thousands seen ?
- 9 My heart is tow'rd the governors,
That rule in Isra'l's coasts,
Who 'mong the folk were volunteers :
Bless ye the Lord of hosts.
- 10 Speak, ye that on white asses ride,
Ye that in judgment sit ;
And ye who safe can tread the way,
Speak out his praises fit.
- 11 Who freed from cruel archers noise
In places they traverse
For drawing water ; there shall they
The Lord's just acts rehearse ;
Just acts for villagers of his
In Isra'l there release :
Then go the people of the Lord
Down to the gates of peace.

Ver. Awake, awake, Deborah, now :

- 12 Now tune the harp of praise :
Awake, awake, with lifted voice,
A song of triumph raise ;
Rise, Barak, and stir up thyself,
Thou Abinoam's son :
Lead captive thy captivities,
And push the conquest on.

- 13 JEHOVAH gave the remnant mean
Rule o'er the nobles then ;
And ev'n to me, a woman weak,
Pow'r o'er the mighty men.

- 14 From out of Ephraim the root,
'Gainst Amalek was there ;
Which led by thee, stout Benjamin,
Did 'mong the folk appear.
From Machir came the governors,
From Zebulun the scribes,
(Whose prudent writs; with skilful pen,
To battle promp'd the tribes.)

- 15 The peers and tribes of Issachar,
Close by Deborah went ;
And Barak nimble was on foot,
Into the valley sent :
When Reuben faint stood far apart,
Nor join'd to quell the foes ;
For his divisions, sad and smart,
Great thoughts of heart arose.

- 16 'Mong sheepfolds why didst thou abide,
The bleating flocks to wait ?
For Reuben's rents, and ruptures wide
Heart scrutinies were great.

- 17 By Jordan why did Gilead stay ;
Dan in his ships abide ?
And Asher, by the ocean shore,
In creeks his valour hide ?

- 18 Zeb'lun's stout folk, and Naphtali's,
Their risked lives did yield ;
Fearless to face the front of death,
Upon the open field.

Ver. In Taanach, by Megiddo's streams,

19 The kings did fight and fall ;
No money-gain got Canaan's kings,
But fought and forfeit all.

20 From heav'n above the fiery hosts
Fought with a thund'ring storm ;
Stars, in their ranks and courses high,
'Gainst Sis'ra fought in form.

21 The river Kishon, that old stream,
Made ready for the prey,
By swelling to a torrent rose,
And swept them clean away.
O thou, my soul, through God, thou hast,
(Let God be praised then)
By means of weakness feminine,
Trode down the strength of men.

22 Then were the warlike horses hoofs
Broke by their pransings mad ;
The pransings of their mighty ones,
Their boasted cavalcade.

23 (Thus said the angel of the Lord)
Come, curse ye Meroz all ;
On each inhabitant thereof
Let bitter curses fall :
For dastardly they loll'd at home,
And came not to, nor chose
Jehovah's help, Jehovah's help,
Against the mighty foes.

24 'Bove women Jael, Heber's wife,
The Kenite, blest'd shall be ;
'Bove women, tim'rous in the tent,
The blessing gain shall she.

25 He water fought, she gave him milk,
For drink to his content ;
And butter in a lordly dish,
Did cunningly present.

26 The nail she in her left-hand took,
The hammer in the right ;
Then hammer'd softly Sisera
Down to the ground on fight.

Ver. When through his temples she had pierc'd,
And stricken on the spot ;
Then, fearless, she his fetter'd head,
From off his shoulders smote.

27 Thus at her feet he bow'd, he fell,
And struggling lay decoy'd ;
Prostrate he fell ; and where he bow'd,
There down he fell destroy'd.

28 Sis'ra's vain mother (swell'd in thought,
That she him victor spy'd,)
From out the window glaring look'd,
And through the lattices cry'd ;
“ Why stays so long his conquering car,
“ With trophies at his heels
“ Triumphant led ? Why tarry thus
“ His rapid chariot-wheels ?”

29 Her ladies wife about her made ;
An answer to her mind ;
Yea, she herself did to herself
The following answer find ;

30 “ Have they not sped ? and is not this
“ The reason of their stay ?
“ That full they may the booty view,
“ And distribute the prey ?
“ To every man a maid or two,
“ By poll to call their dues ;
“ To Sisera, beyond the rest,
“ A prey of divers hews ?
“ Of party-colour'd needle-work,
“ Wrought so upon each side,
“ Meet for the necks of them that do
“ The joyful spoil divide ?”

31 So let thy foes all perish, Lord,
But let thy friends upright,
Be like the sun, when going forth,
In his resistless might.

S O N G X.

HANNAH'S *Song of Thanksgiving to God.*

1 Sam. ii. 1,—10.

Ver. **M**Y heart doth in the Lord rejoice;

1 My horn's exalted high :

My mouth's enlarg'd above my foes ;

For in my help I joy.

2 There is none holy as the Lord ;

For none can equal thee :

Nor any rock with succour stor'd,

Like to our God can be.

3 Let no more proud presumptuous chat,

From out your mouth proceed ;

The Lord's a God of knowledge great,

By him are actions weigh'd.

4 The boasted bows of mighty men

Are broke in sheards at length :

But, lo ! the stumbling train

Are girt about with strength.

5 The full have hir'd themselves for corn ;

The hungry cease to moan :

The barren woman seven hath born ;

The fertile feeble grown.

6 God kills and quickens these that die ;

Brings to the grave, and fro :

7 Makes poor and rich ; degrades the high,

And elevates the low.

8 From out the dust the poor he rears,

From dung the beggar brings,

To sit with peers, and hold, as heirs,

The pompous throne of kings :

For, to the Lord of lords alone

Earth's pillars appertain ;

He sets the lower world thereon,

The sov'reign o'er the swain.

9 Of saints he'll keep the footsteps ev'n,

But lay proud foes in jail

Of silent darkness ; for 'gainst Heav'n,

By strength shall none prevail.

Ver. The adversaries of the Lord

- 10 Shall broken be to shreds :
 He out of Heav'n the wrath they stor'd,
 Shall thunder on their heads.
 He'll justly judge the earth all o'er,
 His King he'll fortify ;
 And his Anointed's horn and pow'r,
 Men shall exalted see.

S O N G X I.

DAVID'S *Lamentation over SAUL and JONATHAN.*

2 Sam. i. 19,—27.

- 19 **T**HE flow'r of Isra'l, ah ! is slain
 Upon thy places high :
 How are the mighty fall'n amain,
 And down so suddenly !
 20 O ! tell it not in Gath among
 The heathen people there ;
 Nor in the streets of Ashkelon,
 These doleful news declare.
 Lest Philistines, their daughters pleas'd,
 Should flush'd with gladness be :
 Lest daughters of the uncircumcis'd
 Should boast triumphantly.
 21 Ye mountains of Gilboa sad,
 Let no more dew nor rain,
 Nor fertile fields of off'ring glad
 Henceforth on you remain :
 For shields of mighty men were there
 Lost, with a shameful foil ;
 The shield of Saul, as if he ne'er
 Had shar'd th' anointing oil.
 22 From blood of slain, from fat of strong,
 Nor Jon'than's bow turn'd back ;
 Nor Saul's drawn rapier from among
 Their foes without effect.
 23 Courageous Saul, and Jon'than rare,
 Both lovely ones and sweet :
 They in their lives most pleasant were,
 And in their death unite :

Ver. More swift than eagle's wing'd they were,
More strong than lions great.

24 Weep, ye that Isra'l's daughters are,
O'er Saul's unhappy fate ;
Who cloth'd you rich in scarlet fine,
Delightful to behold,
And caus'd your studded raiment shine
With ornaments of gold.

25 How 'midst the battle, shamefully,
Are fall'n the mighty men !
O Jon'than ! on the palces high,
Ev'n thou, alas ! wast slain.

26 Jon'than, my brother dear, my mate ;
Distress'd I am for thee ;
Dear wast thou at the highest rate,
And pleasant unto me :

Thy wond'rous love to me surpass'd
The love of women far.

27 How have the mighty fall'n, and lost
The instruments of war !

S O N G XII.

DAVID'S *Prayer and Thanksgiving, after God's Promise to build him a Sure House; and to bless him and his Seed: pointing at CHRIST and his Kingdom.* 2 Sam. vii. 18.—29. compared with 1 Chron. xvii. 16,—27.

Verses **L**ORD, who am I, even worthless I !
18 16 And what's my house that thou,
Ev'n thou, hast rais'd me up so high,
And brought me hitherto ?
19 17 Yet more than this, which unto thee
A thing but small appear'd,
Thou said'st, Thy servant's house shall be
To future ages rear'd ;
And hast, O God, in favour great,
Regarded abject me,
According to the princely state
Of one of high degree.

Verses Expressions fail me to relate

20 18 Thy favours shown to me;
And for thy servant's honour great
What more can added be?

Is this the manner, O Most High,
Of man on earth? Sure no.

What more can David say to thee?
Thou dost thy servant know.

21 19 Thou for thy word, thy servant's sake,
As with thy heart's design,
This store so great and good dost make
All known to me and mine.

22 20 Thy greatness then, O Lord, appears;
And goodness uncompar'd:
No God like thee; (no mortal ears
Thine equal ever heard.)

23 21 And what one nation here below
Is like thy people known,
Whom God-Redeemer went unto
To win them for his own?
That driving nations out by them,
Who were from Egypt freed,
Thou mightest make to thee a name
Of greatness and of dread;
Great things for Isra'l, yea, for thee,
The great Redeemer plods,
To set thee from the nations free,
And from their naughty gods.

24 22 For, Lord, thou hast confirm'd for thine,
Thy people Isra'l still,
And to become their God and mine,
Was ev'n thy sov'reign will.

25 23 What for my house and me was spoke,
Firm then for ay be made;
And never, Lord, thy word revoke,
But do as thou hast said.

26 24 Firm be it, that thy fame abroad
May still be publish'd, thus,
"The Lord of hosts is Isra'l's God,
"Whose God is God with us,

- Verses* And, Lord, let this be granted me,
 That, to thy lasting praise,
 Thy servant David's house may be
 Before thee fix'd always.
- 27 25 For thou, my God, didst this impart,
 That built my house shall be;
 Thy servant hence found in his heart
 To pray this pray'r to thee.
- 28 26 And now, O Lord, thou art that God,
 And true thy words will prove,
 Thou hast me promis'd all this load
 Of goodness, in thy love. †
- 29 27 O then, Lord, to thy servant's house,
 The promis'd bliss convey,
 That it may stand, for holy use,
 Before thy face for ay.
 For since thy word is past, O Lord,
 That blest my house shall be,
 With blessings shall my house be stor'd,
 And blest eternally.

S O N G XIII.

DAVID'S *Thanksgiving and Prayer, when he and the Princes offered willingly for building of the Temple.* 1 Chron. xxix. 10,—19.

- 10 **B**E thou for ever blest'd, O Lord,
 Our father Isra'l's God;
 For ever be thy name ador'd,
 And celebrate abroad.
- 11 O Lord, the greatness and the might,
 And victory is thine;
 Glory belongs to thee of right,
 With majesty divine;
 For all's thine own, both great and small,
 That heav'n and earth contain:
 The kingdom's thine, thou dost 'bove all
 As head exalted reign.
- 12 Both wealth and honour come of thee?
 O'er all thou hast command,
 As sov'reign Lord; ability
 And might is in thy hand.

Ver. Yea, thine it is to make them great
And high, that once were low ;
And strength on all in weakest state
Benignly to bestow.

13 Now, therefore, O our gracious God,
We thank thee, and proclaim,
With grateful lips, the praise abroad
Of thy most glorious name.

14 But, who am I ! and what are these
My folk, that ev'n to us
Strength should be giv'n, with willingness,
To bring such off'rings thus ?
For all things come of thee, O Lord ;
We give thee but thine own ;
And what thy bounty did afford
Restore to thy renown.

14 We but sojourn like strangers here,
As all our fathers did ;
Our days a passing shade appear,
None do on earth abide.

16 Of thine own hand, O Lord, it came,
That we prepar'd this store,
To build a house for thy great name ;
For all was thine before.

17 My God, I'm also sure of this,
Thou try'st the heart and reins ;
And that thy heart in uprightness
A pleasure entertains.

Now, as for me, with heart upright,
Glad with these gifts I came ;
And here I see a joyful fight,
The folk have done the same.

18 Our fathers God, this frame of heart
Keep thou continually,
Within thy people's inward part,
And fix their heart to thee.

19 Give Sol'mon too a heart sincere,
To serve thee evermore ;
And to erect the palace fair
For which I heap'd such store.

S O N G XIV.

DAVID's last Words, viewed in a twofold Light.

2 Sam. xxiii. 3,—7.

S E C T. I.

*Viewed as a Direction to Kings and Rulers.*Ver: **T**HE mighty God of heav'n hath spoke,

3 Let kings on earth attend;

To them and me doth Isra'l's Rock

The following message send;

Let mortals over mortals reign,

In just and pious mode,

With scepters righteous toward men,

Religious toward God.

4 Then beauteous, like the morning ray,

Shall be the ruling train;

And sweet, like fragrant flow'ry May,

Refresh'd with sun and rain.

5 Though not my house nor throne be so

Grown up with God, I grant,

Yet he hath made with me, I know,

A gracious covenant:

'Tis everlasting, sure, entire,

Well order'd ev'ry way;

'Tis my whole bliss, my whole desire,

Though he the growth delay.

6, 7 But rebel sons of Belial must

The sceptre's value know,

As both a shield to fence the just,

And sword to lash the foe.

To justice, hurtful thorns he doom'd,

Not touch'd with naked hand,

But quite with fire and sword consum'd,

In places where they stand.

S E C T. II.

The same Words viewed, according to some interpreters, and the Dutch Translation, as a Prophecy of CHRIST, the King of Zion: Whence they may be paraphrased in the following manner.

- Ver. A GLORIOUS Ruler over men,
 3 Shall in due time appear;
 Just, ruling still without a stain,
 And in JEHOVAH's fear.
- 4 Bright, like the rising sun, shall he
 In light unclouded shine;
 Spread, like the verdant spring, shall be
 His influence divine.
- 5 Although my house be not with God
 So, as it ought indeed;
 Yet stands his cov'nant, wide and broad,
 With me and with my seed:
 To which it shall for ever sure,
 And all in order stay,
 Till he in whom my lines secure,
 Set up his throne for ay.
 He's my salvation, my desire,
 My all that God can bring;
 Though, till the time design'd expire,
 He makes him not to spring.
- 6, 7 But, when he mounts, in royal state,
 His throne of righteousness,
 (Though still he'll keep the mercy-seat,
 And thence his subjects blifs,)
 Yet shall his sword of justice chase
 The rebel crew to hell,
 And waste his murd'ers in the place,
 Ev'n Salem, where they dwell.

THE
a r
we
scri
in
if i
yet
of
It is n
wri
diff
that
is d
That t
is n
from
tion
was
then
cast
prob
land
and
of A
The tin
in th
nor
trave
long
much
prob
Whe
that
and t
been
and l
by dr
The bo
it dir

* E

SCRIPTURE SONGS.

PART II.

JOB'S HYMNS; or, SONGS on several *Select Places* in the Book of JOB.

P R E F A C E.

THE occasion of composing these Songs, upon this Book, was, that after a report made in an open Synod, that most of the Scripture Songs were already attempted in common metre, and ready to be transcribed, a question was put, Whether the book of Job was considered in that category? And though a doubt was raised by the Author, if it was to be reckoned among the number of the Scripture Songs, yet the question set him afterwards a musing upon the subject of this book.

It is much doubted, among the learned, whether this book of Job is written originally in metre, yea, or not; but though they are of different judgments on this head, yet it is acknowledged by them all, that the subject of it is treated in a poetical manner, and that therein is discovered a great air of what is called epic poetry.

That there was such a man as JOB, eminent for patience in adversity, is not only evident from this book, that goes under his name, but from several other places of Scripture, that make honourable mention of him *. And as it is probable, from scripture †, that he was of the posterity of Nachor, Abraham's brother; so it may be thence also gathered, that the place where he lived was in the eastern parts of Arabia, and, perhaps, near the river Euphrates, probably not far from Ur; for, it is granted by writers, that the land of Uz, the country of Job, was exposed to the incursions and depredations of the Caldeans, and that Caldea was eastward of Arabia.

The time when Job lived is thought to be before Moses, there being, in this whole book, no mention made of the law or the prophets, nor any of the wonders God wrought for Israel in Egypt, or their travels to the land of Canaan. It is likewise thought, that the long life of Job, which was protracted to two hundred years, agrees much with the time of the old patriarchs; and hence it is reckoned probable, that this book of Job is the oldest book in the world. Whence also his eminent piety and devotion is the more remarkable, that he had no advantage from the divine revelations made to Moses and the Jewish prophets. The light that directed him, must have been that which the old patriarchs had by oral tradition from Adam and Noah; or by what God was pleased to communicate sometimes by dreams and visions in those early ages of the world.

The book of Job is doctrinal; it is a collection of divine morals: it directs us what we are to believe concerning God. It presents us,

* Ezek. xiv. 14. James v. 11. † Gen. xxii. 20, 21. and xxxi. 53.

as one observes, with a monument of primitive theology, a specimen of Gentile piety, an exposition of the book of providence, a great example of patience, an illustrious type of Christ, and a heroic magnanimity in suffering; for, as it has been observed concerning him, he appears brave in distress, and valiant in affliction; maintains his virtues, and with that his character, under the most exasperating provocations that the malice of hell could invent, and thereby gives a most noble example of passive fortitude; a character no way inferior to that of the active hero.

I have not translated any of this book in a historical, but rather some parts of it in a doctrinal way. The whole history of this book is set forth in heroic rhyme, to very excellent purpose, by that lofty poet, and eminent author, Sir Richard Blackmore: from whose Paraphrase on this book, though I have not followed him in every gloss of his upon some texts, yet I have taken all the help and assistance I could in framing many of the Songs into common metre; and upon so many parts of this book, that not one chapter is overpast without one or more Songs upon such subjects therein as I judged most fit to be the matter of spiritual songs.

I did not see how the strict translation of this book, in a historical way, would answer the end of psalmography; and therefore, that I might extract from it a number of songs, I have thought fit to pick out the places of this book, that appeared to me to be the most doctrinal, practical, experimental, instructive, or directive. And though I have, no doubt, passed over many places that might have afforded most edifying matter, and which I should wish to see drawn out, to better purpose, by any who have more skill and leisure than I; yet I have more fully insisted upon these chapters towards the end of the book, where God himself is said to be the speaker.

Some of these Songs are by way of translation; and others more paraphrastical and large upon the places quoted at the title. And they being a century of songs, or an hundred different subjects at least, I have thought fit to give titles to every one of them, by which, I hope, they may be rendered the more agreeable and edifying to the reader, in so far as the subject of each song answers the title given to it: and readers may, at their pleasure, choose the matter of meditation that is most acceptable to them.

I do not expect that these Songs should deserve to be esteemed for any poetical genius that may appear therein; seeing, in this respect, I am sensible enough of their defect; but if any think fit to decry them, or their author, for their spiritual matter, or religious design, he will have little reason to be displeased with them for doing him so great an honour. It is a great pity that many, who are indued with an excellent genius for poetry, do occupy it so little upon such divine and scriptural subjects, and so much prostitute it to wantonness and folly, which is frequently set off in such a fine dress, that it may be said, I hope, pardonably, in the following lines.

Applauded for their vanity,
 Are poets of the stage;
 Skill'd in corrupting artfully
 The manners of the age.
 Who, fond to please the carnal taste,
 The sacred art defile,
 And fine poetic spirit waste,
 On subjects vain and vile.
 Have Christian Bards no nobler themes,
 To decorate their odes,
 Than Jove, Mars, Juno, Venus, names,
 And heaps of Pagan gods?
 Shall buried idols, known to be
 A fiction and a jest,
 Be rais'd to paint our poetry,
 And living truths suppress'd!
 The learn'd, for helps to poetize,
 Who Greeks and Latins rob,
 May filch far better, if they please,
 From this old book of Job.
 Here's matter for the lofty muse;
 Examples take at will,
 All ye that read and can excuse
 The softness of the quill.

RALPH ERSKINE.

~~~~~

S O N G I.

*Losses thankfully received. Job i. 21.*

Ver. **N**AKED, at first, as any swain,  
 21 I left my mother's womb;  
 And shall anon return again  
 As naked to my tomb.  
 Who crown'd my life so gay, the same  
 May crush it to the grave:  
 God gives, and blessed be his name,  
 He takes but what he gave.

F f 4

*Ver.* While smiling mercy crown'd my brow,  
 Its praise abroad was spread;  
 I'll now adore the justice too,  
 That strikes my comforts dead.

## S O N G II.

*Patience in Tribulation.* Job ii. 10.

- 10 **W**HAT! shall a man, a sinful man,  
 A worm with God contend;  
 Dispute his will, his counsel scan,  
 His rule of justice mend!  
 Shall we receive his blessings grand,  
 Yet frowardly complain,  
 Whenever his afflicting hand  
 Creates us any pain!  
 Patience in trouble, though severe,  
 We should submissive shew;  
 Blessings are not, yea, never were,  
 But troubles are our due.

## S O N G III.

*Repose in the Grave.* Job iii. 17,—19.

- 17 **O** Quiet grave, the wicked there  
 No more the just molest;  
 Th' afflicted are at ease, and there  
 The weary are at rest.  
 18 There, close to the oppressor's bones,  
 Sleeps the oppress'd in peace;  
 And there the pris'ners heavy moans  
 And cries for ever cease.  
 19 The small and great, the friend and foe,  
 The conqu'ror and the slave;  
 The rich and poor, the high and low,  
 Are level'd in the grave.  
 There lies the sceptre with the spade,  
 Sunk to the same degree:  
 And there the servant-man and maid,  
 Are from their master free.



*Ver.* The coward and the brave alike,  
 The peasant and the peer;  
 The wise and foolish, proud and meek,  
 Ly undistinguish'd there.  
 Soul-rest, to saints, in heav'n is fix'd,  
 But body's rest, till doom,  
 Is there, where saints and sinners mix'd  
 Possess one quiet room.

## S O N G IV.

*The Excellency of Man laid low before God.*

*Job iv. 17,—21.*

## S E C T. I.

*Man mortal and impure. Ver. 17, 18.*

17 **S**HALL mortal man, a tainted clod,  
 Boast righteousness divine;  
 Or think he can his Maker, God,  
 In purity outshine?

18 Behold! no trust is put by him,  
 In yonder glorious race  
 Of bright immortal seraphim,  
 That stand before his face.

Of folly comp'rative can he  
 His purest angels blame,  
 Who, plung'd in his infinity,  
 Before him blush for shame?

And shall vain man, in impure state,  
 His innocence defend?

Will he with his Creator great  
 Presumptuously contend!

## S E C T. II.

*Man short-lived and contemptible. Ver. 19, 20, 21.*

19 **V**ILE mortal man, a worthless wight,  
 Triumphs but for a day;  
 And but inhabits, for a night,  
 A house of mould'ring clay.

His strongest lodge, and vital fort,  
 Is founded in the dust,

Which, quickly falling, cuts him short,  
 And disappoints his trust.

*Ver.* For, but how soon a gnawing worm,  
Or silly moth assails,  
The rampart cannot stand the storm,  
The feeble fabric fails.

20 The sap'd foundation every hour  
Thus piece-meal feels decay;  
And life ev'n in its blooming flow'r,  
Does daily fade away.

So fast men perish out of sight,  
Their pomp that shone before,  
And once could wonder fond excite,  
Can raise regard no more.

21 In vain no pow'r and wealth atchiev'd,  
For help at last they cry;  
For without wisdom, as they liv'd,  
They in their folly die.

### S O N G V.

*Sin the Cause of Trouble. Job v. 6, 7.*

6 **A**FFLICTION springs not from the earth,  
Nor trouble from the dust;  
Yet men are heirs of wo by birth;  
Sad heritage! but just.

7 Flames to their element ascend,  
So men, conceiv'd in sin,  
To trouble as their centre tend,  
Like kindred to their kin.  
For sin and wo, twins of the clan,  
By chance were ne'er convey'd,  
But propagate from man to man,  
Since Adam disobey'd.

### S O N G VI.

*The Saint's Resolution when in Affliction. Job v. 8.*

8 **T**O God I'd seek, when in his chain  
I'm held, and would submit;  
All my own paths I would arraign,  
But his I would acquit.

*Ver.* I would his justice magnify,  
 His faithfulness adore,  
 Revere his name; but still would I,  
 Like hell myself abhor.  
 Confessing all my faults and flaws,  
 That made him lift the rod,  
 I'd to my Judge commit my cause,  
 Refer myself to God.  
 By humble resignation bow'd  
 Down at his feet I'd ly;  
 And, through the Lamb's atoning blood,  
 Would for his mercy cry.

## SONG VII.

*God's great Work in the Kingdom of CHRIST, and  
 in his Providence among Men; especially in  
 frustrating the Counsels of the proud, and fa-  
 vouring the Cause of the poor and humble.*

Job v. 9,—16.

- 9 GREAT things are done of God most high,  
 Which finite search exceed;  
 Things numberless which ev'ry eye  
 With admiration feed.  
 His providence most marvellous,  
 When least 'tis understood;  
 Yet still is just and righteous,  
 Still merciful and good.
- 10 He spreads his clouds upon the skies,  
 Surprising to behold!  
 And forms his rain-drops shape and size,  
 Into an unknown mold.  
 Then he his waters from on high,  
 Upon the mountains pours;  
 And on the valleys plenteously  
 He sheds prolific show'rs.
- 11 He sets the servant that was low,  
 Into the master's place;  
 And wipes the tears of grief and wo  
 From off the mourner's face.

- Ver.* He disappoints the crafty men,  
 12 Their projects undermines ;  
 He makes their deep devices vain,  
 And blasts their great designs.
- 13 He takes his wise politic foes,  
 In their own craftiness ;  
 Their froward counsels overthrows,  
 That would his faints oppress.
- Against themselves he turns their arts,  
 Confounds their wicked schemes ;  
 Their proud and lofty hopes subverts,  
 And frustrates all their aims.
- 14 They, by their plots, themselves benight,  
 And into darkness run ;  
 Mistake their way, obscure their light,  
 And grope for day at noon.
- 15 But God th' oppressors rage o'rthrows,  
 Their swords and spears doth break ;  
 And from the proud and mighty foes,  
 Protects the poor and weak.
- 16 Thus to the poor he kindly doth  
 Afford reviving hopes ;  
 And then the black and bloody mouth  
 Of fierce injustice stops.
- The poor and humble are advanc'd,  
 To peace and safety given ;  
 And foes asham'd that fought against  
 The favourites of heaven.

## S O N G VIII.

*Afflictions born well end well. What great Things  
 God oft-times does for these that humble themselves  
 under his chastising hand. Job v. 17,—26.*

- 17 **L**O! happy is the man whom God,  
 In kindness, doth correct ;  
 Then do not thou his chast'ning rod,  
 Contemptuously neglect.
- 18 His skill binds up what he made sore,  
 By his incision-knife ;  
 He wounds and heals, and does restore  
 From gates of death to life.



*Ver.* From numerous troubles, various woes;

19 He'll save and set thee free;

And order to a joyful close,

This scene of misery.

20 Thy life he'll guard with tender care,

When famine threatens death;

And from the raging sword thee spare,

When war breaks out in wrath.

21 The pois'nous darts thrown at thy name,

From the invective tongue,

Shall neither wound thy stablsh'd fame,

Nor do thy honour wrong.

God's hiding hand, when man dispraise,

The sland'ring tongue shall curb;

Reproaches thy repute shall raise,

Nor once thy peace disturb.

22 When grim destruction, with her drove

Of woes, shall shake her spear,

Her threats tremendous shall but move

Thy laughter, not thy fear.

All nature reconcil'd displays

Its care to give thee ease,

When, thro' his grace, thy righteous ways

The God of nature please.

23 With thee shall stones, that load the field,

Make league, thy part to take;

And savage beasts, thy life to shield,

A firm alliance make.

The fire, the air, the earth, the seas,

Each element with thee,

A lasting covenant of peace

Shall strictly ratify.

24 Thy habitation thou shalt know,

In quietness possess'd:

Thou shalt offenceless come and go,

And find thy mansion blest'd.

25 Thy offspring and prosperity

Shall num'rous be and great;

Their increase like the grass shall be,

With beauteous flow'rs beset.

- Ver.* Thou in full age, ripe for the urn,  
26 On death shall chearful look,  
As when a full-grown shock of corn  
Invites the welcome hook.  
27 Weigh these undoubted truths sedate,  
And therein thou shalt find,  
A spring of consolation great,  
To thy afflicted mind.

## S O N G IX.

*Terrors of God invading the Soul.* Job vi. 2, 3, 4.

- 2 **O** THAT the grief surrounding me,  
Were in a balance laid,  
And my extreme calamity  
Were now against it weigh'd !  
Then let an equal judge appear,  
His thoughts to signify,  
Which scale the greatest weight does bear,  
He'd soon decide with me.
- 3 My crosses over-weigh my cries,  
My loads of woe and pain  
Exceed the pond'rous sand that lies  
Around the ebbing main.  
Unutterable are the groans,  
My weary soul oppresses :  
Nor have I words to speak my moans,  
Or shew my deep distress.
- 4 The arrows of th' almighty God  
Stick fast within my heart ;  
Each fest'ring wound burns up my blood,  
And gives me deadly smart.  
Arrows, whose heads like flaming eyes,  
And pointed light'ning shine ;  
Steep'd in the strongest dregs and lees  
Of fiery wrath divine.  
The poison thereof raging high,  
Soon spreads without controul ;  
Drinks up and drains my spirits dry,  
And eats into my soul.

*Ver.* God's threat'ning terrors all drawn out,  
 In order and array,  
 For battle, closing me about,  
 Invade me every way.

## SONG X.

*God stooping to contend with Man admired, and his  
 pardoning Mercy begged. Job vii. 17, 18. 20.*

- 17 **O** WHAT is man, that worthless wight !  
 That God should condescend  
 To magnify him, and in might  
 With such a rush contend !  
 On brittle man, from dust brought forth,  
 Wilt thou indeed bestow  
 Such honour great ! or, is he worth  
 Thy notice or thy blow ?  
 Is such a mortal fit to be  
 The object of thy rage !  
 Wilt thou thy strong artillery  
 Against a worm engage ?  
 Or if it is thy kindly aim,  
 By this thy chast'ning rod,  
 The wand'ring sinner to reclaim,  
 And bring him back to God :
- 18 Still what is man, a bit of clay,  
 That so incessantly  
 Thou dost him visit every day,  
 And every moment try.
- 20 Lord, I have sinn'd, what shall I do,  
 O thou preserver great ?  
 Remit my guilt, remove my wo,  
 And all my faults forget.

## SONG XI.

*Good Counsel and good Hope given to the afflicted.  
 Job viii. 5,—7.*

- 5 **I**F thou who feels the hand of God,  
 His justice wouldst adore ;  
 And, timely humbled by the rod,  
 His mercy wouldst implore ;

*Ver.* If, to thy pray'r, heart-pureness cleave,

6 His favour would thee raise;

Thy prosp'rous state he would retrieve,  
And crown thy righteous ways.

7 Though thy beginning, small and low,  
Seem but an abject state;

Thy latter end shall not be so,  
But have an increase great.

### S O N G XII.

*Time and Life short.* Job viii. 9.

9 **W**E'RE but of yesterday's new mold,  
Our life's of no regard,  
When with our long-liv'd fathers old  
And ancestors compar'd.

No knowledge nor experience we  
Can ever justly boast:

Our days like shadows are that flee,  
No sooner had, than lost.

### S O N G XIII.

*The Hope of the Hypocrite vain and vanishing.*  
Job viii. 11,—14.

11 **J**UST as a weak and empty rush,  
That in a wat'ry mead,  
With hasty growth and easy push,  
Rears up its haughty head;

12 In moisture rich, in verdure gay,  
Unmov'd and not cut down;  
Yet on a sudden wears away  
Ere other plants are grown.

13 So shall the wicked's beauty fade,  
The hypocrite's fair shew;  
Who no foundation firm hath laid,  
But mire in which he grew.

14 His swelling hopes, ere he's aware,  
In their high tide shall ebb;  
His groundless trust is weaker far  
Than any spider's web.



*Ver.* He on his tott'ring house, shall lean,  
 A false and fruitless prop,  
 Which, sinking soon, shall fail him clean,  
 And disappoint his hope.

## S O N G XIV.

*God just in judging. Job ix. 2, 3, 4.*

- 2 **W**HEN justice, out of mercy's rod,  
 Thoughts, words, and actions tries,  
 How can a man be just with God,  
 Or pure before his eyes ?
- 3 Once to contend, if God begins,  
 Vain shifts will have no sense ;  
 Not one of all our thousand sins  
 Can bear a just defence.
- 4 He's wise in heart, and strong in might,  
 What arm can his repel ;  
 Who can against him safely fight,  
 Or prosper that rebel ?

## S O N G XV.

*The Righteousness of Words discarded.*

*Job ix. 15. 20, 21.*

- 15 **G**OD's eyes espy our aims afar,  
 And, to his clearer sight,  
 These very ways most crooked are,  
 That we esteem'd most right.
- Then righteous though I were, yet I  
 To answer him would grudge ;  
 And, laying proud pretences by,  
 Would supplicate my Judge.
- 20 Should I my innocence aver,  
 21 My mouth would brand my face ;  
 Yea, were I perfect, I'd prefer  
 The way of life by grace

## S O N G XVI.

*The afflicted Soul's Complaint to God.*

Job x. 1, 2. 14, 15.

*Ver.* **T**HE constant woes that load my back,

1. Such endless groans create ;

My present life's a very black  
Uncomfortable state.

My restless weary soul abhors

This loathsome lump of clay ;

Longs to be free of sin and sores,

And wings to heav'n her way.

2 I make to God my heavy moan,

To give my sorrow vent ;

But yet upon myself alone

I'll leave my sad complaint.

I'm press'd, but I condemn thee not ;

O Lord, condemn not me :

Why thou contends with me so hot

Shew, Lord, and let me see.

14 If I be wicked in thine eyes,

Then wo to me indeed ;

If righteous, yet shall never I

Lift up my haughty head.

15 Despair and deep confusion do

My wounded soul oppress :

O shew thy mercy, see my wo,

And pity my distress.

## S O N G XVII.

*God's Wisdom unsearchable. Job xi. 7, 8, 9.*7 **C**AN human reason's utmost stretch,

Her arms so far extend,

As shall th' Eternal's counsel reach,

His wisdom comprehend ?

8, 9 What creature can, with finite hand,

The vast dimension weigh !

'Tis longer than the earth or land,

And broader than the sea.

*Ver.* Higher than heav'n, what canst thou know,  
So infinitely sleep?  
Deeper then hell, what canst thou do,  
But awful distance keep?

## SONG XVIII.

*That God may suffer the wicked to prosper, exemplified in Beasts, Birds, and Fishes; and this resolved into his absolute Dominion over, and Propriety in all his Creatures. Job xii. 6,—10.*

6 **A**FFLICTIONS great are of the just,  
In time, the common fate;

While wicked men, that lick the dust,  
Enjoy a prosp'rous state.

Robbers and spoilers see their stock  
Of worldly wealth endure;  
And these who most do God provoke,  
On earth live most secure.

Great gifts, on them he disregards,  
With lavish hand he throws,  
And on them multiply'd rewards,  
Unmerited, bestows.

7 Ask now the beasts, and trial make,  
How matters with them go;  
Soon will they tell how they partake  
The self-same kind of wo.

How bears, wolves, monsters of the wood,  
That ravage and destroy,  
Inur'd to rapine, spoil, and blood,  
Yet peace and pow'r enjoy.

While harmless flocks, on hills that browse,  
And useful herds, each way,  
To men their friends, or beasts their foes,  
Are daily made a prey.

Ask of the fowls aloft that flee,  
For answer they'll return,  
That they, conform to their degree,  
The same disaster mourn.

- Ver.* They will assert their vultures rude,  
 8 And tyrants live secure;  
 While doves and birds of mildest brood,  
 A thousand woes endure.  
 Then ask the fishes what's their state,  
 And question how they do;  
 They'll tell that this unequal fate  
 Attends the ocean too.  
 Great whales, sea-tyrants, drunk with blood,  
 That prosper to their wish,  
 Devour controulless, in the flood,  
 Whole shoals of harmless fish.  
 9 This state of things fram'd he, whose pow'r  
 All beings did produce;  
 Whose wisdom too, in ord'ring sure,  
 Hath fix'd their end and use.  
 10 God's creatures are his own, their lives  
 He may at pleasure take;  
 When he resumes but what he gives,  
 Who can objections make?

## S O N G XIX.

*Doctrine to be tried ere it be trusted. Job xii. 11.*

- 11 **T**HE ear tries words before they be  
 Receiv'd as true and good;  
 The mouth tastes meat ere ever we  
 Can judge it wholesome food.  
 Doctrines and spirits thus we try,  
 By grace's inward gust;  
 Lest we for truth receive a lie,  
 For food to poison trust.

## S O N G XX.

*The Wisdom of antient Men nothing to the Wisdom  
 of the Antient of Days. Job xii. 12, 13.*

- 12 **T**HOUGH wisdom oft, we are assur'd,  
 In hoary heads appears,  
 And understanding is matur'd  
 By time and num'rous years:



*Ver.* Yet knowledge pure, no where we see

13 But in th' eternal Mind.

In God, and him alone, can we  
Consummate knowledge find.

The wise on earth derive from him,  
The wisdom which we praise;  
Their tapers only shine with dim  
And delegated rays.

### S O N G XXI.

*Proofs of God's Power in doing his Pleasure in  
Earth and Heaven, and serving his own Purposes  
among Men. Job xii. 14, 15, 16.*

14 **G**OD's pow'r, with wisdom join'd, we must  
With equal fear adore :

Proud towns he levels with the dust,  
To be rebuilt no more.

When slaves in prison he restrains,  
Shut up in death or hell,

Who then can loose their pond'rous chains,  
Or pow'r divine repel?

15 He binds the watery cloud, and stops  
The bottles of the skies ;

And to the earth's fore withered crops  
His heav'nly dew denies.

Again, the rains, at his command,  
Make all the rivers swell,

O'erflow their borders, drench the land,  
And fears of drought dispel.

16 Wisdom and strength are his, he rules  
O'er strong and crafty foes ;

Deceiving and deceived fools  
Are both at his dispose.

### S O N G XXII.

*Proofs of God's Wisdom and Power in the Revolution  
of States and Kingdoms. Job xii. 17,—25.*

17 **F**ROM judges judgment God withdraws ;  
From counsellors of state

Detracting wisdom and applause,  
With fools he does them rate.

- Ver.* Proud monarchs cruel bonds he breaks,  
 18 Tears their engines of pain;  
 And binds, on tort'ring tyrants necks,  
 'The tortur'd pris'ner's chain.
- 19 He overturns the mighty peers,  
 And princes in their pride;  
 These that abash'd the world with fears,  
 He makes the world deride.
- 20 He takes their wisdom from the wise,  
 And knowledge from the sage,  
 And makes their former friends despise  
 Their oracles and age.
- 21 On princes great he pours contempt,  
 On kings of wide command,  
 He wrests, what seem'd from wo exempt,  
 Their sceptres from their hand.
- 22 To his all-penetrating eye,  
 The darkest shades of night,  
 And deepest hellish plots do ly  
 As ope as noon-day light.
- 23 By him all nations high or low,  
 And kingdoms wax and wean;  
 By him their numbers ebb or flow,  
 And share the blifs or bane.
- 24 Great chiefs, like cowards, thro' heartless fright  
 He makes in desarts stray,
- 25 As drunkards groping in the night,  
 And reeling lose their way.

## S O N G XXIII.

*Strong Faith in the hot Furnace. Job xiii. 15, 16.*

- 15 **L**ET God upon me frown or smile;  
 I'll rest upon his name;  
 He knows, if of approved guile  
 My heart does me condemn.  
 Should he even double my distress,  
 In hotter fires to try;  
 Yet I'll adore his righteousness,  
 And on his word rely.

Ver. Yea, though he hew me to the root,  
 16 With lifted hand to kill,  
 Yet, through his grace, I'm resolute,  
 That in him trust I will.

## SONG XXIV.

*The Origin, Nature and Issue of human Life; it is short, sorrowful, sinful, and limited; Death puts a final Period to it, and frees from the Calamities thereof. Job xiv. 1,—15.*

## S E C T. I.

*Man frail and filthy, the Object of divine Pity.*

Ver. 1,—4.

- 1 **F**RAIL man, as soon as born, decays,  
 Like flow'rs that quickly fade;
- 2 He counts a few and troublous days,  
 Then passes like a shade.
- 3 Will God regard so base a wight,  
 Contend with such a moth,  
 The spawn of hell, an ugly sight,  
 So frail and filthy both!
- 4 Who can clean things from unclean bring,  
 Pure streams from impure mud,  
 But he that came to clear the spring  
 By water and by blood!

## S E C T. II.

*Our Days are numbered, and the Time of Life fixed.*

Ver. 5, 6.

- 5 **O** Lord, the days of man are all  
 Inroll'd in thy decree;  
 And of the months that to him fall  
 The number is with thee.
- The bounds of time he cannot pass  
 In which thou dost him close:  
 Let this suffice, nor add a mass  
 Of more uncommon woes.

Ver. O grant him the respite and ease,  
 6 His torments made him ask,  
 And let him finish, by degrees,  
 His life's appointed task.

## S E C T. III.

*Life natural, being gone, returns not ; or, the dead  
 never awaked till the last Day. Ver. 7,—12.*

- 7, 8 *Life vegetive* when lost in roots,  
 With rains may be reviv'd ;  
 9 *Life animal* in certain brutes,  
 With solar beams retriev'd.  
 10 But *spirits rational*, when gone,  
 Too great for nature's scent;  
 Have no restoratives but one,  
 That is omnipotent.  
*Ere death* man daily wastes away ;  
*In death* gives up the ghost ;  
 But *after death*, where is he, pray,  
 When to the living lost ?  
 11 High floods and seas that left the shore,  
 Will at their times return ;  
 12 But man resumes his life no more,  
 Whom death does once in urn.  
 Death to the grave his dust conveys,  
 There sleeps the hidden prey ;  
 Nor wakes till with a mighty noise.  
 The heavens shall pass away.

## S E C T. IV.

*Desire to die may consist with a waiting till the  
 change come. Ver. 13, 14, 15.*

- 13 Lord, in the silent grave I'd rest,  
 There let me safely ly,  
 Till shades of sin and wrath be chas'd,  
 And glory deck the sky.  
 14 Since wrath will each man, for his crime,  
 From present life estrange,  
 All days of my appointed time  
 I'll wait my future change.



*Ver.* Though thou prolong this mournful scene,  
 In hope I'll patient stay,  
 Till thou revive my joys amain,  
 And chase my woes away.

- 15 Thy call both to and from the grave  
 I'll gladly hear, and go;  
 And thou my strong desire to save  
 Thy handy-work wilt show.

## S O N G XXV.

*Self-justification extremely odious. Job xv. 14, 15, 16.*

- 14 **A**H! what's vain man that seems so pure,  
 As not his spots to spy,  
 When fairest seraphs can't endure  
 JEHOVAH's piercing eye!
- 15 He sees his saints not whole upright,  
 What can in slaves be seen?  
 How vile's the earth, when in his sight  
 The heav'ns are but unclean!
- 16 Their host before the *holly thrice*,  
 Do blush and hide their smuts;  
 How odious then is man, who vice  
 Like water daily gluts!

## S O N G XXVI.

*The Ruin of those who bid Defiance to God and his Power. Job xv. 24, 25, 26, 30.*

- 24 **C**ONFUSION, anguish, and distress,  
 The wicked shall assail,  
 To give them battle, with disgrace,  
 And o'er their strength prevail.
- 25 Because against th' almighty Lord  
 They boldly take the field;  
 Yea, run upon his flaming sword,  
 And on his blazing shield.
- 26 Mad wretches! they defy their God,  
 And void of holy fear,  
 Deride his darts that fly abroad,  
 And rush upon his spear.

*Ver.* But soon their hope shall be dissolv'd,  
 30 And sunk in sudden fright;  
 Their pride abash'd, their heads involv'd,  
 In everlasting night.

## S O N G XXVII.

*Afflictions beaped up and come to an Extremity.*

*Job xvi. 14, 15, 16.*

14 **O**F breaking woes a num'rous train  
 Invade my frightened soul,  
 As crouding billows of the main  
 Do o'er each other roll.

What war does the Almighty wage  
 With such a feeble flea,  
 That like a giant in his rage,  
 He fiercely runs on me?

15 Sackloth I wear upon my skin,  
 Of ornaments despoil'd;  
 And dabbled in the dust unclean,  
 My glory lies defil'd.

16 My cheeks with constant weeping fade,  
 Stain'd with a briny bath;  
 And on mine eye-lids hangs the shade  
 Of gloomy dismal death.

## S O N G XXVIII.

*The growing Strength of the righteous. Job xvii. 9.*

9 **T**HE plant of grace shall ever thrive,  
 Though nature's brood decay;  
 The righteous in the Lord shall live,  
 And still hold on his way.

His hands from mischief clean withal  
 His heart from malice free:  
 Stronger and stronger still he shall  
 For work or warfare be.

- He marches dauntless on his way,  
 Let blackest tempests blow;  
 No dangers do his heart dismay,  
 But makes his vigour grow.

## SONG XXIX.

*Death and the Grave, the Saint's familiars.*

Job xvii. 13, 14.

Ver. **M**Y earthly friends have turn'd my foes,

13 So cruel and unjust,  
That I expect, to end my woes,  
More friendship in the dust.

No house of pleasure here 'bove ground,

Do I expect to have;

My bed of rest for sleeping found,

I've made the silent grave.

Lo! welcome death on me attends,

The hungry grave me waits;

These made I my familiar friends,

My relatives and mates.

14 I to corruption cry'd, O dust,

Thou art my father known;

From thee I came, to thee I must

Return as ev'n thine own.

I to the worm said, Brother worm,

And sister, you and I

Do differ but in size and form,

We are of kin so nigh.

I'm but a mortal worm like you;

This loathsome piece of clay

Must to your pow'r a booty bow,

Until the rising day.

## SONG XXX.

*The Calamities that await the wicked.*

Job xviii. 5, 6. 10. 12. 14,—20.

5 **T**HE wicked's splendor shall decay,  
Like short-liv'd sparks of fire;

6 Thick fogs shall choke his glorious day,  
And make his beams expire.

10 By labour'd plots and deep designs,  
Which he for others sows,

A halter for himself he twines;  
His wiles become his woes.

*Ver.* Death and destruction o'er his head

12 Do constantly impend;  
His pleasures, which he gluts with greed,  
Shall all in torment end.

14 His hope shall fall and never rise,  
For with his bloody dart  
The king of terrors in surprise,  
Shall strike him to the heart.

15 Quite from the earth, God's 'venging hand  
The wicked man shall chase;

16 Nor leave behind a branch to stand  
Of all his hateful race.

17 In after-times the godless wretch  
Shall be unknown to fame;

18 Or mention'd only with reproach,  
With horror, and with shame.

19 In future fame some names indeed  
Will stand for little good;  
Like Pontius Pilate in the creed,  
For blasphemy and blood.

20 Such oft, in time, the wicked's fate  
Do indicate the store  
Of sorrow, which his soul await,  
When time shall be no more.

### S O N G XXXI.

*Reproof to Reproachers.* Job xix. 2, 3. 22.

2 **W**HY cruel friends, will ye so long  
With bitter words me vex;  
My name reproach, my virtue wrong,  
My righteous cause perplex?

Must still your answers without sense,  
And void of argument,  
With solemn grave impertinence,  
My spirit thus torment?

3 Can pious lies deserve applause,  
By being spoke aloft?  
Or do you think them true, because  
You humm'd them o'er so soft?



*Ver.* The wounds you give me cruel are;  
 Your contumelious words,  
 And stand'rous taunts, are sharper far  
 Than keenest pointed swords.

- 22 God's right t' afflict, him well becomes,  
 But your afflicting rod,  
 With pride and passion base, assumes  
 The priviledge of God.

## S O N G XXXII.

*Friends turned to Enemies, and Brethren to Aliens.*

Job xix. 11,—14. Comp. ch. xvii. 4. 6.

- 11 **G**OD's trying fury kindles bright,  
 Ev'n of its own accord;  
 'Gainst me, whose heart and cause is right,  
 He waves his glitt'ring sword.
- 12 Fierce troops and regimented woes  
 In battle-rank, I see,  
 Do by his order me inclose,  
 And fiercely rush on me.
- 13 Brethren and kindred knit their brows,  
 And treat me as unknown;  
 Break nature's bonds, renounce their vows,  
 And their own blood disown.
- 14 Familiar friends and kins-folk too,  
 Who kindly me embrac'd,  
 Have fail'd me, and forgot me now,  
 And all their friendship past.  
 Disdainful striplings me despise,  
 Who honour'd me before;  
 Yea, those I once did chiefly prize  
 Now chiefly me abhor.  
 Just Lord, from their reproaches please  
 To vindicate my name,  
 And mercifully cover these  
 Perfidious friends with shame.

## S O N G XXXIII.

*The Happiness that awaits the godly ; Or, The  
blessed Hope of the righteous.*

Job xix. 25, 26, 27.

Ver. **T**HAT my Redeemer lives I know,

25     Though by his sentence just,

My body, for a season, low,  
Shall dwell with fellow dust.

In him triumphant over death,  
I'll trample on the grave ;  
For he that conquer'd hell and wrath,  
Can dust and ashes save.

May living Head, when bankrupt time  
Shall its last minute spend,  
He then from heav'n his throne sublime  
In triumph shall descend.

He on the surface of the earth  
As Judge supreme shall stand ;  
And from the tomb to recent birth  
His captive dust demand.

25   The mighty Conqueror shall invade  
And sack the cruel grave,  
Force every vault where bones were laid,  
And rescue every slave.

Though worms and putrefaction shall  
My mould'ring skin consume,  
And eat my flesh ; yet, at his call,  
My body now shall bloom :

27   Reviv'd I from the dust shall rise,  
And God my Saviour see,  
With these my own corporeal eyes,  
That shall immortal be.

I for myself, and for my gain,  
Shall see the happy sight ;  
And over death for ever reign,  
To share the vision bright.

## SONG XXXIV.

*Rash Judging condemned ; or, Job's Warning to his censorious Friends. Job xix. 28, 29.*

- Ver. **O** Friends! your groundless rage suppress,  
28 The wrath of man is proud,  
And worketh not the righteousness,  
But brings the wrath of God.  
Rash judging him in whom is found  
The sacred matter's root,  
Your darts will on yourselves rebound,  
To 'venge the wrong pursuit.  
29 Of justice' sword stand you afraid,  
When by th' Almighty drawn ;  
His vengeance will your heads invade,  
Not on your treach'ry fawn.  
In fierce uncharitable zeal  
You're furiously devout ;  
But cover'd fraud God will reveal,  
And to the flames allot.  
Know that the day approaches fast,  
In which the Judge supreme,  
Will all your bloody censures cast,  
Your bitter words condemn.  
Repent, then, lest your violence  
Bring present judgments home ;  
Else will your proud impenitence  
Foretel your future doom.

## SONG XXXV.

*The Prosperity of the wicked short, and their Ruin sure. Job xx. 5,—9. 11,—14.*

- 5 **T**HE wicked's triumph is but short,  
And quickly melts away ;  
His empty joy, and idle sport,  
Does but a moment stay.  
6 Though to the heav'n his head he raise,  
His grandeur to the sky ;  
Yet, lost, for ay, he and his praise,  
Cloath'd in the dust shall ly.

*Ver.* He, miserable and forlorn,

- 7 Fades with a swift decay ;  
Cast, like his own vile dung, with scorn,  
And with contempt, away.

These who his splendor did admire,  
And saw his pomp before,  
And, where is now his place ! enquire,  
Shall never see it more.

- 8 His short-liv'd fame and great esteem,  
That gull'd him all his days,  
Shall vanish like a wanton dream,  
That in the fancy plays.

Yea, he shall by a sudden bane  
Be chas'd away with fright,  
In manner like a phantom vain,  
Or vision of the night.

- 9 His blazing lamp shall disappear,  
So shall he perish clean ;  
And in the place of his career  
Shall never more be seen.

- 11 As he was closely fix'd to sin,  
By love too, too sincere ;  
So sin, alas ! shall unto him  
As faithfully adhere.

- 12 For guilty marks, and ensigns bad,  
Of his unbridled lust,

- 13 Continue his companions sad,  
And fellows in the dust.

- 14 These morsels sweet shall bitter grow,  
Consume his vital breath,  
And follow him, with dool and wo,  
To th' other side of death.

### S O N G XXXVI.

*The Wicked barded in their Impiety by their Prosperity. Job xxi. 7,—15.*

- 7 **O**FT do we see the wicked safe,  
And unmolested dwell ;  
Oft do they flow in pleasure soft,  
And in their wealth excel.



*Ver.* In merriment and carnal ease

They spend each happy day ;  
Healthful in riot, and in age  
Appear without decay.

The regal throne of pomp and pride  
In triumph they ascend ;  
Repeat their conquests, and abroad  
Their growing pow'r extend.

8 Vig'rous, though far advanc'd in years,  
Before their eyes they see  
What elevates their pride, a fair  
And num'rous progeny.

9 Their houses safe from fears and foes,  
In peace they live secure ;  
Nor God's vindictive heavy blows  
Do ever they endure.

10 Their prosp'rous cattle, thick and throng,  
Ingender on the hill ;  
And, with their num'rous wanton young,  
Their flocks the valley fill.

11 Their merry little ones, in trains,  
Do from their house advance ;  
Sport in the streets, and o'er the plains  
And verdant meadows dance.

12 They take the harp, and in the round,  
Upon the timbrel play ;  
And, at the organ's chearful sound,  
Rejoice and pass the day.

13 Pamper'd in ease, and mirth, and wealth,  
They spend their golden hours ;  
Consume their time, abuse their health,  
And waste their vital pow'rs.  
By years, and not by sickness, they  
At last their shoulders bend ;  
And, ripe in years, anon decay,  
And to the grave descend.

14 Hence, puff'd up with prodigious pride,  
Religion they condemn :  
God's threats and precepts they deride,  
And saints, as fools, contemn.

*Ver.* They bid th' Almighty God depart,  
And arrogantly say,  
We don't desire or have at heart,  
The knowledge of thy way.

- 15 What's the Almighty? Where's our fee?  
Should we to serve him deign?  
Some pray and praise, but don't we see  
They spend their breath in vain?  
Thus wicked men, whom Heav'n does load  
With earthly happiness,  
Their native spite against their God  
Profanely does express.

### S O N G XXXVII.

*God's Way of Providence towards Men attended with  
great Variety. J. b. xxi. 17,—26.*

- 17 **S**OMETIMES destruction, impious men  
Ev'n in this world invades;  
Though oft their lamp of life's burnt out,  
Before their glory fades.  
God's fatal judgments for their crimes,  
Oft soon their life consume;  
Amidst their pomp, there's but a step  
Betwixt them and their doom.
- 18 Oft with his driving wrath he's pleas'd  
From off the earth to chase,  
As chaff before the stormy wind,  
This irreligious race.
- 19 Their sin and guilt the mighty God  
Does treasure up with care;  
And for their children's heritage,  
With stores of wrath prepare.  
Their progeny that tread their steps,  
Shall suffer for their crimes;  
And they themselves oft live to see  
These very dismal times.
- 20 Their cursed lips shall deeply drink,  
Of God's embitter'd bowl;  
Their haughty eyes shall downward sink,  
And in destruction roll.

*Ver.* Ah, then! what comfort to them shall

- 12 Their race surviving raise,  
When in the middle, after all,  
Grim death cuts off their days!  
On the reverse, sometimes the just  
May prosper, though 'tis plain  
Their lot and ordinary fate  
Is trouble, want, and pain.

- 22 Yet who will thence against the ways  
Of God most high object?  
To guide, govern, and rule the world,  
Who shall his hands direct?

Does not the great omniscient God  
All things distinctly know?  
For he's the Judge of saints above,  
The Judge of kings below.

Who then to teach him wisdom will  
Adventure or pretend?  
And clearly show him how, with skill,  
His government to mend?

- 23 One dies in his full strength and health,  
No change he thought upon;

- 24 When full of marrow, mirth, and wealth,  
Yet in a moment gone.

- 25 Another, who in tort'ring pains,  
And bitter anguish lies;  
Long griev'd and gall'd with heavy chains,  
In ling'ring sickness dies.

- 26 Both these at last the friendly grave  
Will bring to equal rest;  
And on their flesh, within the cave,  
The worms alike shall feast.

Promiscuous tribulations thus  
All human kind invade;  
And death, without distinction, does  
Befal both good and bad.

No dispensation of this sort  
Does ever take its rise,  
From one man's virtuous effort,  
Or from another's vice.

*Ver.* Nor does th' Almighty's love or hate,  
 With evidence appear,  
 By either our enjoyments great,  
 Or our annoyments here.  
 What's common to the worst and best  
 Can ne'er the case decide;  
 God's word and Spirit be our rest,  
 As th' only rule and guide.

## S O N G XXXVIII.

*The Benefit of Acquaintance with God.*

*Job xxii. 21,—30.*

- 21 **O** NOW acquaint thyself with God,  
 And be at peace, for he  
 Hath promis'd great and endless good  
 Shall thereby come to thee.
- 22 The law receive thou from his mouth,  
 The doctrine of solace;  
 And in thy heart embracing truth,  
 Lay up his words of grace.
- 23 To God most high, without delay,  
 If thou return with care,  
 Thy sin and guilt he'll take away,  
 Thy ruins all repair.
- 24 He'll bless the house wherein thou dwells  
 With riches competent;  
 With wealth of Ophir-gold, or else  
 With wealth of sweet content.
- 25 Th' Almighty shall be thy defence,  
 Thy joy and thy solace;
- 26 To him thou shalt, with confidence,  
 Prevailing pray'rs address.
- 27 When thou art answer'd from above,  
 Thy vows in trouble made  
 Shall, with a glad return of love,  
 And thankful heart, be paid.
- 28 God shall establish every right  
 And just decree of thine;  
 For, from above, directing light  
 Upon thy ways shall shine.



*Ver.* Thy paths he will direct and own,  
 Thy counsels he will blefs;  
 And all thy undertakings crown  
 With comfort and fuccefs.

29 When men around thee are caft down,  
 Thy head lift up thou fhalt;  
 God won't the humble man difown,  
 But fave and him exalt.

30 Nor of thy prayers, pure and found,  
 Shalt thou alone partake  
 The gain, but e'en thy neighbours round  
 Shall prosper for thy fake.

## S O N G XXXIX.

*God hiding and trying.* Job xxvii. 3. 8, 9, 10.

3 **O** THAT I knew where I might find  
 My God, who hides his path?  
 To him I would unfold my mind,  
 And testify my faith.

8 I forward go to feek him out;  
 But, lo! he is not there;  
 Backward, but when I turn about,  
 He's gone, I know not where.

9 Upon the right-hand, and the left,  
 Fain would I him accoft;  
 But ftill of my defire bereft,  
 I find my labour loft.

10 His way is hid, but mine is py'd  
 By him, I thus defire;  
 I fhall, as gold, when he hath tried,  
 Come purer from the fire.

## S O N G XL.

*Many moft wicked and mifchievous, yet live and die in outward Peace, and are never vifibly reckoned with in this World.*

Job xxiv. 1, 2,—12, 13,—23, 24.

**M**OST juft is God; yet none can tell  
 The fix'd determin'd times,  
 When thefe that wickedly rebel  
 Shall fuffer for their crimes.

Some men so void of shame are found,  
Who do, with treach'rous bands,  
Remove the settled marks that bound  
Appropriated lands.

With wicked spoils, or goods they seize,  
Their luxury they feast;  
And fill'd with rapine, do at ease  
Upon their couches rest.

Thus thrive oppressors, tyrants, thieves,  
Men bloody and unclean;  
Whose villanies day-light aggrieves,  
The dark's their darling screen.

Pamper'd in plenty they abide,  
And long on earth they live;  
While for impunity their pride  
In plunder they derive.

All things to raise their happiness,  
Seem jointly to comply;  
And as they liv'd in outward peace,  
They unmolested die.

Gently cut down like ears of corn,  
Their death's a kind decay:  
Full ripe they to the tomb are borne,  
And slowly sink away.

Their streams of life a goodly while,  
Like peaceful rivers flow;  
And when they die ('tis common file)  
They gently melt like snow.

'Tis true, Jehovah sees and knows  
Their vice and insolence;  
Yet, seeming unconcern'd, he does  
No vengeance due dispense.

If they're, a feast for worms, interr'd,  
Man's common fate is so:  
Heav'n then hath all their hell deferr'd  
To future endless wo.

## SONG XLI.

*The Greatness, Goodness, and Holiness of God evidencing the Guiltiness and Impurity of Man.*

Job xxv. 2,—6.

Ver. **W**ITH God the Lord, most great and high,  
2 Dominion is and fear :

He peace preserves above the sky  
And regions of the air.

3 Though numberless his armies are,  
The creatures all his hosts,  
Yet never was a God of war,  
But still of peace, he boasts.

On whom does not his light arise ?  
His goodness unto all  
Extends, like to his watchful eyes,  
Inspecting great and small.

Wide as the universe, ev'n so  
Hath God his table spread ;  
And all his creatures, high and low,  
Still at his cost are fed.

Since on his pow'r and goodness great  
We evermore depend,  
And can to nothing as a debt,  
Without a lye, pretend :

If we shall murmur and complain,  
It is without a cause,  
When he his gifts resumes again,  
But not our right withdraws.

4 Besides, our great and heinous crimes,  
By which we Heav'n provoke,  
Expose us justly, many times,  
To his revenging stroke.

Who then of mankind can before  
His high tribunal stand,  
Plead guiltless ; and, on justice score,  
His law-discharge demand ?

To being 'mong the tainted race  
Can man untainted pass,  
And clean escape the leaven base,  
That does infect the mass ?

*Ver.* Sun, moon, and stars, the torches bright,

- 5 That beautify the sky,  
Are stain'd, and spotted in the fight  
Of God's all-searching eye.

- 6 O then ! since this omniscient God  
Does human actions scan,  
What num'rous stains, both deep and broad,  
Must he discern in man !

In man, a vitious worm, whose lust  
'Gainst Heav'n incessant spurns ;  
A worthless worm, who back to dust  
And putrefaction turns !

### S O N G XLII.

*The Proofs of God's Power and Wisdom in the Creation  
and Preservation of the World. Job. xxvi. 5,—14.*

- 5 **T**HE Lord JEHOVAH built the skies,  
And rear'd his stately frame :

The wide creation testifies  
The greatness of his name.

The liquid element below  
Was gather'd by his hand :  
The rolling seas together flow,  
And leave the solid land.

To him, the Maker, does pertain  
What in the ocean is :

The finny people of the main,  
And monsters there, are his.

- 6 The dusky shades of hell that ly,  
Wrapt up in webs of night,  
May well elude the solar eye,  
But not th' Almighty's sight.

Death and destruction do in vain,  
Their sable covering spread,  
And in their secret vaults enchain,  
Or fast lock up the dead.

The eye of the Almighty does  
Their spoils intire survey ;  
And no distinction ever knows  
Betwixt the night and day.



*Ver.* He, o'er the airy empty place,

- 7 In pomp displays on high  
The wide expanse, and ample space,  
Of all the northern sky.

The pond'rous earth, at his command,  
Hangs in the ambient air ;

No pillars bear the fabric grand,  
But just his will and care.

- 8 He bids the clouds with water pent,  
Imprison'd tempests chain ;  
Then their big floating wombs, unrent,  
Suspend the birth of rain.

Again he bids their bosom ope,  
And down the blessing pours,  
To feed the lab'ring farmer's hope  
With warm prolific show'rs.

- 9 Lest his high throne, so dazling bright,  
By naked eyes unseen,  
With too much glore oppress our sight,  
He spreads his clouds between.

- 10 He raises rocky fences round  
The spacious swelling deep,  
Which do the raging billows bound,  
Mad waves in prison keep :

That while the rule of day and night,  
The sun and moon maintain,  
The rolling seas may have no might  
To drown the earth again.

- 11 High hills, that pillars seem and props  
Of heav'n's expanded roof,  
Do quake, and bow their tow'ring tops  
Aghast at his reproof.

- 12 He cleaves the main, bids billows rise,  
Then curbs the swelling tide :  
How soon they cope with clouds and skies,  
So soon he lays their pride.

The trembling waves, at his command,  
Creep softly to the shore ;  
Storms over-aw'd do silent stand,  
Do quickly cease to roar,

*Ver.* Thus lawless seas he does control,  
 Deverifies the deep;  
 He makes the sleeping billows roll,  
 The rolling billows sleep.

13 He spreads the heav'ns, their azure face  
 He garnish'd by his might:  
 And did them most profusely grace  
 With constellations bright.

14 His hand the crooked serpent made;  
 But who can speak his art?  
 Of whom all's nothing that is said,  
 We know so small a part.

Who can the utmost force explore  
 Of his almighty hands!  
 For ev'n the thunder of his pow'r  
 What mortal understands?

### S O N G XLIII.

*Job solemnly maintaining his Integrity against the  
 false Accusations of his Friends. Job xxvii. 2,—6.*

2 **A**S God-Creator lives, who now  
 To Judge my cause denies;  
 Th' Almighty, who my vexed soul  
 With sharp affliction tries:

3 While in my nostrils breath remains,  
 Which God inspir'd at first,  
 No wicked guile shall by my lips,  
 Nor falshood be express'd.

4 I'm slander'd by my cruel friends,  
 Their censures underly,  
 Charg'd with hypocrisy and fraud,  
 And crimes of deepest dye.

5 Should I acquit their calumnies,  
 Absolve their slanderous tongue,  
 Confess their libel stuff'd with lies,  
 My innocence to wrong?

Forbid it Heav'n! so black a charge  
 Of crimes to me unknown,

I, to my last expiring breath,  
 Will stedfastly disown.

*Ver.* This my rejoicing still shall be,

6 The testimony clear,  
And conscience of integrity,

I in my bosom bear.

Reproachfully they me accuse;

But from approved sin

My Judge shall me acquit, as does

His justice-court within.

## S O N G XLIV.

*The hopeless State of the Hypocrite. Job xxvii. 7, 10.*

7 **W**HERE is the hypocrite's false hope,  
Though for a time he gain'd  
Praise and applause, and lifted up,  
In pomp and pleasure reign'd?

8 Where is his hope at last, when once  
The mighty God shall wrest  
His trembling soul, with violence,  
From his reluctant breast?

9 Will God give ear unto his cry,  
When troubles o'er him flow,  
Presaging worse calamity,  
His everlasting woe?

Will painted pray'rs avert the blast,  
When he perceives with dread,  
The clouds of vengeance gath'ring fast  
Above his guilty head?

10 Will God almighty be his joy,  
Devotion his delight;  
Or pray'er to God his close employ,  
When crutches fail him quite?  
He prays, compell'd with heavy strokes;  
But unregarded prayer  
He quits; nor more his Judge invokes,  
But sinks in deep despair.  
No favour dare the rebel seek,  
That scorn'd redeeming-grace;  
His guilty conscience, dragon-like,  
Still flying in his face.

## S O N G XLV.

*Wisdom's Price great, and its Place secret: and the  
Wisdom that is hid in God, unsearchable by Na-  
ture; but the Wisdom that is revealed to Man,  
practicable through Grace. Job xxviii. 12,—28.*

Ver. **V**AIN man would be esteemed wise;

12 But who, alas! can tell

The place where understanding stays,  
Or where does wisdom dwell?

13 Nay, wisdom's price, and worth renown'd,

Dull mortals do not know;

Nor is the precious treasure found,

When search'd for here below.

The land exclaiming, says aloud,

Ah! never was I blest'd

To be the lodging or abode

Of this celestial guest.

14 The sea and swelling waves in rage,

With roaring voice declare,

In vain ye seek to find the sage

And sacred stranger here.

Th' infernal deep, with voice austere,

And with a hollow sound,

Cries out, There's no apartment here,

For wisdom, under ground.

15 Th' inestimable bliss was ne'er

With gold of Ophir bought;

16 In price with it the onyx rare

And sapphires stand for nought.

17 Rich jewels, pearls, and diamonds choice,

In crowns that draw regard,

18 And rubies fine, are worthless toys

19 With this fine gem compar'd.

20 Who then, by learning, is in case

To shew whence wisdom flows?

And who the happy dwelling-place

Of understanding knows?



*Ver.* Since close 'tis hid from all the eyes

21 Of creatures every-where,  
That tread the earth, or cut the seas,  
Or wing the lucid air.

22 Death and destruction's caves profound,  
Cry, Here she never came,  
Only our ears have heard the sound  
Of her immortal fame.

23 Alone the glorious and the great,  
All-penetrating God,  
Knows his own offspring's hidden seat,  
True wisdom's blest'd abode,

24 For he, from off the height immense  
Of heav'n's bright crystal-brow,  
Surveys in all its vast expanse,  
The universe below.

He distant ages, regions, isles,  
Views with omniscient eyes :

25 And in exactly poising scales  
Both winds and water weighs.

26 When he decreed the measure just,  
And manner of the rain ;  
When he a way for thunder first  
And light'ning did ordain :

27 Then saw he wisdom where it shin'd,  
And did its home declare ;  
He search'd his own all-seeing mind,  
And found it only there.

28 But then to man (from whom he hid  
His secret will and way,  
Yet duty to him open laid)  
Thus did Jehovah say,  
Behold, to fear the Lord, and still  
From evil to depart ;  
This, this is wisdom ; this is skill ;  
Yea, this is heav'nly art.

Let me attempt to know no more  
Than God most high reveals ;  
Nor boldly search for secret store,  
He in his breast conceals.

*Ver.* On this abyfs they fafeft are  
 That keep along the fhore,  
 Diftruff their wit, and from afar  
 This awful deep adorer.  
 In being godly found, in Chrift,  
 Man's endlefs profit lies :  
 If thou art righteous, thou art bleff ;  
 If holy, thou art wife.

## S O N G XLVI.

*The Heart-wifh of a Deferted Soul. Job xxix. 2,—5.*

- 2 **O** THAT my by-paft happy days  
 And months were now reftor'd,  
 When God did me, in gracious ways,  
 His mighty aid afford !
- 3 When on my head his candle clear,  
 The lamp of grace, did fhine ;  
 And I, through darkeft fhades of fear,  
 Did walk by light divine.
- 4 When fecret favours did, from God,  
 My days of youth attend ;  
 And I to him my mind unload,  
 As to a bofom friend.
- 5 Th' Almighty did my heart and home,  
 With his glad prefence blifs,  
 That fuch fweet days again may come,  
 O how I long for this !

## S O N G XLVII.

*Youth's, defpifing the aged ; or, Great Honour turned  
 to extreme Contempt, and Prosperity turned to  
 Calamity. Job xxx. 1, 8,—12. and 26,—31.*

## S E C T. I.

*Honour turned to Contempt. Ver. 1. 8,—12.*

- 1 **T**HESE now, that younger are than I,  
 Do me deride and mock,  
 Whole fathers never were fo high  
 As fhepherds of my flock.

- Ver.* This trust to them I scorn'd to give,  
My num'rous herds to keep;  
Nor, with my dogs, could grant them leave  
To sit and guard my sheep.
- 8 For vicious, vile, and base they were,  
Old beggars through the street;  
To them I justly might prefer  
The dust below their feet.
- 9 Yet now I'm to their sons a jest,  
10 They mock me to my face;  
11 They me revile, contemn, detest,  
And treat me with disgrace.
- 12 Young striplings thus against me rise,  
Regardless of my age;  
My name they daub with fland'rous lies,  
In fierce unbridled rage.

## S E C T. II.

*Prosperity turned to Calamity Ver. 26,—31.*

- 26 **I** LOOK'D for good, since good I chose;  
Since kind, I hop'd for light:  
But then came evil, crosses, woes,  
And clouds of dismal night.
- 27 Vexatious day did me prevent;  
And, hopeless of relief,  
28 Without the sun I mourning went  
In agonies of grief.
- 29 With owls and dragons joint I cry'd,  
I'm now their mate and kin.
- 30 With burning heat my bones are dry'd,  
And black my wither'd skin.
- 31 My harp, that made a joyful noise,  
Is turn'd to mourning deep;  
My organ chang'd into the voice  
Of them that doleful weep.

## S O N G XLVIII.

*Cbaſtity and Cbarity exemplified ; and all unclean Perſons judged. Job xxxi. 1,—4. and 16, 17. 19, 20.*

## S E C T. I.

*Cbaſtity exemplified ; and Whoremongers and Adulterers judged. Ver. 1,—4.*

Ver. **A** SACRED league I with mine eyes  
I Have made, that they may ne'er

On fruit forbidden look nor gaze,  
However charming fair.

That they, on beauty fondly prone,  
May not attentive ſtay,

To be enchanted; nor upon  
The brink of ruin play:

Ne'er did, on wanton objects bent,  
My thoughts get leave to rove ;

Nor were abroad for fuel ſent,  
To feed unlawful love.

Sin's motions firſt whenever rais'd,  
I did ſuppreſſing tame ;

I quench'd the ſpark before it blaz'd  
And ſpread reſiſtleſs flame.

2 I knew what woful portion will  
On whoredom's ſlaves attend :

Of theſe who their ſweet luſts fulfil  
I ſaw the bitter end.

3 Deſtruction from the mighty God,  
Does on the wicked wait ;

Their vile and ſhameful actions bode  
Their miſerable fate.

God does, as Judge of ſecrets, ſee  
If foreign charms us move :

Death is the juſt reward, if we  
Shall hug forbidden love.



## S E C T. II.

*Charity Exemplified.. Ver. 16, 17, 19, 20.*

- Ver. I never heard the needy cry,  
 16 But still they did prevail;  
 Nor, mercilefs, e'er caufed I  
 The widow's hopes to fail.
- 17 I ne'er along with fulnefs fed,  
 Devour'd luxurious meat;  
 But always of my plenty made  
 The hungry orphans eat.
- 19 Poor naked beggars, as co-heirs  
 Of what I did partake,  
 20 I fed and cloth'd; if not for their's,  
 Yet for their Master's fake.

## S O N G XLIX.

*The Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul.*

Job xxxii. 8.

- 8 **I**N man a living fpirit dwells,  
 An underftanding mind,  
 Which far the brutal rank excels,  
 As does th' angelic kind.
- In him there is a nature found,  
 Above the fenfes far;  
 Though fome, in fenfual pleasures drown'd,  
 But foul-oppreffors are.
- Through things both low, and things fublime,  
 The nimble foul doth flide;  
 Both far and nigh, in point of time,  
 Which thought cannot divide.
- She fends to China as foon as Spain;  
 And comes as foon as fent;  
 And mets with equal time and pain  
 A fpan, and heav'n's wide tent.
- She hath, ev'n though in flefh confin'd,  
 No body of her own;  
 But is an immaterial mind,  
 Diftinct from flefh and bone.

*Ver.* How souls that live, and flesh that dies,  
 Their match at first began,  
 We learn; for he that spread the skies,  
 First form'd the soul of man:  
 Who shed in man, first made the earth,  
 A beam of heav'nly fire;  
 In all men now, before their birth,  
 He does their soul inspire.  
 This spirit cannot mortal be,  
 Nor subject to the grave;  
 For thoughts of immortality,  
 No mortal thing can have.  
 When she aspires to endless bliss  
 In God, th' eternal spring,  
 She proves herself to be no less  
 Than an eternal thing.  
 Our bodies food of mortal kind,  
 Shows their mortality;  
 But truth eternal feeds the mind,  
 Which shews she cannot die.

## S O N G L.

*True Wisdom not acquired by Old Age, nor by Learning, but by Grace. Job xxxii. 7, 8, 9.*

- 7 **T**HAT wisdom ripens not with years,  
 Nor grows with age, I find;  
 Unless celestial light appears,  
 Gray hairs continue blind.
- 8 Wisdom divine, by length of time,  
 Can never be acquir'd,  
 Except the soul, by truth sublime,  
 Be from above inspir'd.
- 9 Sound knowledge then is not a store,  
 Possess'd still by the great;  
 Nor yet doth wisdom evermore  
 Adorn the teacher's seat.  
 Though human understanding trace,  
 The wisdom of the schools;  
 Yet still the learn'd, untaught by grace,  
 Remain but literate fools.

## S O N G L I.

*God infinitely above us; not accountable to us; yet merciful, both in biding what he bides, and revealing what he reveals. Job xxxiii. 12,—18.*

*Ver.* **G**OD's sov'reign ways to scoff or scan,  
 12 Shall worthless creatures dare?  
 Shall the most High, O wretched man!  
 Be summon'd to thy bar?

13 Wilt thou with him that gave thee breath,  
 Engage in hot dispute?  
 Or, quarreling his unseen path,  
 Wouldst thou thy God confute?

Presumptuous mortal bold, wilt thou  
 Thyself with him compare?  
 Shall to a worm Jehovah bow,  
 His conduct to declare?

To ask the reason of his ways,  
 Audacious is and rude;  
 Th'Almighty's deeds, because they're his,  
 Are therefore just and good.

Where shallow reason never could  
 The deep immense discern  
 Of providence divine, it should  
 With due submission learn.

Not that he grudges man the views,  
 Of what discern'd can be;  
 His kind Creator to him shews  
 More than his eyes can see.

Our knowledge therefore never can  
 Raise in his breast envy,  
 When more is shown than silly man  
 Is capable to spy.

14 Once and again, to form the mind,  
 God does instruction give;  
 More than reluctant man's inclin'd,  
 Or willing to receive.

15 In dreams and visions of the night,  
 In slumbers of the bed,  
 And in deep sleep, celestial light  
 Hath been at times convey'd.

*Var.* He various ways reveals his will

- 16 To man, and leaves behind  
Instructions, touching good and ill,  
Imprinted on the mind.

But our great Teacher's light will not  
The mystic clouds dispell,  
That keep his hidden paths remote,  
And on his conduct dwell.

By's teachings must be understood,  
He rather does devise  
To make man, to his profit, good,  
Than, to his peril, wife.

- 17 That from his sinful purposes,  
Man may be drawn aside,  
And humbly made, with will submits,  
To mortify his pride.

- 18 And thus his life and soul the Lord  
Saves from destruction's path;  
And from the dire menacing sword  
Of God's avenging wrath.

## SONG LII.

*The Patient described in Extremity, and seasonably  
relieved by the great Ransomer.*

Job xxxiii. 19,—30.

## SECT. I.

*Sickness come to an Extremity: Or, a sick Man  
brought to the Gates of Death.*

Ver. 19,—22.

- 19 **I**N mercy does the mighty God,  
Man for his sins chastise,  
When he, t' instruct him by the rod,  
Disturbs his bed of ease.  
Sore sicknesses, God's host array'd,  
The strongest man assail;  
Sharp pains his num'rous bones invade,  
And o'er their strength prevail.



- Ver.* Hid poison does his vigour waste,  
20    His soul abhors the sight  
      Of curious meats, which once his taste  
      Did relish with delight.
- 21 He who before, in blooming pride,  
      Could boast a graceful air ;  
      And pamper'd at his ease, abide  
      In figure, plump and fair.  
      Does now, by an amazing change,  
      His neighbours all surprise,  
      And pale lean cheeks, and staring strange  
      With ghastly hollow eyes.  
      His weary bones, a horrid sight !  
      All starting through the skin,  
      Which lay before, both day and night,  
      In flesh and fat unseen.
- 22 His throbbing heart, with grief subdu'd,  
      In pain and labour beats ;  
      And life expiring, close pursu'd  
      Through every vein, retreats.  
      On-lookers think each gasp, or breath,  
      Will end the doleful fray ;  
      And killing harbingers of death  
      Stand ready for the prey.

## S E C T. II.

*The Faithful Soul-physician an instrument of bringing back the sick Patient from the Gates of Death: Or, the Gospel Remedy skilfully applied, and CHRIST the only Ransom. Ver. 23,—30.*

- 23 If then a messenger attend,  
      That knows the voice of God,  
      And does, with prudence, apprehend  
      The errand of the rod ;  
      Who, for a Soul-physician known,  
      From heaven his message bears :  
      Such an Interpreter is one  
      Among a thousand seers ;

*Ver.* Who skill'd to deal in deep distress,  
With sinners and with saints ;

To shew to man his uprightness,  
He neither hath or wants ;

Who, having wisdom to be mild,  
Or tart, as cases crave,

Exhibits comfort to the child,  
Conviction to the slave ;

Instructs the patient how to bear  
The most afflictive rod

With soul-submits, and still to clear  
The righteousness of God ;

That he no quarrel, in his breast,  
May 'gainst his Maker lodge,

But for his sins himself arrest,  
And justify his Judge :

If thus the person, sick to death,  
Receive instruction just,

And, owning sin's desert of wrath,  
Be humbled to the dust ;

Humbled to own his scores of vice,  
And charges undefray'd ;

And humbled to accept the price,  
Was by the Surety paid :

24 Then God, most ready to acquit,  
Says, " Save the captive bound

" From going down into the pit,  
" I have the ransom found.

" What I have found he judges good,  
" And so it is to me ;

" The ransom is my darling's blood,  
" Go set the captive free."

25 Then quick deliv'rance oft is wrought,  
The patient is made whole ;

26 To health and strength his body brought,  
To peace and joy his soul.

28 Soon as he does his wrongs confess,  
And choose the way that's right,

30 His God exalts him to the bliss  
Of lasting life and light.

## SONG LIII.

*God cannot be charged with Injustice; and, being omnipotent, he cannot be unjust. Job xxxiv. 10,—15.*

Ver. **W**HEN sinners feel the chast'ning rod,  
10 Unjustly they complain;

Shall man the righteousness of God  
Presumptuously arraign?

Far be't from God's imperial throne,  
To practise wickedness:

Can th' infinitely holy One  
The rules of right transgress?

11 Justice divine, with wages meet,  
The work of men repays,  
And will each son of Adam treat  
According to his ways.

12 Yea, sure, as he is God upright,  
He'll act no wicked part;  
And sure, as he's the God of might,  
He judgment won't pervert.

For who of fraud, or violence,  
Dare God most high indite,  
Whose wisdom and omnipotence  
Does guide all nature right?

Can any higher being be,  
Whose laws he should observe,  
Or pow'r superior in degree,  
From truth to make him swerve?

'Tis certain, therefore, he in whom  
Perfections all abound,  
Whose pow'r no pow'r can overcome,  
With justice must be crown'd.

His mind, to which no stain adheres,  
Shines ever pure and bright:  
No maculating spot appears  
In uncreated light.

13 He who is sov'reign Lord of all,  
Can inj'ry do to none;  
Whate'er he takes, how great or small,  
He but resumes his own.

*Ver.* All beings are his utensils,  
 And creatures of his pow'r;  
 Nor can they longer than he wills  
 In use or being 'dure.

14 Should he recal man's vital breath,  
 He did at first inspire,  
 All mankind, perishing by death,  
 Would to the grave retire.

15 All mortal flesh to *mother* dust,  
 At pleasure he remands;  
 Immortal souls for judgment just,  
 Unto their *Father's* hands

### S O N G   L I V.

*God's Omniscience, from which no Sin can be hid.*

*Job xxxiv. 21, 22.*

- 21 **J**EHOVAH's all-discerning eye,  
 Man's life intire surveys;  
 His thoughts, soon as they rise, does spy,  
 And watches all his ways.  
 The Judge supreme, 'tis clear from hence,  
 Can never, through mistake,  
 Be partial; nor, through ignorance,  
 A wrong decision make.  
 Shifts, therefore, or evasive arts,  
 In vain the wicked use;  
 In vain their crimes, with cunning hearts,  
 They labour to excuse.
- 22 No darkness from his sight can screen,  
 Whose piercing eye makes way  
 Through mid-night shades, alike as in  
 The blazing noon of day.  
 Can lewd mens closest hiding cell,  
 His searching sight defy,  
 When darkest caves of death and hell  
 Lie naked to his eye?



## SONG LV.

*God's Power irresistible. Job xxxiv. 29.*

Ver. **W**HEN God gives quietness and rest  
 29 From ruin and from sin,  
 Who then with trouble can molest,  
 Or hinder peace within!  
 But when displeas'd he hides his face,  
 Or favour does withhold,  
 Who then can see, or with solace,  
 An angry God behold?  
 Against a land, or single man,  
 Be his displeasure bent;  
 Nor more nor less resistance can  
 Resistless wrath prevent.  
 Not by the strength of nations whole,  
 Can pow'r divine be slay'd;  
 Nor smallness of one single soul  
 His cognisance evade.

## SONG LVI.

*The afflicted Person humbled. Job xxxiv. 29. 32.*

29 'TIS surely meet thus to address  
 The Majesty divine,  
 "Just are thy judgments, I confess;  
 "For sin and guilt are mine.  
 "Nor will I now at justice' bar,  
 "Commit a fresh offence,  
 "By looking at my sins afar,  
 "And pleading innocence."  
 23 Lord, what I see not teach thou me,  
 Display thy heav'nly light;  
 Away like shades of darkness flee,  
 And day succeed to night.  
 Forgive my grievous wickedness;  
 Thy peace and joy restore:  
 Lord, I have sinn'd? yea, but, through grace,  
 I'll henceforth sin no more.

## S O N G L V I I.

*God's Highness cannot be hurt with Man's Wickedness. Job xxxv. 5,—8.*

- Ver. **F**ROM earth, O mortal, to the heav'ns,  
 5 Lift thy admiring eyes;  
 Behold the bright celestial orbs,  
 And view the distant skies.  
 They're high, yet does JEHOVAH's throne  
 Their tow'ring height exceed;  
 Far more than that bright starry frame,  
 Is rais'd above thy head.
- 6 Hence never can this glorious One,  
 Who sits in heav'n sublime,  
 Be hurt or damag'd by thy sin,  
 Nor by the blackest crime.  
 His plenitude of blifs can ne'er  
 Be made a whit the less,  
 Should'st thou, by multiply'd affronts,  
 Grow bold in wickedness.
- 7 Nor can his happy being e're  
 The least advantage reap,  
 Should'st thou devoutly him revere,  
 And all his precepts keep.
- 8 Yet hence let not thy wicked heart,  
 This false conclusion draw,  
 That thou wouldst act a fruitless part,  
 Shouldst thou obey his law.  
 Thy goodness gainful not above,  
 But to the earth may be;  
 Thy wickedness may hurtful prove,  
 Though not to God, to thee.

*God justified, though deaf to the Cry of the oppressed. Job xxxv. 9,—13.*

- 9 **S**OME cry aloud of violence,  
 Whom God does not regard;  
 He hears the cries of penitence,  
 When passion is not heard.

*Ver.* They under great oppression groan,  
But ne'er remember God;  
Nor notice what his hand hath done,  
But wail the heavy rod.

10 None say, O where's my Maker great,  
Who now can make me whole?

But where's my healthy, wealthy state,  
And where's my heartsome bowl?

They never after God enquire,

Who soon can ease bestow;

And, as he did their breath inspire,

Can moderate their woe:

Who, in the night of miseries,

Can give them songs of joy,

And sweeten earth's calamities

With heav'n's august employ:

Who gave to man, to guide him right,

And passion to controul,

A portion of etherial light,

A reasonable soul:

11 Which thus might argue, "He whose care

"Does tenderly protect

"Beasts of the earth, birds of the air,

"Will never man neglect."

Yet man, 'bove these tho' honour'd high,

His reason prostitutes,

Who does of wants and trouble cry

No otherwise than brutes.

12 These crying with their best instinct,

Their God does them sustain;

But men their nobler reason sink,

And therefore cry in vain.

13 God proud and wicked suits denies,

He sees the inmost mind:

In vain to Heav'n they raise their cries,

Who leave their souls behind.

## S O N G L I X.

*God's gracious Design in bringing his own People  
under affliction. Job xxxvi. 8, 9, 10.*

- Ver.* IF God in fetters of distress  
8 His favour'd people bind ;  
If heavy loads of grief oppress  
Their body or their mind :  
9 He means to shew to them their sin,  
In thought, in word, and deed ;  
How they to excess did therein  
All boundaries exceed.  
He hereby causes them betimes,  
With penitence, reflect  
On all their base unkindly crimes  
His kindly hands correct.  
He likewise strikes sin's growing pow'r  
Design'dly to restrain ;  
That in their heart and life no more  
It may victorious reign.  
When faulty saints deserve a blow,  
He learns them by the rod,  
More clearly than before, to know  
Their duty and their God.  
10 Unto instructive discipline  
Their ears he opens wide,  
Attentive to the laws divine,  
From which they turn'd aside.  
Their prosp'rous state had stopt their ear  
But now their adverse lot  
Commands, with loud alarms, to hear  
The voice of him that smote.  
His grace alone, that makes t' obey,  
Concurring with the rod,  
Excites them straight, thro' Christ the way,  
To turn from sin to God.

Thi  
the separ  
and pass  
traitment



LIGHT IN DARKNESS: or GOD's Favour in Man's Fury: a Digression, applying the Subject of the preceding Song to some known Occurrences of our Day\*.

GREAT is the majesty of God,  
And greatly to be fear'd;  
The voice of his afflicting rod,  
With rev'rence must be heard.

Oft took we his great name in vain;  
How justly then he tries,  
By raising men, our names to stain,  
With libels full of lies!

But love, in-laid with chastisements,  
Ill projects undermines,  
And mercifully circumvents  
The wrathful man's designs.

Some bloody bulls, in this rude age,  
Will, to the end of time,  
Stand chronicled, for pride and rage  
That fed the desperate crime.

Stern justice, turning friends to foes,  
Makes them against us mad;  
Yet mercy brings our well from woes,  
Our blifs from what is bad.

God makes the wrath of man to flame,  
For ends they do not know:  
Our rich improvement is his aim,  
But their's our overthrow.

When wild reproachers would us class,  
And damn with devilish elves,  
Their unjust censures make us pass  
Just censures on ourselves.

Their cruelty makes us more kind  
Than e'er we were before:

Their lies and falshoods make us mind  
To value truth the more.

\* This Digression delineates the conduct, and points out the behaviour of the separating Brethren, in withdrawing from, breaking up communion with, and passing unjust sentences against their Brethren; with the reception this traitment met with, and the effect it had. See Vol. VII. p. 466.—480.

Their lawless fury makes us trace  
God's just and holy laws :

Their causeless rage makes us confess  
His anger's righteous cause.

Disorders, that with them prevail,  
Make us good order seek :

Their passionate and fiery zeal  
Makes us sedate and meek.

Their lofty aims to domineer,  
Make arrogance our dread :

Their separating ways endear  
Our union to the Head.

Good from their ill, beyond their ken,  
Through grace, to us doth rise :

Their madness makes us sober men ;  
Their folly makes us wise.

### SONG LX.

*The Doom of Hypocrites that rebel against the Rod,*  
Job xxxvi. 12, 13, 14.

*Ver.* **T**HE heavy wrathful sword of God,  
Shall on their necks descend,  
Whom neither could his chast'ning rod,  
Nor charming word amend.

13 False hypocrites, to vengeance fore  
Addestin'd, haste to lay  
Accumulated wrath in store  
Against the wrathful day.

In gross neglect of pray'r they live,  
God is not in their mind ;

They cry not for his help, nor grieve  
Ev'n when his cords them bind.

14 On them doth sudden ruin come,  
And sweep them off the stage,  
Amidst the very youthful bloom  
And vigour of their age.

Soon does the unexpected bane  
Their easy seats surprize :

Descending like the fiery rain,  
On Sodom, from the skies,

*Ver.* Then, after death, their soul shall live,  
 'Mong unclean sp'rits in hell;  
 For in the heav'ns, where saints arrive,  
 No unclean thing can dwell.

## S O N G LXI.

SCHOLA CRUCIS, SCHOLA LUCIS: or, *Affliction,*  
*Instruction.* Job xxxvi. 15.

15 O UR God is mercifully touch'd  
 With pity to the poor;  
 He saves the humble one, and such  
 As do his aid implore.  
 To these submissive to his lash,  
 He's in his anger kind;  
 In favour he but wounds the flesh,  
 That he may teach the mind.  
 Sharp and severe his stripes may be,  
 But then they strike out light,  
 By which th' afflicted clearly see,  
 And learn to judge aright.  
 His hands in love do them chastise,  
 and to their duty draw;  
 Through grace his scourges make them wise,  
 When they forget his law.

## S O N G LXII.

*Quarrelling with God, in Affliction, dangerous; Sub-*  
*mission, a Duty, advantageous.* Job xxxvi. 21.

21 T AKE heed thou no regard for sin,  
 Nor love to it maintain;  
 The least vice hath more ill therein  
 Than's in the greatest pain.  
 If, rather than the smarting rod,  
 Thy choice is sin and vice;  
 Thou proudly dost contend with God,  
 And shew thyself unwise.  
 If thou, impatient of the stroke,  
 His providence accuse;  
 Thou dost, by casting off his yoke,  
 Thine own, that's heavier, chuse.

*Ver.* In trouble therefore don't debate,  
Nor with thy Maker fight;  
Contention makes thy burden great,  
Submission makes it light.

## S O N G LXIII.

*GOD an absolute Sovereign, an incomparable Teacher,  
an unexceptionable Ruler. Job xxxvi. 22, 23.*

- 22 **G**OD, by his vast and boundless pow'r,  
At pleasure can debase;  
At pleasure the debas'd restore,  
Exalt, and highly raise.  
Where's his instructors to be found?  
For, who can teach like him?  
Where's his superior more renown'd,  
Since he's himself supreme?
- 23 He that to men does knowledge teach,  
Shall he himself not know?  
Of folly who can him impeach,  
Or greater wisdom show?  
His government what daring tongue  
Of error can accuse?  
The King of kings can do no wrong,  
And who can say he does?

## S O N G LXIV.

*GOD's Works manifesting his incomprehensible Great-  
ness. Job xxxvi. 24,—33.*

- 24 **I**LLUSTRIOUS are the works divine  
Which ev'ry man may see;  
Both these that farthest off do shine,  
And these most near the eye.
- 25 Each rational beholder must  
Remember to extol,  
And give the Maker, wise and just,  
The glory of the whole.
- 26 Who can behold, but in amaze,  
Th' eternal God? and who  
Can count the number of his days,  
Which no beginning know?



*Ver.* We sooner may, from pole to pole,  
Our feeble arms extend,  
Than can our little finite soul  
His greatness comprehend.

• Our thoughts o'erwhelm'd at shadows grope,  
In sentiments like this;  
Losing their way, they're swallow'd up  
Into the vast abyfs.

Th' Immortal view'd but in the skies,  
His too resplendant light,  
Does dash and dazzle mortal eyes,  
For want of equal sight.

27 His hand dark meteors, high in air,  
Does pow'rfully sustain,  
Which he converts, around the sphere,  
To gentle dews and rain.

28 Vapours exhal'd from earth to heav'n,  
He wondrously restores,  
And sends them back with int'rest given  
In fructifying show'rs.  
These from the drooping clouded skies,  
He artfully distills;  
And thus man's mouth with food supplies,  
His mind with wonder fills.

29 Who knows how God extends his clouds,  
And makes the tender air,  
The pond'rous burden of the floods  
And heavy waters bear?

Who can account, by human arts,  
For that tremendous noise;  
These awful murm'rings, fiery darts,  
And most majestic voice;  
That issue from these clouds commix'd,  
And terribly declare,  
That the almighty God hath fix'd  
His high pavilion there?

30 Consider too, how not in vain  
He spreads upon the streams,  
And on the wide and spacious main,  
The sun's attractive beams;

*Ver.* To raise recruits for wasted clouds,  
And levy fresh supplies  
Of vapours, drawn up from the floods  
To muster in the skies.

31 He these, for different purposes,  
In wisdom doth employ;  
Some serve in tempests, if he please,  
The wicked to destroy:  
Some not to curse, but bless the field,  
And fatness on it drop,  
That it in plenty meat may yield,  
And crown the farmer's hope.

32 'Tween heav'n and earth clouds intervene,  
Now as a fav'ring shade;  
Then as a black sun-dark'ning screen  
With stormy frownings spread.

33 Brute beasts the sign of rain descry,  
By nature's instinct wise,  
Observing, with a heedful eye,  
The gath'ring meteors rise.  
They soon, by certain signs can tell  
If storms are nigh at hand;  
Then seek they shelter where to dwell  
Most safe, by sea or land.  
These see and fly; shall men purblind,  
More stupid than the storks,  
Forget their God and rest, nor mind  
To magnify his works?

### S O N G L X V.

*God's Glory noticed in the Thunder and Lightning.*  
Job xxxvii. 1,—5.

1 **W**HEN mighty tempests charg'd on high,  
With murm'ring thunder rowl,  
The dreadful noise along the sky  
Affright my trembling soul.  
A noise that makes pale atheists pant,  
And quake with panic fear;  
A noise that makes the humble faint  
His mighty God revere.

*Ver.* Hear, and attentively regard

This high majestic voice,  
Which, breaking from its prison-ward,  
Spreads with an awful noise.

With this tremendous lofty sound,  
Which heav'n's high arches shakes,  
And through the airy regions round  
Its stately progress makes.

- 3 God still to earth's remotest ends,  
Beneath the heav'ns whole,  
His red-wing'd light'ning swiftly sends  
On flight from pole to pole.  
For first 'tis in the heav'ns above  
The flashy flames appear;  
Then dreadful bellowing strangely move  
And terrify the ear.

- 4 The noisy roarings still augment,  
Till storms of rain and hail,  
Soon with their violent fierce descent,  
The passive earth assail.

- 5 He that his mighty thunder-claps,  
With wisdom thus projects,  
Produces other fearful haps,  
And wonderful effects.  
This even the greatest wits befools,  
And forces them to own,  
With minds abash'd, that to the schools  
These secrets are unknown.

### SONG LXVI.

*God's Power noticed in the Frost and Snow, in the  
Rains and Winds. Job xxxvii. 6,—13.*

- 6 GOD moulds the vapours in the air,  
He whitens there the snow;  
And, with its fleeces, broad and fair,  
He clothes the earth below.  
He bids the rain, by little crouds,  
Fall down in fruitful show'rs;  
Or, if he pleases, from the clouds,  
Vast spouts of water pours.

*Ver.* Then human hands are quite seal'd up,

- 7 From labour in the field,  
That when man's work is at a stop,  
God's work may be reveal'd.

- 8 The savage brutes and beasts of prey,  
These dreadful tempests chase;  
From desarts wild they haste away  
Unto their lurking place:

- 9 If whirlwinds turbulent come forth,  
Or from the south appear;  
Cold scatt'ring blasts come from the north,  
The air to purge and clear.

- 10 God's breath creates the frost, the blast  
Of this restraining wind  
Doth broad and spreading waters, fast,  
With chrysal fetters, bind.  
These breathings turn to solid glafs,  
The lakes on which they blow,  
Benumb the floods that use to pass  
And teach them not to flow.

- 11 His thickest clouds, by wat'ring spent,  
He wearies and dissolves;  
His brightest clouds, asunder rent,  
He scatters and resolves.

- 12 These by his counsels turn'd about,  
And manag'd by his hand,  
Move and direct their circling rout  
And course at his command.  
These vapours that surround the sky  
And this low region fill,  
All restless and obedient fly,  
To execute his will.

- 13 Hence noxious rain comes often times,  
For judgment, at his call,  
On guilty nations, for their crimes,  
To let his vengeance fall.

Or when he would his bounty shew,  
And mercy to his land,  
In plenty then the fruitful dew  
Descends at his command.



## SONG LXVII.

*Mens Ignorance of the Works of Nature, shews what incompetent Judges they are in the proceedings of divine providence. Job xxxvii. 14,—20.*

Ver. **H**ARK, mortal! stand but still and view

14 The wondrous works of God;  
Then wilt thou ne'er, with any shew;  
His providence explode.

His understanding's infinite,  
Intuitive and clear;

His sight most perfect and complete,  
Most intimate and near.

To him there's nothing far away,  
But every thing is nigh;

Nothing to come, but present ay,  
Nor hid, but in his eye.

What then dost thou, O man, purblind,  
Of his *politics* know?

What little way can thy dark mind  
In his *mechanics* go?

15 Hast thou the wisdom to declare  
What orders from above

Will come, by which along the air  
The clouds are all to move?

Canst thou by all thy natural skill,  
Or human science, know

The hour, when in the clouds he will  
Cause draw his beauteous bow.

16 Vain man! by what a vain harangue  
Canst thou the way declare,

How pois'd the pond'rous vapours hang  
And balance in the air?

So wond'rous are the works divine,  
In these and all his ways,

Such pow'r and perfect knowledge shine,  
As human minds amaze.

17 Whence are thy clothes with warmth impress'd?

Whence comes the scorching heat,

When we beneath our thinnest vest,

And lightest garment sweat?

*Ver.* When chill north winds their blusters share,  
 And make the rivers freeze,  
 To melt the ice, and calm the air,  
 How comes the southern breeze.

18 In counsel close wast thou at all  
 With the Almighty join'd,  
 When he the model of the ball  
 And firmament design'd!  
 Hast thou with him spread out the skies,  
 Clad in its sparkling dress,  
 As firm, as clear, and to the eye  
 A molten looking-glass?  
 A mirror made with skill divine,  
 Displaying matchless might;  
 'This starry frame, so superfine,  
 Confounds all feeble sight.

19 Pray, tell us what to say of God,  
 We can no knowledge boast;  
 Our baffled thoughts in darkness plod,  
 And are in wonder lost.  
 I stop! for who, but in amaze,  
 Can stare at endless height!  
 What creature can undazzled gaze  
 At uncreated light!

20 Men vainly, in a measure, lay  
 Unmeasurable bliss;  
 They would infinity survey,  
 But sink in that abyss.

### S O N G LXVIII.

*Gop's Greatness and Majesty requires that he be greatly feared and revered. Job xxxvii. 21,—24.*

21 **G**OD, wind and weather-changes wills,  
 And who but stoops to this?  
 Life-changes too when he fulfills,  
 Let mortals be submissive.  
 Man cannot, with his feeble eye,  
 Meridian lustre bear,  
 22 When northern winds that sweep the sky,  
 Make upper regions clear.

*Ver.* Then surely mortals, seiz'd with fright  
And terror, must decline  
The glorious and tremendous sight  
Of majesty divine.

23 For, touching the almighty God

We cannot find him out ;  
So pompous is his high abode,  
And splendid round about.

From majesty, so great and high,  
We must with dread retire  
Nor gratify our curious eye,  
But rev'rently admire :

But after all our bold essays  
And searches here we find  
Our reason cannot shun the maze,  
Nor grasp th' eternal mind.

So boundless and transcendent is  
His energy and might,  
His judgments are so just and wise,  
And his decrees so right,

That no debater must decry  
The great Jehovah's deeds,  
Nor boldly ask a reason why  
He thus and thus proceeds.

Should any ask it to their shame,  
Then know that he alone,  
Is sov'reign Lord and Judge supreme,  
Accountable to none.

This should instruct us not to spurn,  
But pious rev'rence raise ;  
Our mutiny to marvel turn,  
Our discontent to praise.

This to right reason should restore,  
Make carnal reason mute,  
And teach us humbly to adore,  
But never to dispute.

Mild mercy meets with justice strict  
In standing to his laws ;  
He therefore wills not to afflict,  
Nor strikes without a cause.

*Ver.* Men fear his name in Christ for this,

- 24 Because he mercy hath;  
But rebels, that reject the bliss,  
Shall fear and feel his wrath.

God favours humble hearts and wills,  
But sons of pride defies;  
And in his sight wise men are fools,  
Who in their own are wise.

### S O N G L X I X.

*God's Words unto Job, his challenging him.*

*Job xxxviii. 1, 2, 3.*

- 1 **A**LL nature felt a frightful shock,  
When from the rolling cloud,  
To trembling Job th' Almighty spoke  
These awful words aloud.
- 2 Who's this presumptuous mortal bold,  
That dark'ning counsel so,  
By words devoid of knowledge, would  
Prescribe what it must do!
- 3 If thou pretend'st to quarrel me,  
For ought that I have done,  
Gird up thy loins to hold the plea,  
And like a man to win.
- I'm now come at demands of thine,  
Thy science to inspect;  
N't to be taught, but of design  
Thy arrogance to check.
- I'll now thy skill and wisdom sound,  
Thy understanding try;  
To questions I'll to thee propound,  
See if thou canst reply.

### S O N G L X X.

*G O D ' S Q U E S T I O N S.*

*Quest. 1. Concerning the Foundation of the Earth.*

*Job xxxviii. 4,—7.*

- 4 **W**HEN I the earth's foundation laid,  
Where wast thou then, O man?  
Or didst thou contribute thine aid,  
And help the mighty plan?



*Ver.* Whence did I, when the world I made,  
For fit materials call,  
When nothing I but nothing had  
Wherewith to make the ball?

My hand, without thy help, could frame  
This spacious edifice;  
And can't my skill govern the same  
Without thy poor advice?

5 If thou hast knowledge, tell what pow'r  
And wisdom I employ'd,  
To dig the mass of solid store,  
Out of an empty void?

Tell how the globe was modell'd fine,  
By what stupendous art;  
And by what measure, square, and line,  
I fitted every part?

Declare on what foundation sure,  
Did I the building rear;  
And by what cement, so secure,  
Do all the parts cohere?

Shew how the corner-stone by me,  
Was laid so firm, so well,  
That mov'd the fabric cannot be  
Without a miracle.

7 When earth was form'd at my command,  
Which formless was and void,  
Know'st thou how heav'n, in consort grand,  
This dawn of time employ'd?

When all th' angelic armies bright,  
The hosts of race divine,  
Whose beamy heads, in sparkling light,  
The morning stars out-shine;

These first-born sons of God renown'd,  
With joyful shoutings sung  
My works on earth, till heav'ns around  
With acclamations rung.

## S O N G LXXI.

Quest. 2. *About the limiting of the Sea.*

Job xxxvii. 8,—11.

- Ver. **8** **W**HO did with rocks, like bolted doors,  
 Shut up the raging main,  
 With sandy banks, as fett'ring pow'rs,  
 The furious billows chain?  
 When with the rupture overcome,  
 The turgid upper earth  
 Did rend and ope her teeming womb,  
 To give the ocean birth;  
**9** O'er which my clouds I like a vest,  
 Or fable garment, drew;  
 And swaddling bands, of thicken'd mist,  
 I o'er its bosom threw.  
**10** I form'd a gulph within the land,  
 To be the ocean's bed;  
 The wat'ry troops at my command,  
 Soon to their lodging fled.  
 They march'd with all obsequious haste,  
 To my appointed ward;  
 And found their prison-chambers fast,  
 With rocky bolts were barr'd.  
**11** Then said I to the raging sea,  
 That was diffus'd around,  
 Behold the frontiers I decree,  
 Thy billows fierce to bound.  
 Hither thou may'st, within thy caves,  
 But may'st no farther roll;  
 This fence shall thy impetuous waves,  
 And flowing pride controul.

## S O N G LXXII.

Quest. 3. *Concerning the Springs of the Morning.*

Job xxxviii. 12,—15.

- 12** **B**Y whose appointment does the sun  
 His morning beams display?  
 Tell; does he by thy orders run,  
 And spread the world with day?

*Ver.* By whose contrivance, so exact,

Springs up the shining light,

To lengthen out, or to retract,

The time of day and night?

Who bids it late or ear' \* arise,

At distance far or near,

Right to divide and signalize

The seasons of the year?

13 With wings so speedy did thy care

Provide the dawning ray,

That it through deeps immense of air,

So swift might make its way;

That in a trice might be fulfill'd

Its fore-appointed race,

And that it might with lustre gild

The earth's remotest face.

14 Presenting all things fair to sight

That lay with shades oppress'd,

New stamp'd as with a seal, in light

As with a garment drest;

15 Light which by minds, where virtue dwells,

Is peaceably enjoy'd;

But which obnoxious criminals

With panic fear avoid:

For, if detected by its beams,

The guilty wretches know,

They must the death their conscience deems

They merit, undergo.

With lifted arms 'gainst Heav'n they fought,

But thence the rays on wing

Pursue the rebels close, till brought

To punishment condign.

Whence come these messengers of light,

To chase the wicked crew,

And chain them fast with fear and fright,

Are they dispatch'd by you?

\* Put for early.

## SONG LXXIII.

Quest. 4. *Concerning the Springs of the Sea.*  
Job xxxviii. 16.

Ver. **S**AY, Hast thou div'd in lower things,  
16 Descended to survey  
Hid passages and secret springs,  
That feed the spacious sea?  
Hast thou the ocean search'd around,  
And headful wander'd o'er  
The many wat'ry walks profound,  
Their wonders to explore?

## SONG LXXIV.

Quest. 5. *About the Gates of Death.* Job xxxviii 17.

17 **H**ATH death to thee op'd and disclos'd  
Her gloomy gates and rooms?  
Or hell its dismal shades expos'd  
And horrid longæve \* homes?  
Tell then how souls by death at last,  
From bodies are unty'd,  
And launch'd into the ocean vast,  
Of an abyss untry'd?

## SONG LXXV.

Quest. 6. *Concerning the Breadth of the Earth.*  
Job xxxvii. 18.

18 **H**AST thou about the earth, O Job,  
E'er drawn thy compass round,  
And of this whole terraqueous globe,  
Th' exact demensions found?  
If not, since earth is but a point,  
To the vast universe,  
How shall thy art and science joint  
My counsels deep traverse?

\* As applied to hell, it signifies everlasting.



## SONG LXXVI.

Quest. 7. *About the Place and Path of Light and  
Darkness.* Job xxxviii. 19, 20, 21, 24.

Ver. **K**NOW'ST thou the magazines on high,

19 In which my stores I lay,  
And bright materials, to supply  
The burning lamps of day?

20 My fair etherial mines from whence  
I deal out light so fast,  
As to the most profuse expence  
The sun and stars can waste?

21 Canst thou, for age and skill, explain  
The place of darkness, where  
Black night, and all her sable train  
Of gloomy shades, repair.

24 Couldst thou at first, commanding light,  
Divide, for equal sway;  
The path, for day, to chase the night;  
For night, to chase the day.

## SONG LXXVII.

Quest 8. *Concerning the Treasures of Snow and Hail.*  
Job xxxviii. 22, 23.

22 **T**ELL, hast thou been where hail and snow,  
My martial treasures are,  
Which I reserve, for times and woe,  
And for the day of war?

23 Hast thou these airy realms survey'd,  
Where I this armour lay,  
'Gainst sinful lands to be display'd,  
On that tremendous day.

## SONG LXXVIII.

Quest. 9. *Concerning the daily Changes of the Morn-  
ing and Evening.* Job xxxviii. 24.

24 **T**ELL how the parts of light through clouds  
Of shades their lustre share,  
Ev'n as the east-wind scatters clouds,  
And clears the ambient air?

*Ver.* Discover plain, how doth the light  
 Its radiant wings display,  
 Hot to pursue the flying night,  
 And spread the dawning day?  
 [Each morning makes a mighty change  
 By the return of light;  
 Each ev'ning too seems equal strange,  
 By the relapse of night:  
 Yet man, who still the change expect  
 And see't without surprise,  
 These daily miracles neglect,  
 Just wrought before their eyes.]

## S O ' N G LXXIX.

*Quest. 10. Concerning Thunder and Lightning,  
 Clouds and Rain; by what sacred Counsels they are  
 directed, and by whose Order emitted.*

*Job xxxvii. 25, 26, 27. 34, 35.*

- 25 **A** GAIN, canst thou declare what way  
 The heav'nly Architect  
 His cloudy forges up did lay,  
 And in the air erect?  
 And how the mighty pond'rous mass  
 Aloft was thither brought,  
 From which, soon as his light'nings pass,  
 Red thunderbolts are wrought?  
 Who raises vapours from the ground,  
 Which, pois'd in liquid air,  
 Fall down in show'rs, thro' which around,  
 These dreadful light'nings glare?  
 How are the heav'nly aqueducts,  
 And water-pipes contriv'd,  
 Whence floods are to the thirsty flocks,  
 Fruits to the earth deriv'd?
- 26 Who doth the water-course divide,  
 And for the rain that falls  
 By drops, or violent show'rs, provide  
 Fit conduits and canals.

*Ver.* Discharg'd again to overflow,  
As once the earth and hills;  
Each drop does, by direction, go  
To rivers and to rills.

Yet by the show'rs that fill the brooks,  
Likewise the wilderness,  
Refresh'd does in its chearful looks  
Alacrity express.

In places where no man resides,  
Nor does the product share,  
The Father of the rain provides  
For's other creatures there.

27 Like healing balm distilling rains  
Yield juice to plants and trees,  
With drink restore the parched plains,  
And thirsty mouths appease.

Then rising sap that round does glide,  
Thursts out the tender bud,  
And crowns, with flow'ry verdant pride,  
The desert's shady wood.

34 Say, to thy voice or orders will  
The circling clouds attend?  
And when thou bids them rain distill,  
Will then the rain descend?

35 Will ready light'nings sudden fly,  
Or through the æther shine,  
And thunder-claps ring round the sky,  
At thy command or mine?

### SONG LXXX.

*Quest. II. Concerning the Dew, the Ice, and hoar-  
Frost. Job xxxviii. 28, 29, 30.*

28 **I**F thou canst secret things explain,  
And hidden causes shew,  
Where dwells the Father of the rain?  
And who begat the dew?  
How are the hov'ring mists, so soft,  
Arrested in their flight;  
Then harden'd in the air aloft,  
And whiten'd in the night?

*Ver.* Canst thou the nature of the ice,

29 With great exactness show ;  
Which, with its fett'ring artifice,  
Forbids the floods to flow ;

Compels the fluid element,  
So still and calm, to stand ;  
Binds rivers with its hard cement,  
And makes the water land ?

30 The billows of the sea congeal'd,  
Can roll no farther on ;  
The ocean's wat'ry face conceal'd  
As with a marble stone.

Fierce is the frost ; what womb did then  
So fell a tamer breed,  
That's equal *bardy* on the *main*,  
As *boary* on the *mead* ?

### S O N G LXXXI.

*Quest. 12. About directing of the Stars and their Influences. Job xxxviii. 31, 32, 33.*

31 **W** E A K man, canst thou in spring restrain,  
And bind the influence,  
Which with the kindly fertile rain,  
The Pleiades dispense ?  
Canst thou in winter loose the chains,  
Or break the frosty bands,  
With which Orion roughly strains,  
And binds the passive lands ?

32 Canst thou with constellations clothe  
And deck the azure skies,  
And, in his turn, make Mazzaroth,  
With southren stars arise ?

Or, canst thou guide Arcturus' pace,  
Around the northren pole ;  
And bid his bright attending race,  
His sons in order roll ?

33 Know'st thou the fix'd celestial laws  
Of starry pow'rs above ?  
Canst thou on earth their influence cause  
Descend, or thence remove ?



*Ver.* Dost thou to ruling stars dispense  
 What virtue they diffuse,  
 Such seasons here to influence,  
 As thou, forsooth, shalt chuse?

## S O N G LXXXII.

*Quest. 13. Concerning the Formation and Renovation  
 of the Soul, or intellectual Spirit, in Man.*

*Job xxxviii. 36.*

**W**HO knowledge did to man impart,  
 That ray of light divine?  
 Who did with wisdom fill his heart?  
 Was this thy work, or mine?  
 To man a noble soul is giv'n  
 With shining pow'r supply'd;  
 More bright than all the stars of heav'n,  
 To angels fair ally'd.  
 The sun above the light doth bring,  
 Though seen in air below;  
 From light divine the soul doth spring,  
 Her pow'rs in flesh to show.  
 The God of nature did impart  
 This intellectual mind;  
 The God of grace renews the heart,  
 With light and sight refin'd.

## S O N G LXXXIII.

*[A Digression concerning the SOUL'S SPIRITUALITY  
 and its NATURE; quite distinct from the Body and  
 its senses. A number of Proofs and Demonstrations  
 hereof\*.]*

**M**AN's soul, while in the flesh he lives,  
 Her pow'r doth exercise  
 Within the body, yet survives  
 Although the body dies.  
 She's by herself an active thing,  
 That hath a working might;  
 Which not from sense's pow'r doth spring,  
 Nor yet from humour's spright.

\* See Sir JOHN DAVIES's Poem on this Subject.

Were she the bodies quality,  
She might be sick and blind ;  
But in decaying flesh we see  
A perfect healthy mind.

When in th' effects the cause she sees,  
From fruits the roots doth know ;  
Her views not from her body's eyes,  
But from her own do flow.

When swifter than the light'nings fly,  
Her thoughts from east to west,  
And round the centre, 'bove the sky,  
Move, though the body rest :

When first her works she forms within,  
And sees her perfect end,  
Ere she to act at all begin ;  
No aid can senses lend.

When without hands she builds up tow'rs,  
And without feet doth run ;  
Sees without eyes, by her own pow'rs  
These miracles are done.

When she on vice and virtue thinks,  
Considers general things ;  
And from known truths, in divers links,  
A right conclusion brings :

These actions by herself alone  
Retir'd she does fulfil ;  
Of all her body's organs none  
Can aid her wit or will.

Yet she in flesh imprison'd lies,  
Must through its windows look,  
Her pow'rs of sense to exercise,  
And read the world's great book.

Though scarce the soul can judge of ought,  
But what the sense home brings ;  
Yet judging pow'rs, and what's thus brought,  
Are vastly different things.

Our eyes can nought but colours see,  
Yet colours give not sight ;  
The soul, when seen her objects be,  
Views them by her own light.

Workmen, on stuff their skill to show,  
The stuff ne'er gave them skill;  
No more, from objects seen, can flow  
Soul-pow'rs to act or will.

Yea, oft to check the sense she's sure,  
Nor when it errs agrees;  
But crosses it; for, with a pow'r,  
Above the sense she fees.

No sense the holy joys conceives  
Which in her closets be;  
The ravish'd soul her senses leaves,  
And hath her motions free.

Her distinct nature shines in this,  
That her choice works alone  
She works: this nature's touch-stone is,  
Things by their works are known.

But why the soul and sense divide,  
When sense is but a pow'r,  
The soul extends on ev'ry side,  
Her objects to explore?

Mere sense cannot one thought command;  
For eyes and ears perceive  
No more than glasses understand,  
What faces they receive.

Souls guide the sight; for, chance but we  
To fix our thoughts elsewhere;  
Our eyes, though open, cannot see,  
But, like a statue, stare.

And, if one pow'r, which senses bound,  
Did not both hear and see;  
Then, most confus'd, our sight and sound  
Would always double be.

The soul then sense's pow'r contains,  
Within a greater pow'r,  
Which still employs the sense's pains,  
But rules in her own bow'r,

Heav'n in man's soul these pow'rs did grave,  
Ev'n her's alone to be;  
On earth no other creatures have  
These heav'nly pow'rs but we.]

## S O N G LXXXIV.

Quest. 14. *About staying the clouds, or stopping the Rain.* Job xxxviii. 37, 38.

- Ver. **W**HO can the clouds vast number tell,  
 37 That spread from pole to pole?  
 Who can their falling rain repel,  
 When pouring out their bowl?  
 38 When rain enough hath drench'd the clay,  
 And clos'd the cleaving clods,  
 Whose hand can heav'n's full bottle stay?  
 Tell; is it thine, or God's?

## S O N G LXXXV.

Quest. 15. *Concerning Provision for the Lions and Ravens.* Job xxxviii. 39, 40, 41.

- 39 **W**ILD beasts in forests, and in fens,  
 Whose proper care are they?  
 40 The lions old that lurk in dens,  
 The young that wait their prey?  
 41 Who feeds the ravens and their brood,  
 When, unto God they cry,  
 And wander far for lack of food?  
 Say; is it you, or I?

## S O N G LXXXVI.

Quest. 16. *About the wild Goats and the Hinds.* Job xxxix. 1,—4.

- 1 **N**OW'ST thou the time wild goats bring forth  
 The increase of their flock?  
 The time when they commit their birth  
 Unto the flinty rock?  
 2 Canst thou declare the months how long  
 The pregnant hinds complete?  
 And when to calve, or cast their young,  
 They to the brakes retreat?  
 3 In pangs they bow themselves, the wood  
 Affords them no relief?  
 Yet there, at once, they both exclude  
 Their offspring and their grief.



*Ver.* Their calves go seek their meat, and find,  
 4 In ranging hill and wood,  
 Their fattning corn; nor to the hind  
 Return for want of food.

## S O N G LXXXVII.

*Quest.* 17 *Concerning the wild Ass.* Job xxxix. 5,—8.

5 **W**HO did to the wild ass's heart,  
 That knows no bit or rein,  
 A sense of liberty impart,  
 All drivers to disdain?  
 6 The tame ass is to labour bound,  
 But still the wild is free;  
 His house I made the desert round,  
 His home the barren lee.  
 7 He scorns the city's multitude,  
 Refuses to be driven;  
 8 The range of mountains for his food,  
 And piles of grass are given.  
 With freedom blest'd he roves apace,  
 And ne'er the desert quits,  
 But mocks the tame and stupid ass,  
 That his base neck submits.

## S O N G LXXXVIII.

*Quest.* 18 *Concerning what is called the Unicorn.*  
 Job xxxix. 9,—12.

9 **W**ILL th' unicorn, or savage bull,  
 The beast of pow'r and pride,  
 Tame to thy service, bow his will,  
 Or by the crib abide?  
 10 Will he thy yoke or labour bear,  
 And meekly stand in awe?  
 Or with the plow thy furrows tear,  
 On vales thy harrows draw?  
 11 Because in strength this rural king  
 Is mighty, wilt thou yield,  
 12 That he be trusted home to bring  
 Thy harvest from the field?

*Ver.* To rule so rude an animal  
 Incapable art thou;  
 Presum'st thou then to rule the ball,  
 Or teach me so to do?

## S O N G LXXXIX.

*Quest. 19. Concerning the Peacock and the Ostrich.*  
*Job xxxix 13,—18.*

- 13 **B**Y whose skill was the peacock vain,  
 With curious colours dy'd?  
 Whence hath his sweeping tail and train  
 Its finely painted pride?  
 Such beauteous plumes, and wings so wide,  
 Tell, whence the ostrich wears;  
 So big, the other birds beside,  
 A feather'd beast appears?
- 14 Her eggs expos'd she in the dust,  
 Where laid, leaves to be warm'd;
- 15 Thoughtless how soon they may be crush'd;  
 Or by wild roamers harm'd.
- 16 Her labour vain and fearless is,  
 She's harden'd 'gainst her brood;
- 17 For God does from the common blifs  
 Of wisdom her exclude.
- 18 Yet if in danger she but list  
 Her neck and wings on high,  
 She both the horse and rider swift,  
 Does scornfully defy.

## S O N G XC.

*Quest. 20. Concerning the Horse for Battle.*  
*Job xxxix. 19,—25.*

- 19 **D**IDST thou, O Job, for war or state,  
 Give to the gen'rous horse  
 His confidence, his boldness great,  
 His spirit, and his force?
- 20 Hast thou with terror cloth'd his mane?  
 Canst thou his courage shake?  
 Or cause him, like the little wren,  
 Or silly insect, quake?

*Ver.* With formidable native fire

His snorting nostrils glow ;  
And smoke and flame in furious ire,  
Amidst the battle blow.

- 21 Proud of his strength he paws the ground,  
And prances on the land,  
Tears up the turf, and spurns around,  
The passive yielding sand.

When he the noisy martial sounds,  
And warlike trumpet hears ;  
He then rejoicing leaps and bounds,  
And pricks his list'ning ears.

- 22 When he perceives, even, from afar,  
Th' advancing foes alarms,  
He forward springs to face the war,  
And meet the glit'ring arms.

- 23 Dauntless he runs on sword and spear,  
The warrior's files invades ;  
And makes his passage without fear,  
Thro' num'rous thick brigades.

The weapons which the horseman weilds,  
He mocks with haughty breast ;  
Of rattling quivers, blazing shields,  
He makes a perfect jest.

- 24 In rage he beats and bites the ground,  
He dances o'er the plain ;  
Nor startles at the alarm's sound,  
But pulls the curbing rein :

- 25 Derides the trumpet, scorns the shock,  
And mad the bridle champs ;  
Smelling afar the sulph'rous smoke,  
And thunder of the camps.

### S O N G XCI.

Quest. 21. *About the Hawk and the Eagle.*

Job xxxix. 26,—30.

- 26 **B**ESIDE the beasts that tread the ground,  
The birds that cleave the air ;  
Seest thou how they the skill profound  
And pow'r of God declare ?

- Ver.* Is't by thy wit the hawk does fly,  
 And southward stretch her wings?  
 Or when cold winter drawing nigh  
 She wisely sun-ward swings?
- 27 Dost thou command the eagle's flight,  
 And bid her mount the sky,  
 Aloft to travel in her might,  
 And make her nest on high?  
 Dost thou the royal bird direct  
 Where thus to build her nest,  
 That no invading pow'r, or sect,  
 May dare her peace molest?
- 28 That with the strongest forts to vye,  
 She might her dwelling keep,  
 In craggy cliffs, immensely high,  
 Insuperable steep.
- 29 Thence down her haughty eyes she bends,  
 Low valleys to survey;  
 And, like a thunderbolt, descends  
 To truss her heedless prey.
- 30 Then soon her crooked pounces bare  
 The carcass takes and tears;  
 And to her young, swift through the air,  
 The bloody banquet bears.  
 These creatures act by that instinct  
 For which thou can't account:  
 How must their Maker, dost thou think,  
 Thy silly views surmount?

## S O N G X C I I.

*Quest. 22. About Contending with God: or, A humble Challenge given to such as quarrel God's Proceedings. Job. xl. 1, 2.*

- 1 **S**HALL God be taught? by whom? by one  
 That quarrels his decrees?  
 His measures just be overthrown,  
 A plaintiff proud to please?



*Ver.* 'Gainst God shall a contender blind,  
 Presumptuously essay,  
 To teach him how to change his mind,  
 And how to mend his way?  
 T' upbraid th' Almighty, what is this  
 But justice to distrust?  
 For he who God almighty is  
 Can never be unjust.  
 Since from his creatures never he  
 Had ought to hope or fear,  
 Can such a being tempted be  
 Amiss the helm to steer.

2 Shall God to man's instruction bow?  
 Shall man presume to learn,  
 And teach the great Creator how  
 His creatures to govern?  
 Who, of the whole created tribe,  
 My ways can rectify?  
 Shall silly mortal man prescribe,  
 And dictate unto me?  
 He therefore must be catechiz'd,  
 That would his Maker teach;  
 And, not with his proceedings pleas'd,  
 Of folly him impeach.  
 Let then th' accuser, that would scan,  
 And blame my ways profound,  
 Solve at his peril, if he can,  
 The questions I propound.

## S O N G X C I I I.

*Job's Humble submission: or, The murmuring Mouth  
 Stopped, and unjust Complaints silenced.*

*Job xl. 3, 4, 5.*

3, 4 **B**EHOLD, O Lord, most vile am I,  
 For now thy heav'nly light  
 Detects the great stupidity  
 That did my mind beaught.

*Ver.* I sinn'd in that I fought so bold  
 The argument to state;  
 And judg'd that with thee I could  
 Thy providence debate.  
 Sham'd and confounded I resign,  
 For now I can't withstand  
 Thy words and arguments divine,  
 Nor answer one demand.

- 5 Once have I spoken, Lord; yea, twice;  
 And though my words were few,  
 Yet great their number, gross their vice,  
 Did high presumption shew.  
 Upon my mouth, which argu'd vain,  
 Henceforth my hand be laid;  
 I spake what I won't speak again,  
 Nor stand to what I said.  
 Prostrate before thy feet I ly;  
 Through grace, I'll now adore  
 Thy greatness, pow'r, and majesty;  
 But I'll contend no more.

### S O N G XCIV.

*Quest. 23. Moe Challenges given to Job for his further Humiliation. The vanity of vying with God for Justice, or of charging him with unrighteousness.*

*Job xl. 6, 7, 8.*

- 6 'TIS good for thee, O man, that thou  
 Down to thy knees be thrust;  
 Yet better is the lower bow,  
 Down to the very dust.  
 7 That therefore thy assuming mind,  
 Be levell'd to the ground,  
 Some farther questions are design'd,  
 Thy boasted skill to sound.  
 Oft didst thou wish to plead with me,  
 Prepare then for the task,  
 If courage yet remain with thee  
 To answer what I ask.

*Ver.* Thou didst with confidence too bold

Thy spotless virtue boast;

And yet my care and kindness hold

As quite extinct and lost.

But since my care does ev'n respect

My lowest creatures clan,

How canst thou judge that I neglect

My nobler creature, Man!

8 Wilt thou my judgment thus defame,

That thou mayst righteous be?

Canst thou thy innocence proclaim,

Without reproaching me?

Must my proceedings be controul'd,

Thy character to clear?

My deep decrees be disannul'd,

Thy name and fame to rear?

Vain man, wilt thou so slanderous

Thy righteous God indite?

Dost thou thy kind Redeemer thus

Ungratefully requite?

### S O N G XCV.

Quest. 24. *The Vanity of vying with God for Power, Majesty, and Dominion over proud and wicked Enemies.* Job xl. 9,—14.

9 **H**AST thou an arm like God, that can

Against him take the field,

And win by force? Art thou, O man,

With pow'r almighty steel'd?

Canst thou both heav'n and earth sedate,

Fright with a dreadful noise;

Or most exactly imitate

Jehovah's thund'ring voice?

10 If thou, poor mean dependant wight,

Presum'st with God to vye,

Then now adorn thyself with light,

With pomp and majesty;

With state and dread that can and will

The host of hell annoy;

With beauties too, that heav'n can fill

With wonder and with joy

- Ver.* Cast forth the fury of thy wrath,  
 11 See and abase the proud ;  
 12 And look them down to hell beneath,  
     Whose wealth their vices shroud.  
 13 Hide thou and bind them in the dust  
     And crown them in their caves ;  
     For here's the work of God, the just,  
     Who digs the wicked's graves.  
 14 Do these great things ; then thou, I'll grant,  
     Mayst thine own saviour be :  
     But, weak, unequal combatant,  
     Submit thou must to me.

## S O N G XCVI.

*An instance of divine Power in Behemoth ; that is,  
 as some think, the Elephant. Job xl. 15,—24.*

- 15 **B**EHOLD again, to stop the mouth,  
     And bring thee further down,  
     Thy fellow-creature, Behemoth,  
     A beast so strong, so grown.  
     Were flesh his meat, what would suffice  
     His vast capacious womb,  
     Which could whole flocks, at once or twice,  
     And num'rous herds entomb ?  
     Therefore it was the Maker's care,  
     Such ruin to prevent,  
     To make the ox's food his fare,  
     The grass his aliment.  
 16 The strength I did on him bestow,  
     Within his loins remains ;  
     The navel of his belly too,  
     His mighty force contains.  
 17 Like to a cedar tall and high,  
     With tempests tost about,  
     From side to side, in gallantry,  
     He moves his pliant snout.  
     Wrapt are the sinews of his thighs,  
     Like complicated cords,  
     Which close involv'd with many ties,  
     United force affords.



- Ver.* His bones are firm like bolts of brass,  
18 Which guard the pond'rous frame;  
Their strength the bars of iron surpass,  
Well temper'd in the flame;  
19 O' th' brutal kind this bulky beast  
Is the chief work of mine;  
Craft, use, in him, beyond the rest,  
Structure and strength combine.  
On him his Maker did bestow,  
Instead of fighting arms,  
An active trunk to wound his foe,  
And guard himself from harms.  
But God can kill the elephant,  
Soon as a gnat or fly;  
So will his sword the combatant,  
That dare his pow'r defy.  
20 This beast prodigious, for his food,  
Frequents the verdant plains,  
The grassy mountains, deserts broad,  
Where he a monarch regins.  
And there to him the forest's beasts  
Do all in troops resort;  
They know him harmless to his guests,  
And by him fearless sport.  
21 Thence he retreats to groves for ease,  
Lies in the shady wood,  
22 By reeds and fens, and willow-trees,  
That deck the purling flood.  
23 Fearless his mouth, he when a-thirst,  
To Jordon does apply;  
Nor doubts but with a glut, at first,  
He'll drink the river dry.  
He draws it up with greedy eyes,  
And who can in his sight,  
With him attempt, or enterprize,  
A fair and open fight?  
24 Who can, by force, the beast command?  
And who e'er undertook,  
Into his nose, with strength of hand,  
To fix the servile hook?

*Ver.* Through snares and gins his piercing nose  
 And snout is his defence ;  
 By art surprize him may his foes,  
 But not by violence.  
 Thou dar'st not that strong beast offend,  
 Lest soon he thee devour ;  
 Why wilt thou then with God contend,  
 From whom he gets his pow'r ?

## S O N G XCVII.

*Of the Leviathan in general ; that is, the Whale,  
 or Crocodile : Man, being unable to subdue and  
 tame him, must own himself to be utterly unable to  
 stand before the great God. Job xli. 1,—10.*

- 1 **J**OB, if thou canst debate with me,  
 As thou didst boldly wish,  
 I'll but produce, for humbling thee,  
 A formidable fish.  
 Canst thou the great Leviathan  
 Draw out with hook or line ?  
 Or in the deep the whale trepan  
 With common baits of thine ?
- 2 Canst thou run through his gills a thorn,  
 A jav'lin through his jaw ?  
 Or with a cord, he laughs to scorn,  
 Ashore the monster draw ?
- 3 Will he, like man in great distress,  
 With tender words intreat  
 Thy pity, and with meek address,  
 His moan to thee repeat ?
- 4 Will he a contract with thee make,  
 To be thy slave for ay ?
- 5 Tam'd as a bird, wilt thou him take  
 To be thy children's play ?  
 Will he be bound, and so submit,  
 As thy domestic sort ?  
 He that to man a terror is  
 Be to thy maids a sport ?

- Ver.* Shall neighbours make a hearty meal  
 6    Of him when catch'd by art ?  
       And soon his bones and oil for sale  
       Among the merchants part ?
- 7    Is't easy work his scaly skin,  
       With barbid irons to prick ;  
       His head with spears to assaffine,  
       And touch him to the quick ?
- 8    Suppose thy hardy valour should  
       The furious beast assail,  
       Think'st thou that swords and daggers would  
       Soon o'er his strength prevail ?  
       Suppose thou shouldest with thy life  
       Escape the dreadful rage,  
       Thou wouldst remind the fearful strife,  
       And dread anew t' engage.
- 9    The hope of conquest here is vain \* ;  
       For, with amazing fright,  
       The stoutest hero would, as slain,  
       Faint at the monster's fight.
- 10   In sleep no giant iron-clade  
       Dare his disturber be ;  
       What mortal, then, with fury mad,  
       Dare face and fight with me ?

## S O N G   X C V I I I .

*The Power of God set forth in a more particular  
 Description of the Leviathan. Job xli. 11,—34.*

§ I. GOD's *sovereign Dominion over his Creatures.*

- 11   S A Y, in what creature's debt am I,  
       That as injur'd can whine ?  
       For what's beneath and 'bove the sky  
       Is all and wholly mine.  
       Ev'n brutal hosts spread my report,  
       From smallest mites and snails,  
       To monsters of the biggest sort,  
       The crocodiles and whales.

\* *Viz.* When the engagement is single, or by any man alone.

*Ver.* My sole dominion, sov'reign pow'r,  
I'll further yet display,  
In my huge creature, nam'd before,  
With a more close survey.

§ 2. *Of the Leviathan's Parts and Power.*

- 12 His parts, his pow'r, I'll not conceal,  
Nor his proportion fair;  
For these, by signs, my name reveal,  
My skill and pow'r declare.  
A monster comely! yea, let none  
At me obliquely strike,  
To call ought ugly I have done,  
Till they can do the like.

§ 3. *Of his Garment and Jaws.*

- 13 Who can discover or disclose,  
His skinny garment's face?  
Who dare approach his mouth or nose,  
With bridle him to brace?  
14 He that his mouth dares ope would see  
In's jaws the throne of death;  
Long spears, like murd'ring teeth, which he  
In dreadful order hath.

§ 4. *Of his Scales.*

- 15 With scales, like shields, compact he's stor'd,  
These are his strength and pride;  
His coat of mail that does the sword  
And glitt'ring dart deride.  
16 They are so fast and firmly bound,  
So close together join'd,  
17 That air itself, which float around,  
Can no admission find.

§ 5. *Of his Sneezing, Eyes, Mouth, and Nostrils.*

- 18 His sneezing terror breeds on sight;  
19 For, from his nostrils flies  
A flash, like that of light'ning bright,  
When darted through the skies.



*Ver.* His shining eyes, with splendid blaze,  
The neighb'ring meads adorn;  
Bright as the dawning lucid rays,  
The beauties of the morn;

- 20 While also fiery reeking breath  
Breaks from his hallow throat,  
As from a burning forge beneath,  
Or caldron boiling hot.

§ 6. *Of his Breath and Neck.*

- 21 His lips do, God-like, wrath proclaim,  
To such as move his ire;  
For from his mouth leap smoke and flame,  
With streaming sparks of fire.
- 22 When's neck, his seat of strength, he rears,  
Then sorrow and annoy,  
That march before with woes and fears,  
Make up his pompous joy.
- Triumphant terrors, passing bound,  
His hideous pomp compose;  
And dread that seizes all around  
Where-e'er he comes or goes.

§ 7. *Of his Flakes and Heart.*

- 23 His flakes of flesh so fast involv'd,  
So firm in ev'ry part;  
Their joining scarce can be dissolv'd,  
By violence or art.
- 24 His heart is like a marble hard;  
Relentless is his breast;  
Which ne'er did tender moans regard,  
Nor pity e'er express'd.

§ 8. *Of his Risings and Breakings.*

- 25 When like a mount, amidst the waves,  
He lifts his monstrous head,  
The boldest boasters will, as slaves,  
His awful presence dread.
- The stoutest sea-men tremble now,  
Each like a quaking leaf,  
Lest he o'erturn their ships, or do  
Some terrible mischief.

*Ver.* His water-breakings threat'ning death,  
Themselves they purify,  
And deprecate impending wrath.  
As doom'd anon to die.

§ 9. *Of his undaunted Courage.*

- 26 Should they attempt with sword in hand,  
The monster to attack;  
Bright steel in bits, like crumbling sand,  
Would break upon his back.  
Vain's the defensive coat of mail,  
Th' offensive javelin;  
For hardly spears nor darts avail  
To pierce his scaly skin.
- 27 The iron's but, in his esteem,  
A bulrush by the flood;  
And brassy weapons to him seem  
But shafts of rotten wood.
- 28 Fierce arrows cannot make him flee;  
29 Sling stones and darts appear  
30 But straw to him; he laughs to see  
The shaking of the spear.

§ 10. *Of his terrible Motion in the Waters.*

- 31 When in the deep he rous'd aside,  
From place to place remote,  
He agitates the waves and tide  
Like to a boiling pot.  
His motion so ferments the streams,  
The foaming waters face,  
A pot of boiling ointment seems  
And shows a stern grimace.
- 32 His frothy track, when-e'er he swims  
And rides his wat'ry stage,  
So bright appears, the ocean seems,  
As hoary grown with age.  
Such foam and froth his path pursue,  
They seem to fence his rear,  
And turn the waters azure hue,  
To white with sudden fear.

§ II. *Of his Size, Strength, and Dominion.*

*Ver.* In bulk and strength 'mong animals

33 His equal is not found;

Though he, of stature low, but crawls,  
And creeps along the ground.

Yet he the proudest warrior beast  
Insultingly disdains;

And, fearless made, o'er all the rest  
He like a monarch reigns.

The strongest creatures on the earth  
Do tremble at his sight;

He them in pieces tears with mirth,  
And with his sportive might.

34 With scorn he sees each lofty thing,  
The stoutest to deride;

Yea, bears his Maker's stamp, as King  
O'er all the sons of pride.

## S O N G XCIX.

*Job's humble Confession and Petition: A penitential prayer. Job xlii. 1,—4.*

1 **L**ORD, to thy awful words intent,  
I see they brightly shine,  
With marks of pow'r omnipotent,  
And majesty divine.

Convinc'd by thy enlight'ning speech,  
I rashly have, I own,

By climbing heights above my reach,  
Audacious folly shown;

Vent'ring, by reason reasonless,  
That short unequal line,

To found the huge immense abyfs,  
Of providence divine.

2 That thou, Lord, canst do every thing  
I now more clearly see;

None can from thee hide their design,  
Nor hinder thy decree.

*Ver.* In things too wonderful for me,

- 3 And utterly unknown,  
I speak but unadvisedly,  
And foolishly, I own.

I'm that presumptuous mortal bold,  
That darken'd counsel so,  
By words unwise, as I was told,  
My pride to overthrow.

Thy deep designs in trying me  
My blind eyes could not spy;  
Whence I presum'd to quarrel thee,  
So great a fool was I.

- 4 O let thine anger be appeas'd!  
Hear my repentant speech;  
Through him in whom thou art well pleas'd,  
Thy favour I beseech.  
Of knowledge I will boast no more,  
Nor haughtily behave,  
But silently thy name adore  
Thy information crave.  
Lord, scatter clouds that mar my sight,  
Thy truth divine display;  
Dispel remaining shades of night,  
And spread my mind with day.

### S O N G C.

*JOB'S deep Humiliation, which made way to his remarkable Exaltation: Or, the happy Issue of Affliction sanctified, accompanied with divine Instruction.*

*Job xlii. 5, 6.*

- 5 O LORD, I with the outward ear  
Have heard of thee before;  
I knowledge had that wanted fear,  
Nor led me to adore:  
But now mine eyes more clearly see,  
In fair Immanuel's face,  
Thy wisdom, pow'r, and majesty,  
Thy glorious truth and grace.



*Ver.* My present views of thee so far

Exceed the former sort,

As demonstration ocular,

Exceeds a bare report.

Hence, conscious-stings, like arrows smart,

Deep in my bosom stick ;

And self-displeasure strikes my heart,

And wounds me to the quick.

6 For now myself I lothe and hate ;

With shame my face I veil ;

And all my errors past, of late,

In dust and ashes wail.

I grew impatient of the rod,

Nor can I answer why

I clear'd myself, and censur'd God,

O what a beast was I !

Unwise I curs'd the very day

In which thou gav'st me birth ;

And challeng'd rash thy sov'reign sway,

And government on earth.

Lo ! then, my brutish ignorance,

I through thy grace repent ;

My passion, pride, and arrogance,

With tears I now resent.

How base and blinded have I been,

That set myself so high !

But having now thy glory seen,

I low before thee ly.

At mercy's feet I'll hopeful stay :

For never was the case,

That one was lost, who prostrate lay

Before the throne of grace.

# SCRIPTURE SONGS.

## PART. III.

### A NEW VERSION OF THE SONG of SOLOMON.

#### P R E F A C E.

After I had written a Paraphrase on the Song of Solomon, which has been published fourteen years ago \*, I had no design of printing any thing else upon this book; but when the motion was made of turning all the Scripture Songs into common metre, for the same use with the Psalms of David, I was also urged to make a short Version likewise of this Song, as near as possible to the text †. This task I undertook, not without some reluctance, knowing how much the spiritual matter of this Book is represented by such homely metaphors as would be very hard to express barely, in such a manner as to be fenced against the abuse of carnal minds: on this account, though I have now studied as little of a paraphrase, or explication, as I could; yet, in several places, where I thought the meaning might be most ready to be misinterpreted, or not so obvious, I have formed the Version with such short interwoven glosses upon some of the texts, as may tend to enlighten the metaphor a little, and make the main intent thereof appear, in a way that I apprehended to be least liable to abuse.

I have seen some Versions of this Book in common metre, that could very little contribute to my assistance in this, unless it was to make me see what might be avoided or amended, according to my view. Only Mr. MASON'S Version was more acceptable to me, than any other I have seen, and therefore I have, in several verses here and there taken what help it, together with his and my own paraphrase, could afford me, in a suitableness to my taste, or the form into which I chose to put it. So that after consulting the labours, in versifying this Book of the Song, you have here the plainest version I could conceive within so narrow and contracted bounds.

As to what may be further necessary, in a prefatory way, I refer the reader to the Preface which is prefixed to the Paraphrase on this Book ‡: the main difference between the present and the for-

\* The first edition of the paraphrase was published, Anno 1738.

† The SONG of SOLOMON, being an intire book of Scripture, this Short Version of it was at first published by itself, (as formerly observed, p. 424.) as was also that upon the book of LAMENTATIONS, before the rest of the Scripture Songs, which were afterwards published together. Along with the first edition of this Version, the Author allowed his Paraphrase on this book of the Song to be re-printed, that whosoever inclined for a more full explication thereof, than this Short Version could give, might, if they pleased, turn over to the Paraphrase. See it printed above, p. 317,—422.

‡ See this Preface printed above, p. 310,—316.

mer Editions \*, is in the fourth and seventh chapters, which were before in long metre, but now are turned to the same common metre with the rest, because I have been told, that this latter kind was more acceptable to some than the other.

That the church and people of God may be edified by these works, is the earnest prayer of their servant, and yours in Christ,

Dunfermline, }  
1752. }

RALPH ERSKINE.



# CHAP. I.

*The Church's Love unto CHRIST, and his Esteem for her;  
with their mutual Congratulations of each other.*

[The TITLE.]

Ver. **THIS** Song of Solomon the wife

- 1 As penman fam'd belongs;  
And, justly for its sacred rise,  
Is nam'd, the Song of Songs.

[The Church's Words.]

- 2 With kisses of thy mouth divine,  
O let me favour'd be:  
For better than the richest wine  
Thy love appears to me.

- 3 Thy name like ointment sweet pour'd out  
Doth all perfumes excell;  
Hence virgin-souls, the sacred rout  
Of saints, do love thee well.

- 4 O draw me with thy loving cord;  
We will run after thee:  
Lo! to his chambers deck'd, my Lord,  
The King hath handed me.

In thee we'll joy; this love of thine  
We'll mind, with more delight  
Than all the blessings of the vine:  
Thou'rt lov'd by the upright.

- 5 O Salem's race, Im black o'ergrown,  
As tents of Kedar were;\*  
But comely too by grace I own,  
As Sol'mon's curtains fair.

\* Viz. of the large paraphrase.

*Ver.* View not my scorch'd and sun-burnt face ;

6 No beauty there you'll see :

My mother churches angry race  
Have roughly dealt with me.

Their hate and envy made me trudge,  
Their vineyards to inspect ;  
And while at theirs I was a drudge,  
Mine own I did neglect.

7 But thou, my soul's beloved One,  
O tell me I request !

Where feedest thou, and where at noon  
Mak'st thou thy flock to rest :

For why should I with sorrow stain'd,  
As one led off the way,  
'Mong flocks of thy companions feign'd  
Be left to go astray ?

*[Christ's Words.]*

8 Know'st thou not, fairest of fair brides ?

Go trace the feet of saints,  
The flocks fair steps, and feed thy kids  
Beside the shepherds tents.

9 My love, I have, to hold thee out  
'Gainst foes that would thee wrong,  
Made thee like Pharaoh's stately rout,  
Of chariot-horses strong.

20 Great comeliness thy dress bespeaks ;  
The graces all thee deck ;  
Rare jewel-rows adorn thy cheeks,  
And golden chains thy neck.

11 My Father working still with me,  
We will with pow'r divine,  
More golden borders make for thee,  
With studs of silver fine.

*[The Church's Words.]*

12 Lo! while the King of Zion crown'd,  
Sits at his table head,  
My spikenard, flowing, doth around  
Its grateful odour spread.



*Ver.* Like as of myrrh a bundle, lo!

- 13 My well-beloved Guest  
Shall, all the night of sin and wo,  
Within my bosom rest.

- 14 In vineyards fair of Engedi  
Are camphire clusters sweet;  
Much more is my Belov'd to me,  
When he and I do meet.

[*Christ's Words.*]

- 15 Lo! thou art fair; lo! thou, my love,  
Art fair, without disguise;  
The beauties of the modest dove  
Are in thy graceful eyes.

[*The Church's Words.*]

- 16 Nay, my Belov'd, who, me to screen,  
Thy beauty put'st on me,  
Thrice fair art thou; yea, what a green  
And flow'ry bed have we!

- 17 The royal house of our repair  
Hath beams of cedar strong,  
With cypress galleries; and there  
In state we walk along.

## C H A P. II.

*The mutual Love of CHRIST and the Church, with  
her Hope and Calling; and CHRIST's Care of her,  
with the Profession of her Faith and Hope.*

[*Christ's Words.*]

- 1 **I** AM the rose of Sharon fair,  
To deck the field around;  
The lily of the valley, there  
To grace the lowest ground.

- 3 Among the daughters in the throng  
My love, whom grace adorns,  
Shines as the lily does among  
The rugged hurtful thorns.

[*The Church's Words.*]

- 3 As th' apple-tree does far excel  
Trees of the common wood;  
So my Belov'd surpasseth all  
The sons of noblest blood.

*Ver.* I sat me down with great delight,  
My weary soul to rest,  
Beneath his shade; and, O how sweet  
His fruit was to my taste!

4 He brought me to his house of wine,  
To feast; and then to aid  
The banner of his love divine  
He over me display'd.

5 Stay me with flaggons, comfort me  
With apples from above:  
I languish till my Lord I see;  
Haste, for I'm sick of love.

6 He's come, and with his left-hand he  
Supports my sinking head;  
And his right-hand embracing me,  
Strong comfort brings with speed.

7 O Salemites, I you obtest,  
By rural hinds and roes,  
Wake not my Love, while pleas'd to rest;  
Nor mar the sweet repose.

8 Lo! my Belov'd, whose voice so nigh  
My soul with wonder fills,  
Comes leaping on the mountains high,  
And skipping on the hills.

9 With speed his active love to show  
On heights that would us part;  
He's like the pleasant, bounding roe,  
Or loving youthful hart:

Lo! he behind our wall doth stand;  
He's at the windows seen,  
Displaying through the grate at hand  
Himself, in flow'ry green.

10 Sweet was my Lord's most charming tone,  
When thus I heard him say,  
"Rise up, my love, my fairest one;  
"Make haste, and come away.

11 "Inviting spring adorns the clime;  
"For, lo! the winter's past;  
"Now is the fair accepted time,  
"Quite o'er's the stormy blast.

- Ver.* "The flow'rs upon the earth appear;  
 12 "Birds singing time's at hand:  
 "The turtle's voice, to charm the ear,  
 "Is heard within our land.
- 13 "Green figs upon their trees are grown;  
 "Young grapes are smelling gay:  
 "Arise, my love my comely one;  
 "Make haste, and come away.
- 14 "O thou, my dove, that in cleft rocks  
 "And secret stairs I spy,  
 "Absconding there, through fear of shokes,  
 "Or shame to face the sky:  
 "Come let thy beauteous face appear,  
 "Lift up thy voice to me;  
 "For well thy voice delights mine ear,  
 "Thy countenance mine eye.
- 15 "Take us the foxes with engines,  
 "The little foxes here,  
 "That spoil the vineyard; for our vines  
 "Most tender grapes do bear."
- 16 My well beloved Lord is mine;  
 And likewise I am his:  
 Among the lily-beds his fine  
 A pleasant feeding is.
- 17 Until day break, and shades depart:  
 Turn, my Belov'd, and flee  
 Swift like the roe, or youthful hart,  
 On Bether hills to me.

## C H A P. III.

*The Fight and Victory of the Church in Temptation,  
 and her Gloriation in CHRIST.*

[*The Church's Words.*]

- 1 **BY** night upon my bed I sought  
 Him whom my soul doth love;  
 I sought him, but I found him not;  
 Which did my sloth reprove.
- 2 I'll rise in quest of my Belov'd,  
 And search the city round,  
 In public streets: so there I rov'd,  
 Yet, ah! he was not found.

- Ver.* The city-watchmen met with me,  
3 Their wonted round who move ;  
To them I said, O did you see  
The object of my love ?
- 4 'Twas but a little farther on  
I past from them apart,  
But to my joy I found anon  
The darling of my heart :  
I held him, nor would let him go,  
Till I had brought him home,  
My mother's house and room into,  
That bore me in her womb.
- 5 O Salem's race, I you obtest,  
By rural hinds and roes,  
Wake not my love, while pleas'd to rest ;  
Nor mar the sweet repose.  
*[The Companions Words.]*  
Who's this from desert does so fleet,  
Like smoky pillars rise,  
Perfum'd with myrrh and incense sweet,  
Adorn'd to our surprize ?  
*[The Church's Words.]*
- 7 Behold his bed that Solomon's,  
For peace and pomp renown'd !  
Which threescore men of Isra'l's sons  
As valiant guards surround.
- 8 They all bear arms courageously,  
Expert and train'd to fight :  
Each with his sword upon his thigh,  
Because of fear by night.
- 9 The chariot which King Solomon  
Did for himself array,  
Did frame of wood from Lebanon ;  
With silver pillars stay :
- 10 Did gold its bottom, and above  
Its cov'ring purple make ;  
The midst thereof was pav'd with love,  
For Salem's daughters sake.
- 11 Go, virgins, see king Solomon,  
Deck'd with the crown so gay,  
His mother crown'd him with, upon  
His joyful marriage-day.



## C H A P. IV.

*CHRIST setteth forth the Graces of the Church, and sheweth his love to her. She prayeth to be made fit for his Presence.*

[*Chriffs Words.*]

- Ver.* **L**O! thou art fair to me, my love ;  
1 Lo! Zion, thou art fair ;  
Thy eyes, as of a beauteous dove,  
Shine thro' thy locks of hair :  
Gay-like a pleasant flock of goats,  
On Gilead's stately height,  
Is thine adorning hair, (that notes  
Thy known deportment bright.)  
2 Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep,  
Even shorn, from washing come ;  
Each active grace does order keep,  
And bring its product home.  
3 Thy lips resemble scarlet thread,  
And comely speech, indear :  
Within thy locks thy temples red,  
Like 'granates halv'd appear.  
4 Thy neck is like to David's tow'r,  
Built for a magazine ;  
Whose pegs a thousand bucklers bore,  
All shields of mighty men.  
5 Thy breasts resembling two young roes,  
Do feed like friendly twins,  
'Mong lily fields, thy babes and those  
That haunt thy public inns.  
6 Till day-break chase the shades of woe,  
I'll rest in Zion still ;  
Unto the mount of myrrh I'll go,  
And to the incense hill.  
7 My love thou art all fair and clean,  
The chief of beauteous brides ;  
No spot in thee is to be seen,  
But what my favour hides.

*Ver.* Fair spouse by marriage-ties alone

8 I urge my call on thee ;

Come, come with me from Lebanon,  
From Lebanon with me :

Look from Amana's top that chills,  
Shenir and Hermon high,  
From lions dens, and leopards hills,  
Where ghastly dangers ly.

9 My sister, spouse, thou in effect,  
With one glance of thine eye ;  
With one chain of thy stately neck,  
Hast rap'd my heart from me.

10 My sister dear, how fair's thy love !  
How better far than wine !  
Thy sav'ry ointment smell above  
All eastern spices fine !

11 Thy lips drop like the honey-comb ;  
There milk and honey flow :  
Thy garments smell like Lebanon,  
Where aromatics grow.

12 My love's a garden well inclos'd,  
Delicious fruits to yield :  
A spring shut up, and unexpos'd ;  
A fountain safely seal'd.

13 Thy plants of grace do parallel  
An orchard rich with trees,  
And fruits that gratify the smell,  
And form a paradise.

14 Here pomegranates and camphire grow ;  
Here trees of incense bloom :  
'Nard, cinamon, myrrh, aloes blow  
With gales, a rich perfume.

15 My love's a garden-fountain known,  
A living well-beside,  
Whose glad'ning streams from Lebanon  
Through distant valleys glide.

[The Church's Words.]

16 Awake, O north-wind ; come thou south ;  
Upon my garden blow :  
Soon will the breath, Lord, from thy mouth  
Make all the spices flow.

*Ver.* Then, Lord, come share the pleasant spice,  
 Thus by thy Spirit blown :  
 My garden be thy paradise ;  
 Its fruits are all thine own.

## C H A P. V.

*CHRIST awaketh the Church by his calling. She  
 having a Taste of his Love, is sick of Love. A  
 Description of CHRIST by his Graces.*

[*Christ's Words.*]

- 1 **I**'M come, my spouse and sister dear ;  
 I'm to my garden come ;  
 I've gather'd up my spice and myrrh,  
 And eat my honey-comb :  
 My feast of honey, milk, and wine,  
 With pleasure shar'd have I :  
 Come eat and drink, O friends of mine,  
 Yea, drink abundantly.

[*The Church's Words.*]

- 2 I sleep, but yet my heart's awake ;  
 A kindly knock I hear :  
 'Tis my Beloved's voice thus spake,  
 " Open to me, my dear.  
 " Open, my dove, my undefil'd ;  
 " Love, give not love the flight :  
 " My head's bedew'd, my locks are fill'd  
 " With drops of winter-night."  
 3 Base sloth reply'd, " I'm now undress'd ;  
 " How shall I dress again ?  
 How shall I leave this bed of rest,  
 My new wash'd feet to stain ?"  
 4 My Lord then by the shut-door's hole  
 Put in his hand of pow'r ;  
 Which with lov'd-wounds so pierc'd my soul,  
 My bowels melted fore.  
 5 When up to ope I did me stir,  
 In answer to his knock :  
 My hands and fingers drop'd sweet myrrh,  
 On handles of the lock.

*Ver.* I open'd then to my Belov'd,

6 But he, alas ! was gone :

His late love-suits my mind so mov'd,

I fainted as undone :

I sought him whom my soul ador'd,

But him I could not have :

I call'd and cry'd, My Love, my Lord ;

But he no answer gave.

7 The cruel city watch me found,

And keepers of the wall ;

Who did me rudely smite and wound,

And took away my vail.

8 O Salem's race, of better mind,

To wail my Lord's remove,

I charge you tell, if him you find,

That I am sick of love.

*[The Companions Words.]*

9 O fairest, what Belov'd is thine ?

In what, pray let us know,

Doth he all other loves out-shine,

That thou dost charge us so ?

*[The Church's Words.]*

10 O my Belov'd, could you him see,

Both white and red appears ;

Among ten thousand chieftains he

The signal standard bears.

11 His head's of finest gold t' attract,

So bright and firm his sway ;

His locks are curl'd, and raven-black,

So fresh without decay.

12 His dove-like eyes most bright appear,

Like these the brooks have wet ;

Or milky streams have washed clear,

Fit for inspection set.

13 His cheeks are like a spicy bed,

Where choice perfumes do meet ;

His lily lips drop grace, and shade

The-myrrh that smells so sweet.



- Ver.* As rings of gold, with beryl set,  
 14 His hands, his works, appear;  
 His bowels kind, like iv'ry bright,  
 O'erlaid with sapphires clear.
- 15 His legs like marble-pillars are,  
 On golden sockets set:  
 His face like Lebanon most fair,  
 Like cedars most complete.
- 16 Most sweet is that bless'd mouth of his,  
 Whence grace and truth doth flow;  
 Yea, he himself most lovely is,  
 And altogether so.
- O Salem's daughters this is he  
 Of whom ye sought my mind:  
 This is the best Belov'd to me;  
 This si my dearest Friend.

## C H A P. VI.

*The Church professeth her Faith in CHRIST. He sheweth the Graces of the Church, and his Love towards her.*

*[The Companions Words.]*

- 1 IF thy Belov'd, O fairest fair,  
 Be such a matchless one;  
 With thee we'd seek him, wist we where;  
 O tell us where he's gone!

*[The Church's Words.]*

- 2 My Lord's down to his garden dress'd,  
 The place of his repair,  
 'Mong spicy beds to feed and feast,  
 And gather lilies there.

- 3 I'm my Belov'd's, and he is mine;  
 Sweet are his sacred courts;  
 Among the lilies there that shine  
 He feeds, and there resorts.

*[Christ's Words.]*

- 4 My love, like Tirzah, fair array'd,  
 Like Salem gay indeed;  
 Thou like an host, with flags display'd,  
 Dost strike thy foes with dread.

*Ver.* Thy catching eyes (of faith and love)

- 5 That make myself their prize,  
Have overcome me ; pray remove  
And turn away thine eyes.  
Gay like a pleasant flock of goats,  
On Gilead's stately height,  
Is thine adorning hair, (that notes  
Thy known deportment bright.)
- 6 Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep,  
Even shorn, from washing come ;  
Each grace with twins their order keep,  
And bring full product home.
- 7 Like to a piece of pomegranate,  
Thy temples ruddy clear,  
Within thy locks affectionate  
And graceful blushes bear.
- 8 Queens, concubines, and virgins are  
Unnumber'd, whom they call  
The earth's great beauties, charming fair ;  
But thou excell'st them all.
- 9 My spotless dove as one I view,  
She's all in one to me ;  
Her mother churches darling too,  
And choicest progeny.  
The daughters saw her, and around  
They bless'd her comely face ;  
Yea, queens and damsels more renown'd,  
Extoll'd her shining grace.
- 10 " Who's this (said they) so brightly springs,  
" Like to the morning ray ;  
" That cleaves night's shades with silver wings  
" To haste the golden day !  
" With sun and moon her beauties vie ;  
" Yea, terrible to see !  
" An host appears, and banners fly ;  
" O what an One is she !
- 11 Down to the garden of sweet nuts  
I went, when I withdrew,  
To see the budding valley fruits  
If grapes and 'granates grew.

*Ver.* And unawares thy soul at ebb,

- 12 Quick fl wing, set me high  
On chariots of Aminadab,  
And wings of love to fly.

- 13 Return, return, O Shulamite;  
Return, return apace;  
That we may look with great delight  
Upon thy beauteous face.

What in the Shulamite so damp'd  
Have heav'nly hosts to see?  
As 'twere, two hosts on earth encamp'd,  
So choice a sight is she.

C H A P. VII.

*A further Description of the Church's Graces. She  
professeth her Faith and Desire.*

[*Christ's Words.*]

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are thy feet with shoes,  
O prince's daughter fair!

Each stately step thou walkest shows  
A sparkling heav'nly air.

The joints, that strength and motion do  
To thy right steps impart,  
Like orient jewels burnish'd new,  
Speak holy curious art.

- 2 Thy bowels warm, where kindness glows,  
Thine infant brood to feed,  
Seem like a bowl that overflows  
With liquor for their need.

Thy fertile womb an heap of wheat  
Forms to thy lily brood;  
While younger babes have proper meat,  
The elder solid food.

- 3 Like two young roes appear thy breasts,  
That are delightful twins;  
Thine equal care so sweetly feeds  
Thy babes in sacred inns.

- 4 Thy neck that holds thy head most high,  
Like iv'ry white and fair,  
May with a tow'r that mounts the sky,  
For strength and state compare.

- Ver.* Thine eyes are like the lucid pools  
Of fish at Heshbon, near  
Bathrabbim gate ; (no learned fools  
Had ever sight so clear.)  
Thy nose sagacious ; (th'en'my wots)  
Looks bold like Leb'non's tow'r,  
Damascus-ward ; to smell their plots,  
And watch against their pow'r.
- 5 Thy knowing head, like Carmel high,  
Appears in crimson red ;  
Its hairs and dress a purple dye :  
(With blood the Lord did shed.)  
Hence ev'n the King of kings compell'd,  
Within thine arms embrace,  
Is fast a willing captive held,  
In gall'ries of his grace.
- 6 O love, how fair thou art's untold,  
In thee what charming fights !  
How sweet thy graces manifold !  
How pleasant for delights !
- 7 I to the palm-tree do compare  
Thy stature streight and fine ;  
Thy breasts of love, so full and fair,  
To clusters of the vine.
- 8 I said, I will this palm-tree climb,  
And of its boughs take hold ;  
My love I'll to my bride in trim  
And to her babes unfold :  
Then shall thy loving breasts o'erflow,  
Like clusters full of wine ;  
The breath of life thy nostrils blow  
Shall smell as apples fine.
- 9 With wine that's of the richest kind,  
(Reserv'd for whom I love,)  
Thy palate drench'd, shall clear the mind,  
And graceful speech improve :  
Juice from the living vine that flows,  
Goes sweetly down by lips :  
The mouth of sleepers doth unclose,  
And sanctify their lips.



[*The Church's Words.*]

- Ver. My well-beloved I must admire,  
 10 Most worthy though he be,  
 He's mine; and, lo! his heart's desire  
 Is towards worthless me.
- 11 Come, love; lets to the field of grace,  
 Retire from earth's annoy:  
 Make villages our lodging place,  
 That none disturb our joy.
- 12 Let's to the vineyards early go,  
 To see if fruits improves;  
 If tender grapes and 'granates grow:  
 There I'll give thee my loves.
- 13 Sweet mandrakes smell, and at our door,  
 All pleasant fruits there be,  
 Both new and old, laid up in store,  
 My dearest Lord, for thee.

## C H A P VIII.

*The Church's love to CHRIST, and the Vehemency thereof. She interceedeth for the Gentiles, and prayeth for CHRIST's coming.*

[*The Church's Words.*]

- 1 O THAT thou as my brother wert,  
 My mother's sucking child;  
 I'd kiss and hug thee in my heart;  
 Nor be for this revil'd.
- Yea, in the op'nest patent place,  
 Without a blush for shame,  
 I would with joyful arms embrace,  
 The babe of Bethlehem.
- 2 I'd bring thee to my mother's house,  
 Who would instruct me there:  
 The spiced wine, and 'granates juice,  
 Should be thy royal fare.
- 3 His left-hand for my support he,  
 Beneath my head should place;  
 And for my comfort lend to me  
 His right-hand's soft embrace.

*Ver.* O Salem's daughters, do not prove

4 Disturbers of his ease ;

I charge you stir not up my Love,  
Nor wake him till he please.

[*The Companions Words.*]

5 (Whose this up from the wilderness  
Of sin and sorrow mov'd,  
Comes leaning thus, and laying stress  
Upon her Well-belov'd?)

[*The Church's Words.*]

Beneath the shady apple-tree,  
I did the raise with care :  
Thy mother travail'd there with thee ;  
Thy happy birth was there.

O do thou fet me as a seal,  
Upon thine heart and arm :  
For love, is strong as death, I feel  
Suspicion cruelly warm ;

Unsatiated like the grave's desire,  
Is killing jealousy :

The coals thereof are coals of fire,  
That flame most vehemently.

7 Can love be quench'd with many floods?  
Or drown'd with waters? No :  
Should one for love give all his goods,  
The price were basely low,

8 We have a little sister, Lord ;  
No breasts yet form'd hath she :  
What help to her shall we afford,  
When she bespoke shall be ?

[*Christ's Words.*]

9 If once she be a wall, through grace,  
We'll take a special care ;  
To build on her a dwelling-place,  
A silver palace fair :

If once her heart's an open door,  
For me to enter in,

We'll as with cedar boards secure  
And strengthen her within.

[*The Church's Words.*]

*Ver.* So be't, for grace made me a wall;

10 Grace form'd my breasts tow'r high:

Then found I (as my sister shall,)

Great favour in his eye.

11 Here likewise our king Solomon,

A vineyard did possess,

To keepers care (O be it shown)

He let it out to dress:

If each for fruit his Lord assigns

Proportion'd tribute brings;

He'd render for a thousand vines,

A thousand silverlings.

[*Christ's Words.*]

12 My vineyard, Love, the object is

Of my peculiar care;

My heart and eye is fix'd on this

More close than any-where.

[*The Church's Words.*]

To thee O Solomon, I'll bring

The grateful rent I owe;

The vineyard's revenue, O King,

Belongs to thee, I know:

And while to thee alone pertains,

A thousand fold is due;

To underkeepers for their pains,

Two hunder shall accrue.

[*Christ's Words.*]

13 O thou that hast in gardens choice,

Thy dwelling here below,

As thy companions hear thy voice;

So let me here it too.

So pleasant unto them and me,

Is thy delicious strain,

I'll joy how oft I hear from thee

Until we meet again.

[The Church's Words.]

*Ver.* O haste again, dear Lord, and be

14 A speedy roe, or hart,

Upon the spicy hills, that we

May meet, and never part.



# SCRIPTURE SONGS.

## PART IV.

### POEMS Selected from the Prophet ISAIAH, &c.

#### INTRODUCTION.

All Scripture is given by inspiration, and is profitable for instruction; and those passages that are poetical are well calculated for gaining the attention, enlivening the affection, exciting devotion, and assisting the memory. Our Saviour divides the books of the Old Testament into the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms, Luke xxiv. 44. which teaches us to distinguish those books and passages that are poetical. The prophetical writings abound with a variety of poetical compositions. The Prophets of the Lord were themselves all holy men, vested with a divine mission, had a great interest in, and intimacy with Heaven. Prophecy is venerable for its antiquity, for it came of old time; and to be esteemed for its excellence, being put for all divine revelation. All the prophets bare witness of Christ, and testified before-hand of his sufferings, and the glory that should follow. Of all the prophets none spoke so clearly and fully of Christ, as the prophet Isaiah; for which he is justly styled, the evangelical prophet; and by some of the antients, a fifth evangelist. The whole of his prophecy is transcendently excellent and useful, and contains much of the grace of the gospel; and it abounds with more poetical passages, sacred odes, and evangelical songs, than all the other prophets besides. And if those divine hymns and poetical passages are viewed with proper attention, they will be found to have in them as lofty and sublime strokes of poetry as are to be met with; carrying in them a poetic force and flame, without a poetic fury and fiction; and strangely command and move the affections, without corrupting and putting a cheat upon the imagination; and are well adapted to gratify the ear, edify the mind, captivate the heart, and yield both profit and pleasure. Of all this the following songs will exhibit a specimen.

#### SONG I.

*Morning and Evening Mercies to be acknowledged*  
Psalm xcii. 2. Lam. iii. 23.

**T**HY gifts, O God, of endless love,  
Each evening tide are new;  
And morning mercies from above  
Distill like early dew.

*Ver.* Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
To guard our sleeping hours :  
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,  
To raise our drowfy pow'rs.  
We yield our pow'rs to thy command,  
To thee devote our days ;  
For constant blessings from thy hand,  
We owe thee constant praise.

## S O N G II.

*The Day of Youth, and the Day of Judgment.*

*Eccl. xi. 9.*

**R**EJOICE, ye striplings, vain and young,  
That full of frolics rove ;  
Indulge your hearts, and eyes, and tongues,  
In merriment you love.  
Taste the delights your souls desire,  
And pleasures you design ;  
And give a loose to all your fire,  
In wantonness and wine.  
Enjoy your foolish fading blifs,  
And lawless joys ; but know,  
Beside the day of mirth, there is  
A day of judgment too.  
[The judge will all your works record,  
Till you the doom shall hear ;  
O let the thunder of his word  
Awake your souls to fear !  
Wrath, to your follies due by law,  
Should strike your hearts with dread :  
The vice you hug will surely draw  
The vengeance on your head.  
Think how you'll bear that dreadful day,  
And stand the fiery test :  
O give your mortal joys away  
For everlasting rest !]

## S O N G III.

*The young and old Sinner warned; and Death dreadful to the unconverted. Eccl. xii. 1. 7. Isa. lxxv. 20.*

Ver. **Y**OUR Maker and Redeemer, God,  
 Mind ere the months come on,  
 When you shall say, your youthful blood  
 And merry days are gone.  
 The aged, wicked sinner goes  
 To regions of the dead,  
 Laden with guilt and heavy woes,  
 And curses on his head.  
 His dust descends; his soul to God  
 Ascends; not there to dwell,  
 But to be doom'd to his abode;  
 Then down she sinks to hell.  
 [Lord, put thy fear into my heart;  
 And when I hence remove,  
 Provide my soul a better part,  
 A mansion in thy love.]

## S O N G IV.

*The Glory, Peace, and Piety of the Gospel Church, in the latter Days. Isa. ii. 2,—6.*

- 2 **I**N latter days, God's holy hill,  
 His house shall so be rais'd,  
 'Bove hills and mountains high, as will  
 Make men, that see, amaz'd.
- 3 All nations then shall thither flow  
 In throngs, and say aloud,  
 Come let us up to Sion go,  
 The house of Jacob's God.  
 We'll learn his easy yoke to draw,  
 His sacred path to trace;  
 From Zion shall go forth the law,  
 From Salem news of grace.
- 4 He shall, as Judge, his throne erect,  
 Among the nations rude,  
 To make them friends; or justly check  
 The rebel multitude,

- Ver. His peace proclaim'd with gracious words,  
 Shall banish feuds and fears ;  
 Men shall to plow-shears beat their swords,  
 And pruning-hooks, their spears.  
 No nation more 'gainst nation shall  
 Rise up in arms, nor fight.  
 5 O Jacob's house, come let us all  
 Walk in JEHOVAH's light.

## S O N G. V.

*The Song of the Vineyard, justifying God's Severity.*

Isa. v. 1,—7.

- 1 **A** SONG to my Beloved One  
 I'll sing, and mention will  
 His vineyard, situate upon  
 A very fruitful hill.
- 2 Round with a wall he fenc'd it fine,  
 Did noxious stones eject ;  
 Then plant it with the choicest vine,  
 'Midst it a tow'r erect :  
 A wine-press there he made ; and thence  
 Expected grapes for use :  
 Yet none but wild grapes of offence,  
 And trash, did it produce.
- 3 Now, O ye Salem natives all,  
 And tribe of Judah huge ;  
 I, 'twixt me and my vineyard, call  
 On you yourselves to judge.
- 4 What more of outward pains could be  
 Than mine, to deck the field ?  
 Why then, instead of grapes to me  
 Wild clusters did it yield ?
- 5 The crime leaves no excuse a room,  
 And therefore now go to ;  
 I'll read my barren vineyard's doom,  
 And shew you what I'll do :  
 I'll soon unhedge it quite, to be  
 Devour'd like to a heath :  
 O'erthrow its wall, to make it free  
 For foes a treading path.



*Ver.* I'll lay it waste, nor prune nor dig.

6 Then briars and thorns shall spread ;  
I'll charge the clouds, with vapours big,  
No show'rs on it to shed.

7 For now the house of Isra'l fair

Jehovah's vineyard is ;  
The men of Judah likewise are  
That pleasant plant of his.

He look'd for judgment just ; but lo !

Oppression rude appear'd ;  
For righteousness, but cross thereto,  
A cry of blood was heard.

### S O N G VI.

*A Song of Praise to God, the Saviour and Salvation  
of Zion, for his Mercies. Isa. xii. 1,—6.*

1 O LORD, thy praise I will essay ;  
Tho' wroth with me thou wast,  
Yet now thine anger's turn'd away,  
Thou me comforted hast.

2 Behold, God's my salvation strong ;  
I'll trust him unafraid :  
The Lord Jehovah is my Song,  
My strength and saving aid.

3 Ye then, who scorch'd wi'th' fiery law,  
Whom thirst or need compells,  
With joy shall living water draw  
From these salvation-wells.

4 Aloud be hallelujah said,  
Call on Jehovah's name ;  
His deeds among the people spread,  
Speak out his lofty fame.

5 Sing to the Lord, him praise and bless ;  
For he, the wisest One,  
Things excellent hath done ; and this  
In all the earth is known.

6 Cry out and shout, thou denizon,  
That dwells in Zion free :  
For great is Isra'l's holy One,  
That dwells in midst of thee.

## S O N G VII.

*A Song of Praise to God for his merciful Judgments,  
saving Benefits, and victorious Salvation.*

Isa. xxv. 1,—12.

## SECT. I. God's merciful Judgments.

Ver. **T**HOU, O Jehovah, art my God,

1 Thee as mine own I claim ;

I'll therefore celebrate abroad

And praise thy glorious name :

For thou hast wonders manifold

Perform'd in recent dress ;

Shap'd to thy counsels, which of old

Are truth and faithfulness.

2 In heaps and rubbish laid thou hast

Strong cities fenc'd afore ;

And strangers palaces laid waste,

To be rebuilt no more.

3 Thy stoutest foes shall therefore yield

The glory thine to be ;

And nations fierce resign the field,

And fear to cope with thee.

4 For thou in straits a strength to poor

And needy ones hast been ;

From blowing storm a refuge sure,

From scorching heat a screen.

And that in times of greatest dread,

When furious tempests fall,

And blasts of tyrants fierce exceed

The storm that beats the wall.

5 The ruffling noise of strangers rude,

Thou shalt abate with ease,

As in dry plots a shady cloud

Does scorching heat surcease :

On tyrants proud thou'lt be aveng'd,

That are so dreadful now ;

Their jov'al trebles shall be chang'd

And doleful ballads low.

SECT. II. *His saving Benefits.*

*Ver.* Lo ! in this mount the Lord of hosts

- 6 A banquet shall prepare,  
For all that tread on Zion's coasts,  
And people ev'ry-where.  
He'll with fat things and wines suffice,  
Fat things of marrow full,  
Wines well refin'd, from off the lees,  
To glad and chear the dull.
- 7 And in this mount he'll raze the vail,  
The face o'er-cov'ring shade,  
Of darkness cast o'er people all,  
And o'er all nations spread.
- 8 He'll swallow up, in victory,  
Grim death, the king of fears ;  
From faces all the Lord most high  
Will wipe away the tears ;  
What base contempt, and vile reproach,  
Were on his people laid,  
From off the earth he'll quite dispatch ;  
For so the Lord hath said.

SECT. III. *His victorious Salvation.*

- 9 That day shall songs be utter'd thus,  
" Behold this is our God ;  
" We stay'd for him, and now he'll us  
" With his salvation load :  
" This is the Lord Redeemer kind,  
" For whom we long did wait ;  
" We will be glad, with joyful mind,  
" In his salvation great."
- 10 For here shall rest our conqu'ring God,  
And Moab be o'erthrown ;
- 11 The gates of hell shall down be trode,
- 12 The trump of triumph blown.

## S O N G V I I I.

*A Song inciting to Faith, Patience, Hope, and Confidence in God.—Isa. xxvi. "In that day shall this song be sung in the land of Judah," &c.*

SECT. I. *Confidence in God.*

- Ver.* **W**E have a city, strong and fair,  
 1 Where grace triumphant reigns;  
 Instead of walls and bulwarks there  
 Salvation God ordains.
- 2 Set open to the nation just  
 The city-gates, that they  
 Who buy the truth, and keep the trust,  
 May enter there and stay.
- 3 Thou wilt him keep in perfect peace  
 Whose mind on thee is stay'd,  
 Because he all his trust doth place  
 In thee alone for aid.
- 4 Trust ye for ever in the Lord;  
 For everlasting pow'r  
 Is in the Lord Jehovah stor'd,  
 The rock of ages sure.

SECT. II. *God's Judgments.*

- 5 He shews his pow'r by bringing down  
 The proud that dwell on high:  
 Makes tow'ring cities overthrown  
 Low in the dust to ly.
- 6 Yea, poor despis'd and needy ones,  
 That trust beneath his shade,  
 Shall underfoot the pomp of thrones  
 And lofty cities tread.
- 7 The just man's way is plain and right;  
 Thou, Lord, most upright, weigh'st  
 His path, to level with delight  
 The plain which thou survey'st.
- 8 Yea, in thy way, where judgments flame,  
 We waited, Lord thy will:  
 Our soul's desire is to thy name,  
 And thy remembrance still.



- Ver. To thee, Lord, in the shade of night,  
My soul's desire was drawn ;  
Yea, with my spirit's inward might  
I'll seek thee in the dawn ;  
For when thy judgments just appear  
On earth severe and stern,  
The world's indwellers, wise will fear,  
And righteousness will learn.
- 10 But to the wicked mercy be,  
As well as judgment shown ;  
Yet righteousness nor learn will he,  
Nor dash his idols down :  
Ev'n in the land where truth's declar'd,  
And justice hath abode,  
He'll be unjust ; nor will regard  
The majesty of God.
- 11 Lord, when thy lifted hand's in sight,  
Yet see they won't at all ;  
They shut their eyes from clearest light :  
But see at length they shall :  
And blush, that they, from blind envy,  
Did treat thy folk with spite :  
The fiery wrath, thy foes defy,  
Shall soon devour them quite.

SECT. III. *God's Favour to his People.*

- 12 Thou, Lord, wilt peace for us ordain :  
For, far above our thought,  
'Thou all our works of grace and gain,  
Hast in and for us wrought.
- 13 Strange lords instead of thee, O Lord,  
Have o'er us domineer'd :  
But we'll through grace thy name record  
As only to be fear'd.
- 14 Dead and deceas'd, these tyrants shall  
Nor live nor rise to bite ;  
Thy visit, killing them, made all  
Their mem'ry perish quite.

*Ver.* Thy nation once thou didst increase ;

- 15 Then Lord they multiply'd :  
(In this, was shown thy faithfulness)  
And thou art glorify'd.

Yet justly now we captives are  
For sin, which thee offends ;  
Thou hast remov'd the nation far,  
To earth's remotest ends.

- 16 In trouble, Lord, thy folk distress'd  
To visit thee took care ;  
And when thy chast'ning hand them press'd  
Pour'd out a fervent pray'r.  
[The floods, in which vain hopes were drown'd,  
Set praying ships a-float ;  
Nor were they melted till they found  
The furnace burning hot.]

- 17 As women, pregnant and in pain,  
When time of birth draws nigh,  
Cry out in pangs ; such, Lord, have been  
Our case before thine eye.

- 18 We lab'ring did of child-birth find  
The pain, but not the joy ;  
We brought forth, as it were, but wind ;  
No profit, but annoy.  
For by us no deliv'rance rose,  
Within the land at all ;  
Nor was the world of foreign foes  
Before us made to fall.

- 19 But, lo ! thy dead shall live and spring,  
With my dead body well  
They shall arise : awake, and sing,  
Ye in the dust that dwell.  
Spring-dews the bury'd herbs renew ;  
Thine just resembles those ;  
Earth shall cast out the dead, and thou  
Cast down gigantic foes.

SECT. IV. *An Exhortation to rely on God.*

- 20 Come, children, to your Father's arms,  
While stormy tempests chase ;  
Take shelter here from threat'ning harms,  
In chambers of my grace.

*Ver.* Your closet-doors, by faith and pray'r,

Be shut about you fast :

Hide for a little moment there,

Till wrath be overpast.

21 For, lo! the Lord, the Judge of saints,

Comes from his place betimes,

To punish th' earth's inhabitants

For all their bloody crimes.

The earth shall all her crying bloods,

And secret sins disclose ;

Nor cover more her slain with clods,

But all to light expose.

### S O N G IX.

*A Song of God's Care over his Vineyard.*

*Isa. xxvii. 2,—6.*

**S**ING ye to God, the vineyard fair,

Of choicest rudy-wine,

Which I the Lord do keep with care,

And cultivate as mine.

3 I'll every moment water it,

To make it fresh and gay ;

And none to hurt it will permit,

But keep it night and day.

4 Nor fury is in me 'gainst it ;

Who then, with lifted horns,

'Gainst me in battle-rank would set

An host of briars and thorns ?

Soon would I, like a flaming fire,

Go thro' and burn them quite ;

[But vengeance is not my desire,

For mercy's my delight].

5 Let then the sinner's holding be

My arm of pow'r for all,

That thus he may make peace with me,

And make the peace he shall.

9 For God will cause the progeny

Of Jacob to take root ;

And blooming Isra'l shall supply

The barren world with fruit.

## S O N G X.

*The Song of HEZEKIAH, when his Life was lengthened, after a Message of Death.*

Isa. xxviii. 10,—30.

Ver. **H**EAV'N's sentence to cut off my days,

10 Thus made me vent my fears ;

To death's black gates I'll go, alas !

'Rest of my running years.

11 No more I'll see the Lord, said I,

Here in this lower court ;

No mortal more on earth espy,

In friendship there resort.

12 Soon like a shepherd's tent aloof

Gone is this age of mine ;

Quite like a weaver's thumb out off

My life I must resign.

He'll me with pining sickness waste,

Ere nature's course be done :

From day to night pursu'd with haste ;

Lord, thou wilt end me soon.

13 Till morn I thought that lion-like,

He all my bones would break :

Ere night that going on to strike

An end of me he'd make.

14 As cran or swallow chatt'ring rove,

In fright, so did I moan ;

And as a tim'rous lonely dove,

So did I mourn and groan.

With looking up mine eyes distress'd

Did fail, nor help could see :

Then said I, Lord, I am oppress'd ;

O undertake for me !

15 What shall I say ? for kindly now

The Lord to me hath spoke ;

And done as he had promis'd too,

Death's sentence to revoke.

I'll therefore softly walk the whole

Of my remaining years.

In bitter mournfulness of soul,

For all my sinful fears.



*Ver.* Lord, by these quick'ning words of thine

16 Men's souls and bodies live :

In these doth stand this life of mine,  
So didst thou me revive.

17 Peace fled ; and lo ! great bitterness  
I had in place of it ;

But thou, my soul, didst love and bless  
From black corruption's pit :

Yea, thou hast prov'd that I am lov'd  
From death's abyss and wreck ;  
For all my sins thou hast remov'd,  
And cast behind thy back.

18 Mute graves can ne'er thy praise emit ;

Death cannot sing thy fame ;

No pris'ner in the silent pit  
Can magnify thy name :

No bury'd dust can speak thy praise,  
Nor sleeping ashes show

Thy truth, to ground their hope, and raise  
Thy honour here below.

19 The living he, the living shall

Thy praises sound remain,

As I this day ; so do shall all  
Who do not live in vain.

Fathers shall to their sons make known

Thy faithfulness of grace,

And to convey thy wonders down  
Through ev'ry rising race.

20 To save my life the Lord was bent :

We'll therefore sing his praise ;

And in his house my songs accent  
That shall outlive our days.

### S O N G XI.

*Flesh fading, the Word of the Lord abiding.*

Isa. xl. 6, 7, 8. 1 Pet. i. 24, 25.

**C**RY, said the voice, All flesh is grass,  
That springs, and fades as soon ;  
Like morning flow'rs, in fairest dress,  
That wither quite at noon.

*Ver.* But God's unfading word of grace  
 For evermore endures;  
 Which all, whose arms of faith embrace,  
 In endless bliss secures.

## S O N G XII.

*Unbelieving Fears checked, and Strength from Heaven promised. Isa. xl. 27,—31.*

- 27 **W**HY jealous Jacob, speak'st thou so,  
 My way is hid from God?  
 Unpled my cause, undash'd my foe,  
 Still down my strength is trode?
- 28 Hast thou forgot the mighty name,  
 That earth and heav'n did make?  
 And can an all-creating arm  
 Grow weary, faint, or weak?  
 Omnipotence alone is his,  
 Eternal are his days;  
 His understanding searchless is,  
 And who can trace his ways?
- 29 He giveth pow'r unto the faint,  
 Makes weaklings' strength to grow,
- 30 While youthful vigour soon is spent,  
 And boasting might laid low.
- 31 But they that wait upon the Lord,  
 And in his pow'r confide,  
 Shall have their strength a-new restor'd,  
 And daily wants supply'd.  
 They shall mount up on eagle's wings,  
 With fear unwearied move,  
 Till, losing sight of earthly things,  
 They rest with God above.

## S O N G. XIII.

*CHRIST's mediatory Service graced with Meekness and Constancy. Isa. xlii. 1,—4. Mat. xii. 18,—22.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD, my servant wonderful,  
 Whom I uphold and stay!  
 Mine elect, whom my very soul  
 Delighteth in for ay.

Ver. On him I'll put my Sp'rit, with all  
His virtues measureless ;  
And he, with light and judgment, shall  
The Gentile nations bless.

- 2 From him no cry with clam'rous voice,  
Nor violence forth shall break ;  
He shall no loud contentious noise,  
Nor ostentation make.

Peaceful and mild he shall proceed  
In his illustrious acts ;

- 3 He shall not break the bruised reeds,  
Nor quench the smoking flax.

He shall with aid and comfort both,  
His weaklings fortify ;  
And judgment unto light and truth  
Bring forth victoriously.

- 4 He doubtless shall pursue his aim,  
Until with judgment just,  
He bless the earth ; and in his name  
The distant isles shall trust.

#### S O N G XIV.

*CHRIST'S Commission opened, which he received from  
the Father ; and the joyful singing with which  
the glad Tidings thereof should be received.*

*Isa. xlii. 5,—12.*

- 5 **T**HUS says the Lord of heav'n and earth,  
That stretched out the skies,  
And all his tribes of earthly birth,  
With life and breath supplies.

- 6 In right, to thee my call I grant,  
And thee support will I ;  
I'll give thee for a covenant  
To people far and nigh ;

- 7 T' illuminate, with saving light,  
The eyes of Gentiles blind ;  
To rend the clouds that them benight,  
And prisoners unbind.

- 8 I, who thee authorize, declare,  
That I Jehovah am :  
My praise no idol god shall share ;  
Thou only bear'lt my name.

- 9 Lo! all my promises of old  
Men now accomplish'd see;  
And future things a-new foretold  
Shall be fulfill'd in thee.
- 10 Let all the earth, then, to the Lord,  
Sing glad an anthem new;  
The Gentile race with one accord,  
In consort with the Jew:
- 11 Th' inhabitants of rocks and isles,  
Of wilds and cities fair,  
Of Kedar huts and naked hills,  
And fingers ev'ry-where:
- 12 Let them Jehovah's glory raise,  
In elevated files;  
And celebrate his highest praise  
In earth's remotest isles.

## C H A P XV.

CHRIST'S *showing his Name; and his Victory over his and our Enemies.* Isa. lxiii. 1,—5.

- 1 **W**HO's this from Edom comes in state!  
From Bozra, who is this!  
With ruddy garments to relate,  
That victory is his?  
This that is gloriously array'd,  
And trav'ling on his rode,  
I th' greatness of his strength display'd,  
And grandeur of a God?  
'Tis I speak that in righteousness,  
I the victorious King,  
Who come your en'mies to suppress,  
And your salvation bring.
- 2 Why, mighty Lord, may we propose,  
Why is thy raiment red?  
And all thy garments stain'd like those  
That in the wine-press tread?
- 3 I've trod the bloody press alone,  
O' th' folk none was with me;  
My wrath has stamp'd the rebels down,  
My fury made them flee.



*Ver.* Their blood hath all my garments stain'd,  
And dy'd my raiment so:

The happy vict'ry now is gain'd,  
O'er hellish pow'rs below.

I'll thus destroy the adverse throngs,  
That dare insult my saints;

I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,  
An ear to hear their plaints.

4 The day of vengeance on the foe  
Is in my very heart;

The year of my redeem'd from woe  
Is come, to ease their smart.

### S O N G. XVI.

*Salvation, Righteousness, and Strength, in CHRIST  
alone. Isa. xlv. 21,—25.*

SECT. I. *Salvation in Christ alone. Ver. 21, 22.*

**T**H' eternal Son of God proclaims,  
His God-head from above;  
Mercy and justice are my names,  
The fair enam'ling love.

21 Lift up your eyes, ye mankind lost,  
And look to me alone;  
I'm God the Saviour, God the just;  
Beside me there is none.

22 Look from the earth's remotest ends,  
By faith, and be ye sav'd:  
My grace, that call'd the Jews, extends  
To Gentile lands enslav'd.

Where-e'er you are, by land or sea,  
At home, or far abroad,  
Look not to idols vain, but me,  
The omnipresent God.

In me you'll find salvation sure  
From sin, and death, and hell;  
And life, more happy and secure,  
Than 'twas before you fell.

## S E C T. II.

*Righteousness and Strength in CHRIST alone.*

Ver. 23, 24, 25.

- Ver.* By my great name I made a vow,  
 23 Nor, vow'd, my word shall veer;  
 To me alone each knee shall bow,  
 Each tongue allegiance swear.
- 24 Each soul that knows the joyful sound,  
 With thankful tongues shall own;  
 My righteousness and strength is found  
 In thee, O Lord, alone.
- By faith and pray'r shall Gentiles come  
 To him with free consent:  
 Refusers too, to get their doom,  
 Shall come, but by constraint:
- For all despisers of his name,  
 And every wicked foe,  
 Shall suffer penitential shame,  
 Or everlasting woe.
- 25 But happy thrice all Israel's seed,  
 Both rid of guilt and shame,  
 Shall in the Lord be justify'd,  
 And glory in his name.

## S O N G XVII.

*CHRIST's Sufferings and Glory; Or, Unbelief lamented, and the Benefit and the Success of the Sufferings of CHRIST declared. Isa. lii. 1,—12.*

- 1 **W**HO hath believ'd our good report?  
 How few the truth have seal'd!  
 To whom is Christ, the strongest fort,  
 The arm of God reveal'd!
- 2 For, like a tender plant sprung up  
 He seem'd, as he drew nigh:  
 And, like a despicable root  
 From ground, exceeding dry.  
 No worldly splendor did he shew,  
 Nor outward gallantry;  
 No beauteous form, nor comely hew,  
 To charm the carnal eye.

Ver. Rejected and despis'd of men,

3 A man of griefs and woes ;

His life with sorrow and disdain

Did both begin and close.

4 Yet, sure, our sorrows were his load,

Our griefs in him combin'd ;

Though we esteem'd him plagu'd of God,

When anguish tore his mind.

5 But he was wounded for our sins,

And bruised for our guilt ;

For which from all his sacred veins,

Atoning blood was spilt.

Upon him was the chastisement,

That peace to us procur'd ;

And we are heal'd by Heav'n's consent ;

By stripes that he endur'd.

6 (Each to his own by-path) all we,

Like sheep have gone astray ;

But God on him th' iniquity,

Ev'n of us all, did lay.

7 Wrong'd and oppress'd, yet meek and mute,

While patience overcame,

He was, when to the slaughter brought,

Dumb like a harmless lamb.

8 Who can his generation show ?

Yet he from prison led,

And judgment under shew of law,

Was held among the dead ;

Yea, justly held, by law divine,

And justly too set free :

Who can his endless life define,

Or count his progeny ?

His seed, for whom he was cut off

From these on earth that liv'd,

He for their sin, and their behoof,

The mortal stroke receiv'd.

9 His grave he with the wicked made,

And with the rich when dead ;

No wrong did from his hand, nor fraud

E'er from his mouth proceed.

*Ver.* Yet, lo! it pleas'd the Lord to bruise,

10 And down the Surety tread!

But when, 'for sin and justice' dues,  
His soul's the victim made.

Then said he, He shall see his seed,  
Prolong his days for ay;

My pleasure in his hand succeed,  
And prosper every way.

11 He of the travail of his soul

The sweet effects shall see;

And, joyful in his purchase whole,  
He satisfy'd shall be.

My righteous Servant, then, withal,  
Shall justify and save

His thousands, when of him they shall  
Fiducial knowledge have.

12 He with the great shall share the spoil,

Defeat his mighty foes;

Though rank'd with sinners, here he fell,  
And conqueror he rose.

His Father's crown of victory  
Most fairly won he hath;

For at his call he willingly  
Pour'd out his soul to death.

He dying bore the guilt of men,  
That sin might be forgiven:

He pleading dy'd, and lives again  
To plead for them in heav'n.

### S O N G XVIII.

*The Enlargement, Glory, and Safety of the Church.*

#### S E C T. I.

*The Gospel-Church enlarged, her barren womb opened;  
Or, the Gentiles brought in, and married to Christ.*

*Isa. liv. 1,—5.*

1 **O** BARREN Zion, sing aloud,  
For fruitful shalt thou be,  
With Gentiles as thy num'rous brood,  
And happy progeny.



- Ver.* Moe children shall be generate,  
So faith the Lord of life,  
By her that was so desolate,  
Than by the marry'd wife.
- 2 Enlarge abroad thy dwelling tent,  
Stretch forth thy curtains wide,
- 3 That, for thy off-spring opulent,  
Full room thou may'st provide.
- 4 Fear not, for thy recover'd fame  
Allow no mourning mood;  
No longer shalt thou bear the shame  
Of barren widowhood.
- 5 For happily betroth'd art thou  
To one of wondrous fame;  
*Thy Maker is thy husband now,*  
The Lord of hosts his name.
- Thy great Redeemer, match'd with thee,  
Is Zion's holy One:  
The God of all the earth is he,  
And not of Jews alone.

## S E C T. II.

*God's grievous Desertion, and gracious Return : Or, his  
Departure short, his Covenant of Peace everlasting.*

*Isa. liv. 6,—10.*

- 6 **W**HEN, like a wife of youth refus'd,  
Thou didst deserted mourn,  
The Lord thy God, in love, thee chus'd,  
And call'd thee to return.
- 7 Though for a moment, very small,  
I thee forsook of late;  
I'll gather thee from sin and thrall,  
With mercies very great.
- 8 I, in a little wrath, my face  
A moment hid from thee;  
But, lo! my mercy's kind embrace  
Shall everlasting be.
- 9 That Noah's waters no more should  
O'erwhelm the earth, I swore;  
So have I sworn I never would  
Be angry with thee more.

*Ver.* The solid mountains shall depart,  
 10 The hills shall be remov'd;  
 But not the kindness of my heart  
 From thee my choice belov'd:  
 Nor shall my covenant of grace  
 And peace remov'd be,  
 Says God, who sees thee meriteless,  
 But mercy has on thee.

## S E C T. III.

*The Honour and Security of the Church : Or, Zion  
 comforted both against Disgrace and Danger.*

*Isa. liv. 11,—17.*

- 11 O thou afflicted, toss'd with winds,  
 And tempests very great,  
 Who in distress no comfort finds,  
 But mourn'st thy grievous state!  
 Behold! thy ruins I'll repair  
 With finer pearls for nought,  
 Than rubies rich, or sapphires fair,  
 With gold of Ophir bought.
- 12 I'll beautify thy wasted wall,  
 Make thy foundations shine;  
 Thy borders, gates, and windows all  
 With pleasant stones inline.  
 [These precious jewels, for thy dress,  
 That shall to thee be giv'n,  
 Are knowledge, peace, and righteousness,  
 'The glist'ring gems of Heav'n.]
- 13 Thy seed shall all be taught of God,  
 And great shall be their peace;
- 14 And firm thy standing, not in fraud,  
 But truth and righteousness.  
 Oppressors shall be far remov'd,  
 Thou therefore shalt not fear;  
 And ills, that once thy terror prov'd,  
 To thee shall not come near.
- 15 Thy foes, without my order, shall  
 Against thee counsel take;  
 But, when combin'd, before thee fall  
 A booty, for thy sake.

*Ver.* [In vain attempts, as well as rash,  
They shall but rage and rore ;  
Like rising angry waves that dash  
And die upon the shore.]

16 The smith that forms the swords of war,  
The waster too, is mine ;  
See, then, where the destroyers are  
That serve not my design.

17 No weapon form'd against thy peace  
Shall prosper in that aim,  
But back upon the aimers face  
Turn to his hurt and shame.

Reproachful tongues that 'gainst thee rise,  
With shew of right and law,  
Thou shalt condemn, and for their lies  
Just vengeance on them draw.

God's saints, of all his promis'd blifs,  
The happy heirs shall be ;  
And (saith the Lord) their righteousness  
Is all and whole of me.

### S O N G X I X.

*The free Gospel-Call, pressed with the Promise of  
solid and sure Mercy. Isa. lv. 1, 2, 3.*

1 **H**O! ev'ry thirsty soul, and all  
That poor and needy are ;  
Here's water of salvation's well  
For you to come and share.

Here's freedom both from sin and wo,  
And blessings all divine :  
Here streams of love and mercy flow,  
Like floods of milk and wine.

Approach the fountain-head of blifs,  
That's open like the sea,  
To buyers that are money-less,  
The poorest beggars free.

2 Why spend you all your wealth and pains,  
For that which is not bread,  
And for unsatisfying gains,  
On which no soul can feed !

*Ver.* While vain ye seek, with earthly toys,  
To fill an empty mind,  
You lose immortal solid joys,  
And feed upon the wind.

- 3 Incline your ear, and come to me;  
Hear, and your soul shall live:  
For mercies sure, as well as free,  
I bind myself to give.

### S O N G XX.

*Faith and Repentance urged upon Sinners, from Motives of grace and mercy: or, God's drawing them to himself with Cords of Love. Isa. lv. 6,—9.*

- 6 **S**EEK God while yet he may be found,  
Call on him while he's near;  
While grace's trump, the joyful sound  
Of mercy, strikes your ear.
- 7 O let the wicked change his way!  
And the unrighteous man  
His thoughts, and legal hopes, that stray  
Cross to the gospel-plan.  
And let him now return to God,  
The Lord our righteousness;  
Who, through the merit of his blood,  
In mercy will him bless.  
To our God let him turn betimes,  
For gracious will he be;  
And for his multitude of crimes  
Will pardons multiply.  
Let, faith the Lord, my boundless grace  
Move guilty souls to come,  
And trust me with their desp'rate case  
When hopeless thoughts do roam.
- 8 Because my thoughts and ways divine  
Are not as yours; for why?  
All yours are base and low, but mine  
Immensely great and high:
- 9 For as the heav'ns, in height and space,  
Transcend your earthly boors;  
Much more my thoughts and ways of grace  
Surmount all thoughts of yours.



*Ver.* [Great God, then bid the mountains move;  
Our sins that reach the sky,  
Be melted down with flames of love,  
More infinitely high.]

## S O N G XXI.

*The desperate State of the Church bewailed.*

*Jer. viii. 18,—22.*

- 18 **W**HEN fain I would comfort myself,  
Against prevailing grief,  
My heart within me waxed faint,  
Nor could I find relief.
- 19 Behold my peoples rueful cry,  
Hath reach'd my wounded ear,  
For exiles now in misery,  
Who yokes of bondage bear.  
Doth not the Lord in Zion dwell,  
And there for ever reign?  
Why have they thus provok'd his ire,  
With idols strange and vain?
- 20 The harvest time is over-past,  
The summer's at an end;  
Yet sav'd we are not, nor from Heav'n  
Does help to us descend.
- 21 The daughter of my peoples hurt  
Doth wound and blacken me;  
Astonishment hath seiz'd my soul  
To an extreme degree.
- 22 Is there no balm in Gilead?  
Is no physician there?  
Why then hath Zion's hurt no cure,  
Nor yet her health repair?

# SCRIPTURE SONGS.

## PART V.

### A SHORT PARAPHRASE ON THE LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMIAH.

#### P R E F A C E.

The TITLE of this book, which has none in the original, is taken from the subject matter of which it treats; and therefore intitled, LAMENTATIONS. As there are sacred odes, or songs of joy; so there are sacred elegies, or songs of lamentation.—The PENMAN of the Spirit of God in this book, was Jeremiah the prophet, who is here Jeremiah the poet; and, indeed, *Vates* signifies both. It is thought fitly adjoined to his book as an appendix.—The OCCASION of these Lamentations was the destruction of the city and temple of Jerusalem, and of the land of Judea, by the Caldean army; and the dissolution of the Jewish state, both civil and ecclesiastical, thereby.—The USE of these Lamentations is still to affect the Lord's people with godly sorrow for sin, as the procuring cause of all such miseries and calamities, that may befall the church of God in this world.

The original COMPOSURE of this book is not only *poetical*, but *alphabetical*; each verse beginning with a several letter, in the order of the Hebrew alphabet; the first ALEPH, the second BETH, &c. This order is followed in all the first four chapters.

The first, second, and fourth chapters consist of twenty-two verses, which comprehend the whole alphabet. The third chapter consists of sixty verses, whereof each three verses do begin with one letter throughout, and all in the foresaid alphabetical order, except that in chapter second, third, and fourth, the letter PE is put before AN, which, in all the Hebrew alphabets, follows it. As to the reason whereof, Dr. LEIGHTON offers this conjecture, that the letter AN, which is the numeral letter for 70, was thus, by being misplaced, made remarkable, to put them in mind of the seventy years; at the end of which God would turn again their captivity, under which they were in Babylon.

The fifth chapter is not alphabetical as the rest; yet (it seems, in conformity to the rest) it consists also of twenty-two verses according to the number of the letters in the said Hebrew alphabet.

It may be said therefore of this book of the Lamentations, what some say of the hundred and nineteenth Psalm, that "it seems to have more of poetical skill and number in it, than we, at this distance, can easily understand;" in so much, that some have called that psalm the Saint's Alphabet, it being divided into twenty-two parts,

according to the number of the Hebrew letters, and each part consists of eight verses. All the verses of the first part begin with ALEPH; all the verses of the second with BETH; and so on, without any flaw, throughout the whole psalm: Heaven thus condescending to teach by letters: and, as it were, with an A, B, C. "If any censure it as "childish and trifling," says Mr. HENRY, "because acrostics are quite "out of fashion, let them know, that the royal psalmist despises their "censure: he is a teacher of babes; and if this method be beneficial "to them, he can easily stoop to it: if this be to be vile, be will "be yet more vile."

Now, as the translators of that hundred and nineteenth Psalm, both in the prose and in the metre, have set down the names of the Hebrew letters on the head of every part or section thereof; so in imitation of that method, I thought fit to set down the name of every Hebrew letter, before each verse that begins therewith, that thus the beauty and order of the original might appear; and to shew how much the Spirit of God, who is a God of order, consulted the help and benefit of weak memories, by modelling the composition of this book, with these memorial letters: intimating, perhaps, to us, that method and order, even in sacred discourses, ought not always to be hid, or couched in the bosom of long harangues; and that the methodical way of treating them, equally evident and conspicuous, as these initial letters, has a divine precedent, in many scripture instances.

That the paraphrase on this book of the Lamentations might keep the order that is in the original, I have, in all the four alphabetical chapters, endeavoured some conformity thereto, by comprehending every verse under each Hebrew letter, within the compass of two stanzas: some of the verses being long, required them both; and this occasions, that in some other places, where the verses are shorter, the version, or paraphrase, is the longer.

That all may be blessed of God, for the edification of his church and people, is the earnest desire of their servant, and yours in Christ,

DUNFERMLINE, }  
1750.

RALPH ERSKINE.



## C H A P. I.

*JERUSALEM's miserable State, by reason of sin, bitterly bewailed: She complaineth of her calamities and grief, both to God and to friends; solicits commiseration, and confesseth God's judgments to be righteous.*

Ver.

ALEPH.

1 **A**H! how so populous of late  
The city sits alone!

How widow-like is she, that great  
Among the nations shone!

F p 2

Ver. Amidst the provinces around,  
 She like a princeſs fat ;  
 But now is under tribute bound  
 Unto a foreign ſtate.

## BETH.

2 By night ſhe weeps, and briny tears  
 Bedew her comely cheeks ;  
 'Mong all her lovers none appears,  
 Nor to her comfort ſpeaks.  
 Her friends, by whom ſhe was careſs'd,  
 Have ſerv'd her treacherouſly ;  
 Their friendſhip, formerly profeſs'd,  
 Is turn'd to enmity.

## GIMEL.

3 Judah into captivity,  
 By adverſaries rude,  
 Is gone, becauſe of cruelty  
 And grievous ſervitude.  
 'Mong heathens now ſhe dwells in thrall,  
 No reſt her grief abates :  
 Her bloody perſecutors all  
 O'ertake her in the ſtraits.

## DTLETH.

4 The ways of Zion wail her fates,  
 None keep her ſolemn feaſts :  
 And all her once frequented gates,  
 Black deſolation waſtes.  
 Her prieſts, in ſable, ſigh to ſee  
 Their ſolemn feſt'als gone ;  
 Her virgins are oppreſs'd, and ſhe  
 In bitterneſs doth moan.

## HE.

5 Her foes the chief above her are,  
 Her adverſaries thrive ;  
 For God hath meaſur'd grief to her  
 Who did his Spirit grieve :  
 Becauſe her ſins were num'rous grown,  
 And heinous in his eye,  
 Her num'rous ſeed are captive gone  
 Before the enemy.



VAU.

*Ver.* Her splendid beauty bright that shone,  
 6 To her renown before,  
 Is all from Zion's daughter gone,  
 And to be seen no more.

Her peers, like hunted harts on flight,  
 For want of pasture frail,  
 Before the hot pursuer's might  
 Do pow'rless faint and fail.

ZAIN.

7 Jerus'lem in her days now lin'd  
 With sorrows manifold,  
 Call'd all her pleasant things to mind,  
 Which she possess'd of old.

Her people fell before her foes,  
 Who now upon her gaze  
 When helpless to deride her woes,  
 And mock her Sabbath-days.

CHETH

8 Salem hath greatly sinn'd, and hence  
 She's now remov'd afar;  
 All who did once her reverence  
 Now her despisers are:  
 Because her nakedness of life  
 Is now expos'd to them;  
 With deep regret she sighs for grief,  
 And backward turns for shame.

TETH.

9 Filth in her skirts and lewdness tend  
 To ruin her renown;  
 She, thoughtless of her latter end,  
 Came wonderfully down.  
 No comforter in her behalf  
 Appear'd for her relief:  
 The foe hath magnify'd himself;  
 O Lord, behold my grief.

## JOD.

- Ver. Profanely hath the wicked foe,  
 10 Spread out his hands unclean,  
 On all her pleasant things : for, lo !  
 Her weeping eyes have seen,  
 How that the heathen vile invade  
 Her sanctuary fair,  
 Thy sacred court, of which thou'st said,  
 They shall not enter there.

## CAPH.

- 11 Her people sigh, and bread implore ;  
 Her pleasant things are sold,  
 Their fainting spirits to restore,  
 Their bodies to uphold.  
 Consider thou, O Lord, my state,  
 See my extremity ;  
 For despicable, desolate,  
 And vile, become am I.

## LAMED.

- 12 Ah ! is it nought to you that pass  
 The way ? Behold and see,  
 If ever any sorrow was  
 Like this befallen me.  
 But 'tis Jehovah, to display  
 His justice in my lot,  
 Who me afflicted in the day  
 Of his displeasure hot.

## MEM.

- 13 Into my bones he hath sent down  
 From heaven a burning fire,  
 Which o'er their strength prevailing soon  
 Consum'd them in his ire.  
 He for my feet hath spread a net,  
 And backward turn'd my way ;  
 'Tis he hath made me desolate,  
 And faintish all the day.

## NUN.

- 14 The yoke of my collected sins,  
 He with his hand did tie ;  
 Them fast he wreaths, and up he twines,  
 And on my neck they lie.

*Ver.* My strength he dash'd with overthrows,  
My valour prostrate lies :  
He put me in the hand of those  
From whom I cannot rise.

SAMECH.

15 Amidst me, he my champions all  
Down under foot did push ;  
Then 'gainst me an assembly call,  
My choicest youths to crush.  
I' th' wine-press of the wrath of God,  
Where not the fair escapes,  
The Lord hath Judah's daughter trode,  
As people trade the grapes.

AIN.

16 On these accounts I weep and bray ;  
Mine eye, mine eye runs down  
With briny floods, because away  
The Comforter is gone ;  
Who should my grief of soul abate  
He's far from me remote :  
My children too are desolate,  
Since foes the pow'r have got.

PE.

17 Though Zion wailing spread her hands,  
None's to comfort her found :  
Concerning Jacob, God commands  
His foes should him surround.  
'Mong whom fair Salem, now in tears,  
When none do succour bring,  
A separated drab appears,  
And like a loathsome thing.

TZADE.

18 But just and righteous is the Lord ;  
For by my wickedness,  
I have rebell'd against his word,  
And wrought my own distress.  
All people, hear with pity then,  
And see my grief, I pray ;  
My virgins, and my choice young men,  
Are captives led away.

KOPH.

*Ver.* I call'd for friends, and near allies,

19 That courted once my love,  
Who now, regardless of my cries,  
To me deceitful prove.

My priests and elders who for me  
With Heav'n will intercede,  
In city fainting fought supply,  
But dy'd for want of bread.

RESH.

20 See, Lord, for I'm oppress'd and cross'd  
Unto the last degree ;  
My bowels troubled are and toss'd,  
My heart is turn'd in me.  
For grievously rebell'd I have,  
Provoking thee to wrath :  
Abroad the bloody sword doth 'reave,  
At home a direful death.

SHIN.

21 My foes all heard of my distress,  
My sighs and troubles sad ;  
They heard I am left comfortless,  
And at my woes were glad :  
Thy doing is their mirth ; but, lo !  
Thoul't make the day to shine,  
Proclaim'd by thee, in which their wo  
And grief shall equal mine.

TAU.

22 Let all the wickedness they frame,  
Before thy presence be ;  
And likewise do thou unto them,  
As thou hast done to me.  
For all my sins, which do my moans  
And miseries augment :  
Great is the number of my groans !  
My heart within me faint.



## C H A P. II.

*JEREMIAH lamenteth the Misery of JERUSALEM; taking notice of the Anger of the LORD as the Cause of her Calamities, and the sorrow that took place as the effect of these. He maketh his Complaint unto GOD, referring the Matter to his most compassionate Consideration.*

## ALEPH.

Ver. **H**OW doth the Lord a cloud of wrath  
 1 O'er Zion's daughter spread,  
 And down from heav'n to earth beneath,  
 Fair Isra'l's pomp degrade!  
 Regardless of his temple gay,  
 How has he quite forgot  
 His sacred footstool, in his day  
 Of indignation hot.

## BETH.

2 The Lord hath Jacob's dwellings all  
 Devour'd and pity'd none;  
 He Judah's bulwarks, great and small,  
 Down in his wrath hath thrown:  
 He level with the ground them laid,  
 Their princes too were preys;  
 Them and the kingdom both he made  
 Polluted cast-aways.

## GIMEL.

3 All Isra'l's horn, in wrath, he cut  
 Quite off till pow'r was lost;  
 And back his right-hand vigour put,  
 Before the adverse host.  
 On ev'ry side he set his ire  
 A-burning to the ground,  
 'Gainst Jacob like a flaming fire,  
 Devouring all around.

## DALETH.

4 Like to an adversary grand,  
 He bent his mighty bow;  
 Stood wrathful-like, with his right-hand  
 Stretch'd for the fatal blow:

*Ver.* He all our pleasant ones devour'd,  
And flew our eyes desire :  
In Zion's daughter's tents he pour'd  
His fury out like fire.

HE.

- 5 All Isra'l's palaces and stays,  
And strengths, to ruin go ;  
Her forts demolish'd are, because  
Jehovah was a foe ;  
Backsliding Judah too her share  
Of heaviness possess'd ;  
For woful lamentations there  
And mourning he increas'd.

VAU.

- 6 He like a garden-tent hath pull'd  
His tabernacle down ;  
His oft assembling courts annull'd,  
His synagogues o'erthrown.  
God caus'd in Zion solemn feasts  
And Sabbaths be forgot ;  
And hath despis'd both king and priests  
In's fury burning hot.

ZAIN.

- 7 The Lord his altar did disown,  
His sanctuary abhor ;  
Shut up, and set her foes upon  
Her palace-walls to roar :  
Within the house of God have they  
Profanely made a noise,  
As when his folk did on the day  
Of solemn feasts rejoice.

CHETH.

- 8 God Zion's walls and ramparts all,  
Had purpos'd to destroy ;  
Stretch'd out a line, nor did recall  
His hand from this employ.  
He therefore going on hath made  
Her bulwarks to lament ;  
Together dash'd they languished,  
Their fortitude was spent.

## TETH.

*Ver.* Sunk into rubbish are her gates,

9 Her bars intirely broke;  
Yea, now her king and potentates,  
Groan in the Gentiles yoke:

The law's no more, which once her mind  
With sacred lessons stor'd;  
Her seers mourn, her prophets find  
No vision from the Lord.

## JOD.

10 Now, Zion's elders on the ground  
Sit down, and silence keep:  
They cast up dust their heads around,  
And girt with sackcloth weep:  
Proud dames who did, in pompous weeds,  
Vain admiration claim;  
Ev'n Salem's virgins hang their heads  
Down to the ground for shame.

## CAPH.

11 With tears consum'd are both mine eyes,  
Pain'd are my bowels all;  
Pour'd on the earth my liver lies,  
For Zion's daughter's thrall:  
Because in dearth, provision spent,  
The citizens decay;  
Babes in the streets for hunger faint,  
And sucklings swoon away.

## LAMED.

12 The young ones to their mothers cry,  
"O where's our former share  
"Of corn and wine, and such supply  
"As was our wonted fare!"  
Scarce had they spoke, till in th' arrest,  
As those in wounds of death,  
They on their moaning mother's breast,  
Pour'd out their dying breath.

## MEM.

Ver. To match thy case, O Salem fair!

- 13 What equal shall I bring?  
'Twere ease, could I thy woes compare  
To any other thing.

O Zion! great's thy breach, that grows  
Like vast sea-billow rounds:

Incomparable are thy woes,  
Incurable thy wounds.

## NUN.

- 14 Thy prophets false have seen for thee  
Most foolish things and vain  
Thy sin they shew'd not faithfully  
To turn away thy bane;  
But have for thee false burdens seen,  
False causes of thy wo,  
And smoothing vice thy guilt to skreen,  
Have wrought they overthrow.

## SAMECH.

- 15 All passengers clap hands at thee,  
'Gainst Salem they inveigh;  
Thy shake their heads contemptuously,  
And mock, and hiss, and say,  
"Is this the city so renown'd  
"We see in rubbish hurl'd,  
"The beauty with perfection crown'd  
"The joy of all the world?"

## PE.

- 16 Thy cruel foes with wide mouth bray,  
'Gainst thee their spite avow;  
They gnash the teeth, and hissing say,  
"We have devour'd her now;  
"This surely is the day that we  
"Expected for her fall;  
"We've found it now, and gladly see  
"Our triumph in her thrall."

## AIN.

- 17 The Lord hath done what he ordain'd,  
As he of old declar'd;  
Fulfill'd the word of his command,  
Cast down, and hath not spar'd:



*Ver.* O'er thee he made the foe in scorn,  
To joy and be jocose;  
He hath exalted high the horn  
Of thy insulting foes.

TZADE.

18 Their heart cry'd to the Lord, and said,  
O Zion wall o'erthrown!  
Let tears both day and night be shed,  
And like a flood run down:  
Allow thyself no rest, and let  
The apple of thine eye  
No pause or intermission get,  
But weep incessantly,

KOPH.

19 Arise, and each night watch prevent,  
Cry out thy woeful case;  
Thine heart in floods of water vent  
Before Jehovah's face.  
For thy poor young ones life intreat,  
With hands uplifted high,  
That on the top of every street  
For hunger fainting die.

RESH.

20 This thou hast done; mind, Lord, to whom:  
O see! shall women eat  
The span-long fruit of their own womb,  
For very want of meat?  
And shall, alas! the reverend train  
And consecrated race,  
The priest and prophet both be slain,  
Within thy holy place?

SHIN.

21 Both young and old along the ground  
Lie in the streets, O Lord;  
My darling maids and youths are found  
Slain by the bloody sword.  
Foes are but weapons of thy wrath,  
Thou flew'st, thou kill'dst them, Lord,  
In thy avenging day that hath  
No pity to afford.

## TAU.

- Ver. Thou hast, as in a solemn day,  
 22 My terrors call'd around,  
 That thus when wrath divine made way,  
 None to escape were found.  
 None left ; yea, those whom I, with care,  
 Had wrapt in swaddling-bands  
 And foster'd, by mine en'mies are  
 Consum'd with cruel hands.

## C H A P III.

*The faithful bewail their Calamities, viewing them as  
 the Fruits and Effects of God's Displeasure. By  
 the Mercies of God they encourage their Hope, ac-  
 knowledging his Justice, praying for Deliverance,  
 and Vengeance on their Enemies.*

## ALEPH.

- 1 I'M by the rod of wrath divine  
 The man that hath seen wo ;  
 2 He led and carried me and mine  
 To shades of darkness low,  
 But not unto a lightsome path ;  
 3 Nay, in a hostile way  
 He's surely turn'd, his hand in wrath  
 'Gainst me he turns all day.

## BETH.

- 4 My flesh and skin of young and fair,  
 Old and decay'd he made ;  
 5 Did break my bones ; and building rear,  
 My strong holds to invade.  
 He me encompasses'd and entwin'd,  
 With gall and travel fore :  
 6 In places dark he me enshrin'd,  
 As men long dead before.

## GIMEL.

- 7 He hedg'd me in, I can't get out ;  
 His heavy chain I bear :  
 8 My pray'r he, when I cry and shout,  
 Shuts out, and scorns to hear.

*Ver.* My ways inclos'd as with a wall

- 9 Of firm hewn stone he hath;  
And to defeat my counsels all  
He crooked made my path.

DALETH.

- 10 He close laid wait as for the prey  
A lion and a bear;  
11 And turning quite aside my way,  
Did me in pieces tear:  
He laid me waste, and in the dark,  
12 His bow of fury hot  
He bent, and at me as a mark  
His barbed iron shot.

HE.

- 13 His quiver-darts, so fierce set off,  
Into my reins made way;  
14 To all the folk I was a scoff,  
Their music all the day.  
I'm made the subject of their song,  
15 And fill'd until I shrunk  
With bitterness and wormwood strong  
With which he made me drunk.

VAU.

- 16 With gravel stones my teeth he brake;  
With ashes cover'd me:  
17 From peace, my soul, now gone to wrack,  
Is far remov'd by thee.  
Forgetting blifs as overpast,  
I spake this desp'rate word,  
18 "My strength is gone, my hope is lost,  
"And perish'd from the Lord."

ZAIN.

- 19 Despair was fed by minding all  
My miseries and woes;  
The bitter wormwood and the gall,  
20 My soul keeps mind of those:  
Hence sunk and bow'd within me 'tis;  
But why so very sad?  
21 Despair, begone; I've hope from this,  
I mind anon to add.

## CHETH.

- Ver. 'Tis of the Lord's compassions great  
22 And his unfailing love,  
We are not all consum'd as yet,  
For still his bowels move :  
23 They new with every morning roll ;  
Thy truth is great and high :  
24 The Lord's my portion, faith my soul ;  
Hence in him hope will I.

## TETH.

- 25 God's good to them that on him wait,  
To souls that seek his face.  
26 'Tis good that one, with hope sedate,  
Expect his saving grace.  
27 And for a man, by sorrow broke,  
'Tis good with silent mouth,  
And heart submits to bear the yoke  
And trouble in his youth.

## JOD.

- 28 He quiet sits alone brought low  
By having born the rod ;  
29 With mouth put in the dust, if so  
There may be hope in God.  
30 His cheek he to the smiter's will  
Revengeless doth assign ;  
Fill'd with reproach, he bears the fill,  
With patience half divine.

## CAPH.

- 31 The Lord will not reject for ay :  
32 But though he causeth grief ;  
Yet he his pity will display,  
And timely grant relief.  
His mercies thwart not with his dart,  
33 For when he smites, ev'n then  
Not willingly nor from his heart,  
He grieves the sons of men.

## LAMED.

- 34 Mens Cruel deeds they can't abide,  
To crush earth's captive race,  
35 To turn the poor man's right aside,  
Before the sovereign's face ;



Ver. To violate the sacred laws

- 36 Of justice and of right,  
And judge unjustly in a cause,  
Are hateful in his sight.

MEM.

- 37 Who's he that speaks, and then 'tis done,  
When nay's JEHOVAH's will?  
38 Out from the mouth of th' highest One  
Comes not both good and ill.  
39 O why then should a living man  
Dare enter his complaint,  
For penal ill; a guilty man  
For's own sin's punishment?

NUN.

- 40 Come let us search and try our ways,  
Not murmur at the rod,  
But for our sins our souls abase,  
And turn again to God.  
41 Let us lift up our heart and hands  
Whole to the God of heav'n:  
42 We have rebell'd 'gainst thy commands;  
Thou, Lord, hast not forgiven.

SAMECH.

- 43 Thy wrath us hid, pursu'd, nor stoppt,  
But slew and did not spare;  
44 Thyself hid with a cloud that opt  
No through pass for our pray'r.  
45 The world's vile filth thou hast us made,  
Which with contempt they use;  
We ly among the nations spread,  
The scum and the refuse.

PE.

- 46 Wide mouths 'gainst us our en'mies all  
Have made, and scoffing joy'd;  
47 Fear and a snare upon us fall,  
We're wasted and destroy'd.  
48 Mine eyes to weeping fountains turn.  
Whence briny rivers flow,  
While I my people's daughter mourn  
And mean her overthrow.

Qq

## AIN.

- Ver.* With tears still trickling down, mine eye  
49 Incessant cannot rest,  
50 Till God look down; and, from on high,  
Behold our case distress'd.  
51 Mine eye affects my heart with pain,  
To see the ruin vast  
Of Salem's race, the doleful bane  
I see, and stand aghast.

## TZADE.

- 52 With causeless hate my eager foes,  
Me like a bird did chase;  
53 My life within the dungeon close,  
Then with a stone depress.  
54 High did the swelling waters grow,  
My head was overflown,  
Then said my hopeless heart, "I'm now  
"Cut off, and quite undone."

## KOPH.

- 55 Time was, when from the dungeon low  
I pray'd, and thou didst hear:  
56 Lord, hide not from my breathing now,  
Nor from my cry, thine ear.  
57 What day of dread I call'd on thee,  
Thou didst not stand remote,  
But drewest near to comfort me,  
By saying, FEAR THOU NOT.

## RESH.

- 58 Lord, thou the causes of my soul  
Wast wont to plead for me;  
Thy love did threat'ning death's control,  
My life to save and free.  
59 Judge now my cause, Lord; thou hast seen  
My wrongs by men of strife,  
60 Seen all their rage and vengeance keen,  
And plots against my life.

## SHIN.

- 61 Lord, thou their vile reproach hast heard,  
Their machinations all;  
62 The lips of those that rose, and jeer'd  
And spat at me their gall.

*Ver.* Their daily projects me to drub,

- 63 Their sitting down espy,  
And rising up at every club  
Their music still am I.

TAU.

- 64 Reward them as from thee they swerve,  
Their heart with grief consume,

- 65 To shew they for their works deserve  
They curse to be their doom.

- 66 As me they chase and sue to death,  
With them in wrath be ev'ns;  
Pursue and raze them from beneath  
The great Jehovah's heav'ns.

#### C H A P. IV.

*ZION bewaileth her pitiful Estate, occasioned by the direful Effects of the Famine, the sucking of JERUSALEM. She confesseth her Sins, and acknowledgeth that the Iniquities of her Leaders were the Cause of all these Calamities. EDMON'S Destruction foretold, and the Return of ZION'S Captivity.*

ALEPH.

- 1 **T**HE temple-gold, how now so dim,  
That glister'd once so gay;  
How has the finest gold so trim,  
Now chang'd its bright array!  
The temple-stones now tumbled down,  
That lay in stately square,  
On top of every street o'erthrown,  
Lie scatter'd here and there.

BETH.

- 2 Lo! Zion's sons, of precious mould,  
Her saints, her priests, her peers,  
That might compare with purest gold,  
More fine than Ophir bears;  
How basely are they now esteem'd]  
As pitchers vile and coarse,  
Wrought by the potter's hand, and deem'd  
But earthen ware, and worse!

Q q 2

Ver.

GIMEL.

- 3 Sea-monsters, ev'n by nature taught,  
 To suckle their own brood,  
 Draw out the breast to give a draught,  
 And cherish them with food;  
 But, ah! my people's daughter faint  
 Seems savage now, no less  
 Than cruel ostriches that haunt  
 The howling wilderness.

DALETH.

- 4 Lo! to the suckling's palate dry,  
 Fast cleaves his wither'd tongue;  
 Breasts empty can't his thirst supply,  
 So dies the tender young:  
 The infant wean'd no better speed  
 Can make, from door to door  
 He fainting begs a crumb of bread,  
 But none have so much o'er.

HE.

- 5 Ev'n these inur'd to dainty meats,  
 Who sumptuously had far'd,  
 Now wand'ring needy through the streets,  
 The desolation shar'd:  
 The rank brought up among the best,  
 In scarlet beds and dress,  
 Were glad, in search of food and rest,  
 The dunghills to embrace.

VAU.

- 6 Strokes, for her sins, more heavy lay  
 On Zion's daughter's back,  
 Than did on Sodom, once-a-day  
 Involv'd in sudden wrack:  
 Wrath did them in a trice consume,  
 Nor were they daily slain,  
 By human hands; but Zion's doom  
 Is found a ling'ring bane.

ZAIN.

- 7 Hēr Nazarites and select ones  
 Were splendid once and gay,  
 Like high-born separated sons,  
 In pompous rich array:



*Ver.* More pure than snow they were each one,  
More white than milk to fight;  
In face the ruby red out-shone,  
In dress the sapphire bright.

CHETH.

- 8 But now their beauteous visage so  
With blackness is o'ergrown,  
More than a coal; when forth they go  
They're in the streets unknown.  
So close their dry and parched skin,  
Unto their bones doth cleave;  
To wither'd sticks they claim a kin,  
And scarce are said to live.

TETH.

- 9 Those better are by sword who die,  
Their life they quickly yield,  
Than these whom killing straits deny  
The increase of the field:  
For whom fierce famine stricken hath,  
In torment ev'ry day,  
Within the jaws of ling'ring death,  
They waiting pine away.

JOD.

- 10 Fond mothers wonted to caress,  
And on their young to dote,  
Were forc'd, with their own hands, to dress  
The infant for their pot:  
The famine's hot devouring flame  
So rag'd in every street,  
The prattling babes, alas! became  
Their gasping mother's meat.

CAPH.

- 11 The Lord his threaten'd fury great,  
Now thus accomplish'd hath,  
And pour'd out, at a fearful rate,  
The fierceness of his wrath.  
In Zion's midst he rais'd a flame,  
That o'er the rafters tour'd,  
Then the foundation's total frame  
The burning fire devour'd.

Ver.

LAMED.

- 12 Kings of the earth, and all that plant  
 The spacious world around,  
 Could ne'er have thought this truth to grant,  
 Which now too true is found :  
 That ever could an adverse foe,  
 Who Salem's pow'r envy'd,  
 Her gates invade, and then o'erthrow,  
 As now is verify'd.

MEM.

- 13 But in the ruin justice shines ;  
 Whence did it chiefly flow ?  
 Ev'n from her priests and prophets sins,  
 Which rip'ned her for woe :  
 Through them in midst of her was shed,  
 The blood of prophets just,  
 And saints, at whom in her they bred  
 An hatred and disgust.

NUN.

- 14 With darkness blind, with gore defil'd,  
 They round the streets did roam,  
 Stain'd with the blood of man and child,  
 They odious were become :  
 A cruel heart, tongue, hand, or eye,  
 Each tender spirit lothes ;  
 Such theirs, as sober men were shy  
 To touch their bloody clothes.

SAMECH.

- 15 Their piety so feign'd had been,  
 In scorn the people cry,  
 " Depart, depart ; touch not th' unclean ;"  
 When off they walk and fly.  
 The very heathen them upbraid,  
 And packing them away,  
 " From Salem, be they gone," they said,  
 " For there they shall not stay."

PE.

- 16 This carries on, said they, our game ;  
 The Lord hath giv'n them o'er ;  
 His anger hath divided them ;  
 He'll not regard them more.

*Ver.* Just Heav'n thus doom'd their disregard  
Of ev'ry faithful priest;  
True prophets they nor elders spar'd,  
Nor favour'd in the least.

AİN.

17 Now, as for us, amidst our strait,  
Fail'd have as yet our eyes,  
While we for help and succour wait  
From faithless weak allies:  
Our vain and fruitless hopes have fled,  
And justly us misgave;  
We watched for a nation's aid,  
Unable us to save.

TZADE.

18 High batt'ries rais'd above our walls,  
The sieging foe completes;  
Their arrows fury on us falls,  
And hunts us off our streets:  
Our sacred and our civil state,  
Is thus to ruin come;  
Our prosperous days are out of date;  
How near's our dismal doom!

KOPH.

19 There's no escaping when we fly,  
Pursuers such are they,  
Far swifter than the eagle's high,  
When flying on their prey:  
If to the mountains high we fled,  
There they pursu'd us straight;  
If to the desert haste we made,  
There they for us laid wait.

RESH.

20 The Lord's anointed, who, we thought,  
Our life and breath would guard,  
The royal prey, our prince was caught,  
And in their pits insnar'd:  
Beneath his shade we thought to creep,  
And safe 'mong heathen live:  
But flighting Christ, the antitype,  
Vain hopes did us misgive.

Ver.

SHIN.

- 21 O Edomite! rejoice, exult  
 O'er Zion's wrack, but know  
 The cup of wrath, for this insult,  
 Its round to thee shall go:  
 Thou shalt be drunk, infatuate,  
 Mad in thy projects all,  
 Expose thyself to shame and hate,  
 And stagg'ring headlong fall.

TAU.

- 22 The punishment Heav'n did intend,  
 O Zion! for thy sin;  
 Ev'n thy captivity shall end,  
 When Edom's woes begin.  
 He'll now, O Edom! punish thee,  
 For all thy wicked deeds,  
 Laid open, to shew how justly he  
 'Gainst thee in wrath proceeds.

## C H A P. V.

*ZION'S pitiful Complaint to GOD in prayer. In which  
 she remonstrates her present calamitous State in her  
 Captivity, and protests her Concern for GOD's  
 Sanctuary; with a humble Supplication to, and  
 Expostulation with GOD for the Returns of Mercy.*

- 1 **R**EMEMBER, Lord, what's come on us,  
 How haughty foes encroach;  
 Behold our case so infamous,  
 Consider our reproach.
- 2 Our heritage and houses cease  
 Now to be call'd our own;  
 Strangers and aliens have our lease  
 Of property o'erthrown.
- 3 As helpless orphans we're bereav'd,  
 And fatherless we mourn;  
 Our mothers are as widows griev'd,  
 Lamenting o'er the urn.
- 4 Water that's free to every frog,  
 For money we have drunk;  
 Pay'd dear for ev'ry wooden log,  
 So far our rights are sunk.



- Ver. We on our necks the heavy yoke  
5 Of persecution bear;  
We toil, and have not from the flock  
A resting day nor year.
- 6 With Egypt we were forc'd to make  
A bargain for our bread;  
And also hands with Ashur shake,  
To satisfy our need.
- 7 Our fathers sinn'd, and are no more,  
On earth their grief to vent;  
But of their sins, as heirs, we bore  
The daily punishment.
- 8 Base slaves have o'er us domineer'd;  
We drudged at their beck:  
Yet none have for our help appear'd,  
Their insolence to check.
- 9 In peril of our life with pain,  
Our bread we daily snatch'd;  
For round the city, in the plain,  
The bloody sword dispatch'd.
- 10 The storm of famine's fierce attack,  
So terrible hath prov'n;  
Our skin was dry'd and parched black,  
In colour liker an oven.
- 11 In Zion, women of chaste names  
Were ravish'd and o'erpower'd;  
In Judah's cities younger dames  
And maidens were devour'd.
- 12 Ev'n princes, with their hands in rage,  
Were hang'd up by the neck:  
To elders faces, grave and sage,  
They yielded no respect.
- 13 Young men were set to grind, and fires'd  
With work in slavish mode;  
And children small, with wood oppress'd,  
Fell down beneath the load.
- 14 Elders and judges from the gate,  
Now cease to give decrees;  
Musicians young, their lutes translate  
To harps on willow-trees.

*Ver.* Our former solemn fest'al mirth

15 And joy of heart is gone;  
Our merry dance is turn'd on earth  
Into a mourning moan.

16 The crown is fallen from off our head,  
The royal state and sway;  
Wo's us, for we have sinn'd indeed,  
And thrown our bliss away!

17 For this our sin and guilt so grim,  
Faint hearts we have and fears;  
For these our woes, our eyes are dim,  
And blinded all with tears.

18 For Zion mount's so desolate,  
That foxes as they please,  
And crafty foes of church and state,  
Tread down the spot with ease.

19 Justly uncrown'd, uncrown'd, we chime;  
But thou, Lord, stay'st for ay:  
From age to age enthron'd sublime,  
No changes mar thy sway.

20 Lord, wherefore dost thou us forget?  
For ever shall it be?  
Why left in this deserted state  
Are we so long by thee?

21 Turn us to thee, Lord, and we shall  
Be turn'd into thy mould:  
Renew our days, restore our all,  
And save us, as of old.

22 For wilt thou quite reject us, Lord,  
In wrath to endless years?  
Then, where's thy love, thy truth, thy word?  
Let faith dissolve our fears.

# SCRIPTURE SONGS.

## PART. VI.

### POEMS Selected from the Minor PROPHETS.

#### INTRODUCTION.

The twelve Prophets, whose writings compose the latter part, and, consequently, complete the canon of the Old Testament, are usually denominated the *lesser Prophets*: not as if they themselves were any way inferior to the other Prophets, or less in God's account; or their writings of less authority, importance, and usefulness, than these of the greater prophets: but only because they are shorter, and less in size than the other. There is the greatest reason to believe, that these Prophets preached as much as the other; but did not commit so much of what they delivered to writing: and it is certain they were as useful in their day, and held in as great reputation as the other, although there is not so much of their prophecies kept on record, and transmitted to posterity. On this account, their compositions cannot be supposed to contain so many sacred odes, or so much fertile matter for divine hymns, as the other prophets, whose writings are vastly larger; yet the following Songs are selected from them. S.

#### S O N G I.

*JONAH'S Prayer out of the Whale's belly.*

JONAH ii. 1,—9. "Then Jonah prayed unto the  
"Lord his God, out of the fish's belly, and said,"

*Ver.* I CRY'D to God the Lord most high,

2 When trouble me beset;

He hear'd, and listen'd to my cry,

From out the womb of hell.

3 Thou me into the swelling deeps

Amidst the seas hadst cast;

Around me floods, and o'er me heaps,

Of waves and billows past.

4 Quite from thy sight I'm cast, said I,

And bury'd in the main:

Yet, to thine holy place mine eye

Will dare to look again.

*Ver.* Around me to my very soul

- 5 The roaring seas were spread :  
The swelling deeps inclos'd me whole ;  
The weeds inwrap'd my head.

- 6 To bottoms of the mountains down  
Ship'd in the whale's dark womb :  
Earth's bars about me seem'd anon  
My everlasting tomb :

Yet, Lord, my life thou didst restore  
From rotting death's abode,  
And mad'st my grave cast me ashore,  
O my almighty God.

- 7 For when amidst the rolling waves  
My heart was faint in me,  
I call'd to mind the Lord who saves,  
And sets the captives free :

Then from my goal my pray'r sent,  
Before thy face appear'd,  
Into thy holy temple went,  
And was in mercy heard.

- 8 All these from their own mercies swerve,  
Who their own duty shun,  
Who lying vanities observe,  
And scorn to kiss the Son.

- 9 But I with thankful voice will sound  
Thy glorious praise abroad ;  
I'll pay my vows ashore, undrown'd :  
Salvation is of God.

## S O N G II.

*A prayer of HABAKKUK the prophet, upon Sigionoth ;  
[or, according to the variable songs or tunes.]*

*Hab. iii. 2,—19.*

### S E C T. I HABAKKUK'S Prayer.

- 2 **L**ORD, I have heard thy awful speech,  
Which struck my heart with fears ;  
Revive thy work, Lord, I beseech,  
Amidst the woful years ;



*Ver.* Amidst the seventy years of thrall  
 Make known thy faithfulness :  
 In wrath, though just, to mind recall  
 Free mercy prone to bliss.

- 3 [Our fathers in their lowest state  
 Thine arm did safe uphold ;  
 Let hope revive while I relate  
 Thy wonders done of old.]

From Teman came the holy One ;  
 God came from Paran-hill :  
 O'er all the heav'ns his glory shone ;  
 His praise the earth did fill.

- 4 His brightness pure outshon the light,  
 Beams darted from each side ;  
 And there he pleas'd to shew his might,  
 Yet more his might to hide.

- 5 Before him went the pestilence,  
 And burning at his feet ;  
 Hot plagues went forth in Egypt, thence,  
 To guard his folks retreat.

- 6 He stood and mete the promis'd land :  
 He look'd but from above  
 Upon the heathen nations grand,  
 And them asunder drove.

States, that like moveless mountains were,  
 He scatter'd all abroad ;  
 Perpetual hills did bow with fear  
 At the rebuke of God.

[On him may Isra'l's children place  
 Their hope in ev'ry thrall ;]  
 His ways of pow'r, and truth, and grace,  
 Are everlasting all.

- 7 [They're still the same to dash and shake  
 The force that Zion harms :]  
 Lo ! Cushan tent and Midian's quake,  
 When God appears in arms !

- 8 Did heav'n against the rivers frown ?  
 Did wrath the sea betide ?  
 That thou didst mount thy horse, and on  
 Salvation's chariot ride ?

*Ver.* Nay, naked quite thy bow was made,

- 9 As thou didst say and swear  
To Isra'l's tribes, whose conquest spread  
To make thy truth appear.

With rivers to refresh thy flocks  
Earth cleft asunder seems :  
Thou turn'dst the floods to crystal rocks,  
The rocks to crystal streams.

- 10 On sight of thee did mountains quake,  
The flowing waves past by ;  
The deeps with noisy roaring spake,  
And hands uplifted high.

- 11 Both sun and moon stood still, and bright  
Within the circling spheres,  
To wait thy shining arrows flight,  
And speed thy glitt'ring spears.

- 12 Thou on thy march through Canaan's climes,  
In fury hot like fire,  
Didst judge the heathen for their crimes,  
And thresh them in thine ire.

- 13 Thy march was on thy peoples head,  
To save them as thine own ;  
To save them, and their armies lead  
By thine anointed One.

Crown'd heads thou from their royal seats  
Of wickedness didst wound ;  
Mad'st bare from foot to neck : their states  
Demolish'd to the ground.

- 14 The villages of Canaan's land  
Shar'd of their cities fate ;  
With Isra'l's slaves and arms in hand,  
Thou strackest through their pate.  
They like a tempest fierce came out  
To scatter, drive and foil :  
They join'd in hope, by sacred rout,  
Poor Isra'l's tribes to spoil.

- 15 But thou, to dash the sons of pride,  
And Isra'l's triumphs crown,  
Traversing seas, didst conqu'ring ride  
Great heaps of waters down.

*Ver.* Yet now, when threaten'd woes I heard

- 16 Would light on Isra'l's sons,  
My bowels quak'd ; I greatly fear'd,  
Corruption seiz'd my bones.

With quiv'ring lips at th' awful voice,  
Which did the heart-quake raise,  
I trembled, that I might rejoice,  
And rest in troublous days :

For when with furious troops the foe  
Comes up, in full career,  
He'll fiercely down the people mow,  
And into pieces tear.

SECT. II. *The Confidence of his Faith.*

- 17 [With sword pale famine will complot ;

But silence faithless fear :  
Although the fig-tree blossom not,  
Nor fruit on vines appear ;  
Though th' olives labour fail aloof,  
Fields yield no meat at all ;  
Though flocks be from the folds cut off,  
And cattle from the stall :

Yet in the Lord rejoice I will,  
In spite of all annoy ;  
The God of my salvation still  
Shall be my hope and joy.

- 19 The Lord's my strength, he'll make my feet.  
Like hinds t' out-run my woes ;  
He'll make me walk in heights, to smite  
And tread upon my foes.

*To the chief singer on my stringed instruments.*

S O N G III.

ISRAEL excited to sing Praise for their Salvation  
and Restoration. Zeph. iii. 14,—20.

- 14 O ZION, sing ! O Isra'l, raise  
The song with lifted voice !  
O Salem ! trebling high the praise,  
With all the heart rejoice.

- 15 God from thy woes hath set thee free,  
Thy foes swept to the door :  
The Lord thy King's in midst of thee,  
Thou shalt see ill no more.

*Ver.* To Salêm then it shall be said,

- 16 " Fear not thy foes attack ;  
 " To Zion, (for her builders aid)  
 " Let not thine hands be slack."

- 17 The Lord thy God, in midst of thee,  
 Is mighty to deliver ;  
 His mighty pow'r exert will he,  
 In saving thee for ever.  
 With joy he will o'er thee rejoice ;  
 He in his love will rest :  
 His joy shall o'er thee with the voice  
 Of singing be express'd.

- 18 Of thee are these who mourn sincere  
 Th' assembly solemn gone ;  
 The load of its reproach who bear  
 I'll gather them each one.

- 19 Lo! then, I will undo and rout  
 All that oppress'd thee have ;  
 I'll gather her that was driv'n out,  
 And her that halteth save.

To my reproached saints will I  
 Procure both praise and fame,  
 In ev'ry land, where formerly  
 They have been put to shame.

- 20 At gath'ring time I'll bring you home,  
 To make you a renown,  
 'Mong all that dwell on earth, to whom  
 You was before unknown.  
 'Tis done, when I before your eyes,  
 Ev'n I, (JEHOVAH says.)  
 Turn back all your captivities,  
 To set you for a praise.

#### S O N G IV.

*The Church exhorted to sing and rejoice for the  
 Coming of CHRIST, and his peaceable Kingdom.*

*Zech. ix. 9,—12.*

- 9 **O** ZION, with glad shouts around,  
 Meet thy approaching King!  
 Lo! with his righteousness renown'd,  
 Salvation comes on wing.



- Ver.* Behold his march, in lowly mode,  
 Bids earthly grandeur pass;  
 Despising pomp; the humble God  
 Comes riding on an ass!
- 10 He'll rule the heathen, not by dread,  
 But shall by preaching peace,  
 From sea to sea his empire spread,  
 And make rebellion cease.
- 11 Lo! by thy cov'nant-sealing blood  
 I'll set thy prisoners free  
 From out the pit, where nothing good,  
 Nor water sweet can be.
- 12 Turn, O ye prisoners of hope,  
 To Christ the strongest hold:  
 To-day I'll you insure a crop  
 Of comfort doubly told.

S O N G V.

*The Fountain of Purification opened.*

A paraphrase on Zech. xiii. 1.

GOOD news to men, still new and fresh,  
 While lasts the gospel-day,  
 A fountain shall be ope to wash  
 Their sin and filth away:  
 Wide ope to David's house and all  
 That dwell on Salem-ground;  
 To kings and subjects great and small,  
 That hear the joyful sound.  
 The sacred font to wash our stains,  
 Is pure and precious blood,  
 That issued from the dying veins  
 Of our incarnate God.  
 Lord wash me there; this blood alone  
 The fountain open'd so,  
 Hath pow'r sufficient to atone,  
 And make me white as snow.

## S O N G VI.

*CHRIST'S Sufferings and Glory.*

Zech. xiv. 7. Luke xxiv. 26.

**A**WAKE, said he, that rules the skies,  
My sword of vengeance great ;  
Awake and smite the man that is  
My fellow, and my mate.  
Soon, therefore, as he took their flesh,  
To take away our guilt,  
With justice' stern avenging lash  
His sacred blood was spilt.  
The waves of sorrow, ev'n to death,  
Did o'er his bosom roll ;  
And mountains of almighty wrath  
Lay heavy on his soul.  
But, O ! the wisdom, mercy, grace,  
That join'd with vengeance now !  
He dies to save our guilty race,  
And yet he rises too !  
A person so divine was he,  
Who yielded to be slain,  
That he could give his life away,  
And take his life again.  
He, for the crown of thorns and shame,  
Now wears a crown of gloire :  
Hell trembles at his awful name,  
And all the heav'ns adore.

*The END of the OLD-TESTAMENT SONGS.*

# SCRIPTURE SONGS.

## B O O K II.

NEW-TESTAMENT SONGS; or, SONGS upon  
Several *Select Passages* in the NEW TESTAMENT.

### P A R T I.

POEMS selected from the *Four Evangelists*.

Though the *Psalms of David* are truly excellent and sublime, containing the most suitable matter for praise and adoration, being the most spiritual, devotional, and divine collection of poetry extant; and nothing can be composed more proper to raise a pious soul to heaven, and waft it, as it were, to the very suburbs of glory, than some parts of that book: yet there are many passages in it peculiarly adapted to the Old-testament dispensation, of carnal rites and ceremonies; and, on that account, cannot be supposed to be so perspicuously clear and full of the grace and Spirit of the gospel. The consideration hereof hath induced many devout and piously-disposed persons ardently and sincerely wish that our *PSALMODY* were enlarged; not only by adding some other *Scriptural Songs* out of the Old Testament, but, particularly, by selecting a number from the New.

The *New Testament* is that portion of sacred writ which doth most plainly testify of Christ; and in which the gospel of the grace of God bringing salvation to sinners, doth shine most clearly. The *Four Evangelists* contain the history of our blessed Redeemer: and it was necessary the doctrine of Christ should be interwoven with, and founded upon the narrative of his birth, life, miracles, death, and resurrection. As there is no part of scripture more requisite for us to be acquainted with; so there is none that the generality of Christians are more delighted with: in regard, it not only yields them so much agreeable matter of instruction and meditation, profit and pleasure, but of *praise* also; for therein we find several divine songs, and very suitable matter for divine hymns: and so, from the Evangelists, the following songs are selected. S.

### S O N G I.

*A Prefutory Poem on the BABE in the Manger.*

Luke ii. 7,—16.

Ver. **B**EHOLD! a new-born tender Babe,  
In freezy winter night,  
In homely manger trembling lies;  
Alas! a piteous sight!

R r 2

The inns are full; no man will yield  
This little guest a bed;  
But forc'd he is, with silly beasts,  
In crib to shrowd his head.

Despise him not for lying there;  
First, what he is, enquire;  
An orient pearl has oft been found  
Ev'n in a dirty mire.

Weigh not his crib, his wooden dish,  
Nor beasts that by him feed;  
Weigh not his mother's poor attire,  
Nor Joseph's simple weed.

This stable is a Prince's court;  
The crib his chair of state;  
The beasts are parcels of his pomp,  
The wooden dish his plate.

The persons in the poor attire,  
His royal liv'ry wear;  
The Prince himself is come from heav'n,  
His pomp is prized there.

Let angels sing; let shepherds joy;  
Let sages from afar,  
By starry light directed here,  
Adore the nobler Star.

Let all that bears the Christian name  
Do homage to their King;  
And highly praise his humble pomp,  
Which he from heav'n did bring.

The sun that gilds the highest orb,  
The Ruler of the skies,  
Whose rays are under rags eclips'd,  
Within the manger lies.

The heav'ns at all their light may blush;  
The earth at all her pride;  
Her potentates their sparklings crowns,  
And trains may lay aside.

Of all their golden pompous robes  
Asham'd her princes be,  
When God's poor cottage on the earth  
His clouts and crew they see.



*Ver.* Behold all glorious things below,  
Their glory now despise;  
Since God most high does earth's contempt,  
More than her glory, prize.

## S O N G II.

*The Eight Beatitudes. Matth. v. 3,—12.*

- 3 BLESS'D are they who in spirit poor,  
Are drain'd of self-conceit;  
To them in Jesus is made sure  
Heav'n's kingdom, rich and great.
- 4 Bless'd are the mourners now for sin,  
Who sow by faith in tears;  
Their reaping time of joy within  
Shall be to endless years.
- 5 Bless'd are the meek, whose humble mind  
Of Jesus' spirit shares;  
The earth with heav'n shall be assign'd  
To them as proper heirs.
- 6 Bless'd are the souls that hunger much,  
And thirst for righteousness;  
A feast shall be prepar'd for such,  
A fill of heav'nly bliss.
- 7 Bless'd are the merciful to man;  
Though God them nothing owe,  
Yet mercy more they shall obtain,  
The more they mercy show.
- 8 Bless'd are the pure in heart and way,  
Through God's renewing grace;  
For none but such shall share for ay  
The vision of his face.
- 9 Bless'd are peace-makers kind, that aim  
To make all strife to cease;  
They shall be nominate with fame,  
Sons of the God of peace.
- 10 Bless'd are they who, for Jesus' sake,  
11 Bear shame, reproach, and pain:  
12 They shall, with glorious joy, partake  
Of his triumphant reign.

## S O N G III.

*The LORD's Prayer. Matth. vi. 9,—13.*

- 9 O UR Father, on thy heav'nly throne,  
Thy great name hallowed be;  
10 Thy kingdom come, thy will be done  
On earth, ev'n as on high.  
11 Give us our daily bread, and blefs  
What measure thou dost fend;  
12 Forgive our sins, as we through grace,  
Do these that us offend.  
13 Into temptation lead us not,  
Nor suffer us to stray;  
But graciously our good promote,  
From evil guard our way.  
For thine's the kingdom; pow'r, to thee,  
And glory, do pertain;  
As from and to eternity  
They did, and shall. Amen.

## S O N G IV.

*CHRIST's Address to GOD: Or, the sovereignty of  
Grace's Benefits, in CHRIST's Thanksgiving to  
the FATHER. Matth. xi. 25, 26. Luke x. 21.*

T HE man of sorrows, Jesus Christ,  
A mourner all his days,  
Yet once, in spirit glad, address'd  
To God this song of praise;  
O Father, Lord of heav'n and earth,  
Whose right it is withal,  
To doom the rebel man to death,  
Or raise him from his fall.  
I thank thee, that Heav'n's mysteries  
To babes thou showest bright,  
While from the learn'd and worldly-wise,  
Thou hides the saving sight.  
From men of prudence, and of pride,  
These things thou hast conceal'd,  
Which to thy weak and simple bride,  
Thou plainly hast reveal'd.

Ev'n so, dear Father, since thy will  
 Ordain'd it to be so;  
 For down the proud thou lov'st to pull,  
 And lay the haughty low.  
 [Thou dealing thus, dost sov'reignly  
 Thy great decrees fulfil;  
 Choose some to life, while others die;  
 Yet thou art righteous still.  
 Shall mortals grumble? shall a rush  
 Imagine God unjust?  
 Who soon, as he can make, can crush  
 A thousand worlds to dust.  
 O teach men, not thy deep *decree*,  
 But written *will* to trace;  
 And in thy Son to come and see  
 The wonders of thy grace.]

## S O N G V.

CHRIST's *Address to MAN: or, his Invitation to Sinners.*

Mat. xi. 27. 29. Luke x. 22. John iii. 35, 36.

**T**HE Father loves me, and has giv'n  
 All things into my hand;  
 All sov'reign pow'r in earth and heav'n,  
 To order and command.  
 None but the Father knows the Son,  
 None but the Son him see;  
 And only right the Father's known  
 In, by, and thorough me.  
 For, lo! I'm seal'd and set apart  
 A Prophet to display  
 The secrets of my Father's heart  
 And bosom, where I lay.  
 Come then, each lab'ring weary soul,  
 With sin or sorrow prest;  
 On me, by faith, your burdens roll,  
 And I will give you rest.  
 Take on my yoke, and learn of me,  
 For lowly is my mind,  
 And meek to teach you: thus shall ye  
 Soul-rest and quiet find.

*Ver.* My yoke is easy to the neck  
That does it kindly 'brace;  
My burden's light, ev'n to the weak,  
Through my supporting grace.

## S O N G VI.

*The Song of MARY. Luke i. 46,—55.*

- 46 **M**Y soul doth magnify the Lord,  
And high his praise elate;  
47 My spirit is with gladness stor'd,  
In God my Saviour great.  
48 For to his hand-maid's station mean,  
He hath regard express'd;  
And, lo! all ages yet unseen,  
Shall henceforth call me bless'd.  
49 For he that is the mighty One,  
Hath done great things to me:  
Most holy is his name alone,  
And still ador'd shall be.  
50 To them that fear him, and embrace  
The truth that cannot fail;  
His mercy is from race to race,  
Transmitted by entail.  
51 Strength with his arm God has display'd:  
The proud he did confound;  
Their projects to their hurt he made,  
And to his praise redound.  
52 The great and mighty from their thrones,  
Soon hurry down did he:  
But highly rais'd the humble ones,  
That were of low degree.  
53 The hungry with good things he fed,  
And fill'd to their content;  
Whereas the rich and full bestead  
Away he empty sent.  
54 He to his servant Isra'l kind,  
Did give his helping hand,  
And call'd his ancient love to mind,  
Recorded in his band:



*Ver.* Which to our Father's race of old,  
55 He did by oath secure,  
To Abr'am and his seed enroll'd,  
For ever to endure.

Long lay in his eternal breast  
The promise of his Son:  
*In thee shall nations all be bless'd \**,  
Was said, and shall be done.

## S O N G VII.

*The Song of ZACHARIAS.* Luke i. 68,—79.

SECT. I. *Respecting CHRIST.*

- 68 **B**LESS'D be Jehovah, Isra'l's God,  
Who now himself has come,  
To visit and redeem his folk  
From sin and slavish doom.
- 69 He in his servant David's house,  
Has rais'd, of David's line,  
An horn of safety sure for us,  
And full of pow'r divine:
- 70 As spake his holy seers of old;  
Who, since the world began,  
Have all, from time to time, foretold,  
How God would visit man.
- 71 That we should save from haters hands,  
And heavy bondage be:  
Much worse than Roman yokes and bands,  
From sin and Satan free.
- 72 To grant the mercy promised,  
And prove his promise true,  
Of old to our ancestors made,  
To us made out in view.
- 73 The destin'd bliss, the plighted truth,  
To his remembrance came,  
The holy cov'nant, seal'd by oath,  
And sworn to Abraham.
- 74 That we, deliver'd from their hand,  
Who hatred to us bear,  
In love might serve him at command,  
And without slavish fear:

\* Gen. xii. 3.

*Ver.* Might, through his grant of promis'd grace,

- 75 This loving service give,  
In holiness, and righteousness,  
Before him, while we live.

S E C T. II.

*Respecting John the Baptist, his office and work.*

- 76 And thou, child, shalt be call'd anon,  
(Into Elias' place.)  
The Prophet of the highest One,  
To go before his face.

- 77 The herald to prepare his way,  
And make salvation known:  
The Lamb that takes our sin away,  
The victim shall be shown.  
He shouts, "Behold! the object bless'd,  
"The Lamb of God on wing,  
"To save, by purchase, as a Priest;  
"By conquest, as a King \*.  
"He comes that's mightier than I;  
"I'll never claim his dues;  
"Nay, I'm unworthy to untie  
"The latchet of his shoes †."

- 78 Our God, in tender mercy nigh,  
Who first did light command,  
Has, by the day-spring from on high,  
Thus visited our land.

- 79 Clear to enlighten these that sit  
In darkest shades of death;  
And straight, to guide our wand'ring feet,  
In grace's peaceful path.

S O N G VIII.

*CHRIST'S Nativity celebrated: or, the first good  
News of our SAVIOUR'S Birth, by an Angel, to the  
Shepherds in Bethlehem; together with the Song  
of a numerous Company of Angels thereupon.*

*Luke ii. 8,—14.*

- 8 **W**HILE shepherds watch'd, in Bethle'm's fields,  
9 An angel bright appear'd;  
Heav'n's glory round them was reveal'd,  
At which they greatly fear'd:

\* John i. 29. 36.

† Matth. iii. 11.

*Ver.* Fear not at all, said he; for lo!

- 10 I bring, with sweet solace,  
Good tidings of great joy to you,  
And all the human race.
- 11 To you is born this day and date,  
In David's little town,  
A Saviour, the Messiah great,  
The Lord of high renown.
- 12 And this to you shall be the sign,  
You'll find the babe array'd,  
And wrapt in swaddling clothes, but mean,  
And in a manger laid.
- 13 Straightway with th' angel join'd aloud  
A num'rous shining throng,  
Of heav'nly harpers, praising God  
In this melodious song.
- 14 "All glory in the highest heav'ns,  
"To God be render'd still;  
"For peace on earth, benignly giv'n,  
"And towards men good-will.

## SONG IX.

*The Song of SIMEON, having the Babe, Jesus,  
in his Arms. - Luke ii. 29,—32.*

- 29 **N**OW, let thy favour'd servant, Lord,  
In peace depart and die,  
According to thy gracious word,  
Accomplish'd faithfully:
- 30 For thy salvation, with mine eyes,  
I see. The vision charms!  
My soul the fear of death defies  
When Christ is in my arms.
- 31 This long-expected bliss display'd,  
Before the peoples face;  
Still a-preparing while delay'd,  
Now shows thy truth and grace.
- 32 This is the light of life we view,  
To lighten Gentile lands:  
Thy people Isra'l's glory too,  
To break their slavish bands.

## S O N G X.

CHRIST'S *Preaching, Office, and Commission.*

Luke iv. 16,—23. Isa. lxi. 1.—4.

THE text was sweet which Jesus took,  
The doctrine, Come and see  
This scripture, in the sacred book,  
To-day fulfill'd in me :

On me the Sp'rit divine is shed,  
Anointing me to preach  
To poor and needy, tidings glad,  
And meek'ned souls to teach.

I'm come no friend to sin, but yet  
The sinners friend to be :  
Captives at liberty to set,  
And Satan's slaves to free :

From clouds of sin that souls benight,  
To clear the dark'ned mind ;  
And with the rays of saving light  
Illuminate the blind ;

I'm sent to heal the broken heart,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
Treasures to bankrupts to impart,  
And riches to the poor.

To make a proclamation free  
Of pardon, grace, and peace,  
The Lord Jehovah's jubilee,  
His year of sweet release.

His day of vengeance to declare  
On authors of annoy :  
That Zion's mourners all may share  
Of Zion's peace and joy.

For ashes he'll with beauty dress ;  
For grief with joy anoint ;  
And for the sp'rit of heaviness,  
The robe of praise appoint.

That trees of righteousness might be  
Their proper name descry'd,  
The planting of the Lord, that he  
May thus be glorify'd.



*Ver.* Such was the doctrine of solace  
That Jesus did impart;  
Such were his powerful words of grace  
To captivate the heart.

Welcome the preacher great, that comes  
For all these happy ends;  
This office justly he assumes,  
Whom God the Father sends.

## S O N G XI.

*The returning Prodigal. Luke xv. 13,—24.*

13 **T**HE rebel son, whose lust and wine,  
1415 Did all his fortune waste,  
16 Lo! how he sought among the swine  
The empty husks to taste.

17 But, coming to himself, he cries,  
Ah! where's my dainty cheer!  
My father's house hath full supplies;  
I die with hunger here.

18 I'll go, and mournfully confess  
The evil I have done,

19 And plead his pity in distress,  
On an unworthy son.

20 This said, he came, with speed and care,  
To seek his father's love;  
The father saw him from afar,  
And all his bowels move.

He ran, and fell upon theneck,  
Kiss'd and embrac'd his son:

21 Father, said he, I feel a check  
For follies I have done.

22 The joyful father said, Bring forth  
For him the best array;  
The diamond-ring of greatest worth,  
And throw his rags away.

23 A day of feasting I ordain;  
Let joy and mirth abound;

24 My son was dead, and lives again;  
Was lost, and now is found.

## S O N G XII.

*The Gospel Feast, and the Price of it.*

Luke xvi. 16,—24. 1 Pet. iii. 18.

**T**HY gospel-table's furnish'd, Lord,  
 With plenty from above;  
 The fruits of life o'erread the board,  
 The cup o'erflows with love.

Thy antient family, the Jews,  
 Was first call'd to the feast;  
 We Gentiles take what they refuse,  
 And glad the banquet taste.

We are the poor, the blind, the lame,  
 Made up of wounds and wants;  
 But at thy call, we come to claim  
 Supplies thy mercy grants.

What shall we pay th' eternal Son,  
 That left his high abode,  
 And to this wretched earth came down,  
 To bring us back to God?

To save our souls, and buy our lives,  
 It cost him ev'n his own:  
 He bought the unknown joys he gives  
 With agonies unknown.

Our endless love to him is due,  
 That ransom'd sinners lost,  
 And pity'd rebels, though he knew  
 What pains his love would cost.

## S O N G XIII.

*The Deity and Humanity of CHRIST; or, The GOD-MAN.*

John i. 1. 3. 14. Col. i. 16. Eph. iii. 9, 10.

**B**EFORE the heav'ns were spread abroad,  
 Was the eternal Word:

With God he was; the Word was God,  
 And is as God ador'd.

By his own pow'r all things were made;  
 By him upheld they stand:

He is the whole creation's head;  
 Hath th' angels at command.

Ere sin was hatch'd, or Satan fell :

He rul'd the morning-stars.

[His generation who can tell,

Or his unnumber'd years?]

Yet, lo! he leaves these heav'nly forms,

Descends and dwells in clay ;

That he may converse hold with worms,

Dress'd in such flesh as they.

Mortals, with joy, behold his face,

The eternal Father's Son,

When full of truth, and full of grace,

Thro' flesh the Godhead shone.

Arch-angels leave their high abode,

To learn their loves, and tell

The glories of th' incarnate God,

Our great Immanuel.

S O N G XIV.

*Believers saved, Unbelievers damned.*

John iii. 16, 17, 18. Mark xvi. 15, 16.

GOD lov'd the world of mankind so,  
He sent his only Son,

To save them all from sin and wo,

Who trust in him alone.

Not to condemn the sons of men,

The Son of God was sent ;

No weapons in his hand were seen,

No warlike instrument.

But by his word of grace he wins

Their hearts who hear him tell,

He's sent to take away their sins,

And save their souls from hell.

His lips have grace into them pour'd ;

His hands the blessing give :

If sinners then embrace his word,

They shall for ever live.

Believers happy are proclaim'd,

Whom Gospel-tidings draw ;

But unbelievers are condemn'd

Already by the law ;

*Ver.* Yea, double vengeance on them lies,  
 Who 'gainst the light rebel;  
 Who God's eternal Son despise;  
 Shall have the hottest hell.

## S O N G XV.

*CHRIST present to Faith upon the Gospel-Table, and in the sacramental Supper. John vi. 35. Luke xxii. 19.*

**J**ESUS is gone above the skies,  
 Where now we see him not;  
 And carnal objects court our eyes,  
 To thrust him from our thought.  
 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,  
 Forgetful of his face;  
 And, to refresh our minds, he gave  
 Memorials of his grace.  
 He oft the gospel-table spreads  
 With his own flesh and blood;  
 Faith on the rich provision feeds,  
 And tastes the love of God.  
 While he is absent from our sight,  
 'Tis to prepare a place,  
 Where we may dwell in heav'nly light,  
 For ever near his face.

## S O N G XVI.

*CHRIST the Way. John xiv. 1,—6.*

- 1 **L**ET not your hearts within you grieve,  
 Nor greatly troubled be;  
 Ye trust in God, ev'n so believe,  
 In, by, and thorough me.
- 2 Home to my Father's house I go,  
 Where many mansions are  
 Of bliss; and if it were not so,  
 I would have told you fair.
- 3 I go before, and in your name  
 Prepare a place for you;  
 I'll come again, and where I am  
 There take you with me too.



- 4 Thus where I'm bound you know; and may  
 5 Well understand the road;  
 6 For I'm the true and living way,  
 By which you come to God.

## S O N G XVII.

*CHRIST'S Miracles, wrought by him, to prove his  
 Godhead and divine Mission.*

Recorded by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

**T**HE miracles divine of old,  
 Wrought to confirm the law,  
 Were such, as all who did behold  
 Were struck with dread and awe:

Witness the signs in Egypt shown,  
 That men with terror fill'd;  
 Destructive plagues, nay, wrath unknown,  
 That man and cattle kill'd. \*

But now the wonders Jesus wrought,  
 To show that from above  
 His peaceful embassy was brought,  
 Are miracles of love.

Moses turn'd water first to blood,  
 Of dreadful scenes a sign:

*Mir.* But Christ, intending sinners good,

1 Turn'd water into wine.

2 He, doing good, went up and down,  
 And carry'd, as he past,  
 His heav'nly gifts from town to town,  
 And round him blessings cast.

To win th' obdurate Jews in vain  
 With profer'd bliss he strove:  
 His future glories they disdain,  
 And slight his Father's love.

If worldly pomp without annoy,  
 And empire he had giv'n;  
 'Twas that they wanted to enjoy,  
 And not his unseen heav'n.

Yet with good-will, in every place,  
 Salvation he reveal'd;

3 Dark minds enlighten'd by his grace;  
 4 Diseased bodies heal'd.

\* See Exodus vii, viii, ix, x, and xii. chapters.

*Mir.* Impetuous winds were by him slack'd,  
5 And waves his will obey'd;  
The stormy tempests, by him check'd,  
Aside their fury laid.

He made the raging ocean plain  
And smooth at his command;

6 And walked on the liquid main,  
As on the solid land.

7 He, with a word, did cure the lame,

8 And quickly heal the sick;

9 10 The lepers cleanse, restore the maim;

11 And made the dumb to speak.

12 He dæmons dispossess'd, who knew

This heav'nly stranger's pow'rs:

They from his awful presence flew  
Affrighted to their bow'rs.

13 He to the blind gave open eyes,

To see the light that shone:

14 He bad the mould'ring dead arise,

The dead arose anon.

15 He fed the multitudes when faint,

With new-created meat;

And faster did the food augment

Than all the croud could eat.

His care that distributed doles,

To do their bodies good,

16 Was more in feeding precious souls

With everlasting food.

To feed with manna from above

Was chiefly his employ;

His royal fare, a feast of love,

Of pardon, peace, and joy.

His miracles corporeal

Were but his pawns, in place

Of miracles spiritual,

And pledges of his grace.

17 With majesty he spoke, whom all

His audience did adore;

No man, (they did aloud propale,)

E'er spoke like him before.

*Mir.* The crew, whose swords did him surround,

- 18 He could have crush'd to death,  
With equal ease as to the ground  
He threw them with his breath.

- 19 But ev'n among the bloody band  
That seiz'd him did appear  
His loving heart, his healing hand,  
Restoring Malchus' ear.

- 20 What was in man he fully knew ;  
The heart of friends and foes  
He search'd, and pictur'd in their view  
The thoughts he would disclose.

- 21 He shew'd Nathanael's heart, and said,  
" Ere Philip called thee,  
" I saw thee underneath the shade,  
" The leaves of yonder tree ;  
" I all thy holy motions spy'd,  
" In yon retir'd abode :"  
On which Nathanael, " Rabbi, cry'd,  
" Thou art the Son of God."

- 22 He to th' amaz'd Samaritan,  
Her wicked life reveal'd,  
Which from the view of mortal man  
She thought had been conceal'd.  
Hence, " O come see a man," she said,  
" With perfect knowledge blest'd,  
" He told me all that e'er I did ;  
" And is not this the Christ ?"

- 23 When Judas base had but his vile  
And wicked scheme design'd ;  
Then Jesus told him all the guile  
And treason of his mind.

What lives and lies within the deep,  
Lay open to his view,

- 24 Who bad the fish the tribute keep  
Till fought as Cæsar's due.

When nought in fishing caught had been  
By toilers all the night ;

- 25 He caus'd the finny tribe convene,  
And fill their net on sight.

*Mir.* Nor were his mighty works confin'd  
To select friends he chose,  
But, like his love to human kind,  
Laid open to his foes.  
No hidden corner Jesus sought,  
Like forgers base of lies,  
But in the light his wonders wrought,  
Before a thousand eyes.  
Nor were his miracles of love  
Wrought in a scanty way;  
He prov'd his mission from above  
By wonders ev'ry day.  
Bright at his birth the comet blaz'd,  
That straight the wise-men led:  
Dark, at his death, the sun, amaz'd,  
With blushes veil'd its head.  
Of heav'n and earth the Rector bless'd,  
Did thus, in signals giv'n,  
His miracles on earth attest,  
By miracles in heav'n.



# SCRIPTURE SONGS.

## PART II.

POEMS selected out of the *Apostolical Epistles*.

### INTRODUCTION.

As the FOUR EVANGELISTS lay down the *foundation* of our holy religion, in the *history* and life of our blessed SAVIOUR, its great Author; so, the APOSTOLICAL EPISTLES open up the *mystery* of his death and resurrection. The Four Gospels show us how the foundation of the Christian church was laid; the Acts of the Apostles point out how the superstructure began to be raised, both amongst Jews and Gentiles: and the Apostolical Epistles contain a clear and compendious system of the great and important doctrines of the gospel, in order to edify, comfort, and build up the church.

The Apostles were endowed with a wonderful effusion of the Holy Spirit, and were under his infallible influence and guidance, both in preaching the gospel, and writing their Epistles; and all of them declare, that what they wrote was from God: and they being all men of undoubted probity, we may well credit them on this point. The fundamental articles of the Christian faith, being more fully discussed in these Epistles than elsewhere, tend mightily to influence practical godliness, out of a principle of divine love, a good conscience, and faith unfeigned; and also to produce evangelical obedience.

It is none of the least designs of the Christian institutes, to excite men unto, and engage them in, all the instances and acts of sincere love, and fervent devotion towards God: and accordingly we find in them abundance of very suitable matter both for instruction, meditation, prayer, and praise. When the different Epistles are carefully looked into, and examined with any degree of attention, we find there are interspersed many divine odes and sacred doxologies; and these lay a foundation for selecting the following Songs. S.

### S O N G I.

*Ruin by Sin, Relief by CHRIST.* Rom. v. 12. 21.

Ver. **O**UR two first parents happy stood,  
Till, soon as sin had place,  
They lost their garden, and their God,  
And kill'd their unborn race.  
Thus sprung the plague from Adam's bow'r,  
And ruin spread abroad;  
O cursed sin! that in one hour,  
Spoil'd six days work of God.

*Ver.* Tremble, O sinner ! mourn for grief,  
That such a foe's within :  
Fly, fly, to Christ for quick relief,  
And let him kill your sin.

## S O N G II.

*The Believer's Security in CHRIST : or, the Ground  
of Faith's Assurance about the Believer's unchange-  
able happy State. Rom. viii. 33,---39.*

- 33 **W**HO shall to th' elect's charge ought lay,  
Since God hath justify'd ?
- 34 Who shall condemn by any way,  
Since Christ the Surety died ?  
Who can adjudge their souls to hell,  
Since he, who in their stead  
Has suffer'd, seal'd their bliss so well,  
By rising from the dead ?  
Yea, now he lives and sits above,  
Still interceding there.
- 35 What can divide us from his love,  
Or tempt us to despair ?  
Shall persecution, or distress,  
A separation make ?  
Shall famine, sword, or nakedness,  
Love's bond asunder break ?
- 37 Nay, lo ! in all these things our Shield,  
Our Lover goes before,  
To make us ev'n upon the field  
Both conquerors, and more.
- 38 I'm sure no death nor life of ours,  
Nor angels troublesome ;  
Nor principalities, nor pow'rs,  
Things present, nor to come ;
- 39 Nor height, nor depth, nor any mode  
Of creatures might beside,  
Can separate our souls from God,  
Nor from his love divide.  
His love is fix'd in Jesus so,  
Where we have such a part,  
Not all that earth and hell can do  
Shall pluck us from his heart.

## S O N G III.

*The unsearchable Depth of divine Wisdom and Sovereignty, in the Rejection of the JEWS and the Calling of the GENTILES. Rom. xi. 33,—36.*

*Ver.* **O** DEPTH of wisdom, riches rare  
33 Of grace and mercy free!  
[That Gentile nations now should share  
The Jews felicity :

And that till Jews, through grace, repent,  
Their present dismal fall,  
Should thus be made subservient  
To Gentiles happy call!]

O depth of riches all divine!  
O fathomless abyss!

Wisdom and knowledge here combine,  
God's work alone is this.

How searchless are his judgments just!  
How traceless are his ways!

[With sweet and awful wonder must  
Both men and angels gaze.]

34 For, who hath known Jehovah's mind?  
What angel or what man,  
With him in privy counsel join'd  
Their help to form the plan!

35 Or, who hath e'er oblig'd him yet,  
By gifts, and dare upbraid,  
As having on him claims of debt  
And favours unrepaid?

36 For all things of him as the source,  
And through him as the guide,  
And to him as the end, by course,  
Still are, and shall abide.

To whom for stores of grace so free,  
Dealt in a sov'reign way,  
And praise and glory render'd be  
From henceforth and for ay.

## S O N G IV.

*The Apostle PAUL's Doxology for the Revelation of  
CHRIST by the Gospel: or, a Song of Praise to the  
Power and Wisdom of God. Rom. xvi. 25, 26, 27.*

Ver. **T**HE power and wisdom of our God,

25 Becomes our praises well;

For these, to save us, did explode

The pow'r and wit of hell.

Now to the God of pow'r, that can

Confirm and stablish you,

According to the gospel-plan,

Expos'd to open view:

Christ preached, making light to shine,

That clearly shows to man,

The mystery of grace divine,

Kept hid since time began:

26 But now by scripture lamps in hand,

Made manifest abroad;

And publish'd by express command

Of the eternal God:

That nations all may know and trace

The new and living path,

By yielding to the word of grace,

Th' obedience of faith.

27 To God, the only wise, alone

Be praise and glory then,

Through Jesus, his anointed one,

For evermore, Amen.

## S O N G V.

*The Glory of God in CHRIST,*

*1 Cor. i. 24. Psalm lxxxv. 10.*

**A**LL nature spreads, with open blaze,

Her Maker's name abroad;

And ev'ry work of his, displays

The pow'r and skill of God.

But in the grace that rescu'd man,

His brightest glory shines;

Here, on the, cross 'tis fairest drawn,

In precious bloody lines.



Here his whole name appears complete ;  
And who can guess, or prove,  
Which of the letters best are writ,  
The wisdom, pow'r, or love ?  
Justice and mercy, truth and grace,  
In all their sweetest charms,  
Here met, and join'd their kind embrace,  
With everlasting arms.

## S O N G VI.

*CHRIST'S Fourfold Name, suited to the sinner's Need.*

I Cor. i. 30.

GOD's knowledge, favour, image, bliss,  
Men by the fall have lost ;  
But Jesus the restorer is  
Of all these, to his cost.  
Sad evils, positive, with-all  
Our loss of God attend ;  
Great ignorance, guilt, filth and thrall,  
Which he alone can mend.  
His name hath attributes engrav'd  
Most curiously within,  
By which we may be fully sav'd  
From ev'ry ill in sin.  
Of God, he is made wisdom meet,  
Sin's folly to expose :  
Made also righteousness complete,  
Sin's chain of guilt to loose :  
Sanctification, down to cast  
Sin's reigning, slaying pow'r :  
Redemption full, that shall at last  
Its bitter brood devour.  
How dark and heavy is the night  
That hangs upon our eyes,  
Till Christ, our wisdom and our light,  
Doth o'er our souls arise ?  
Our guilty spirits are afraid  
To meet the wrath of Heav'n,  
Till in his righteousness array'd,  
We see our sins forgiv'n.

*Ver.* Our hearts and ways are vile, till he,  
 Who holiness commands,  
 Our whole sanctification be,  
 To wash our hearts and hands.

The pow'rs of hell our souls enchain,  
 Till our redemption come,  
 And, lawful captives to regain,  
 His conqu'ring pow'r assume.

In God alone lies all our bliss;  
 The bliss in Christ is stor'd,  
 That we may share of what he is,  
 By likeness to our Lord.

He is what God alone can be,  
 And all that can be giv'n;  
 Wise, righteous, holy, happy he,  
 Who thus is all our heav'n.

Yea, *all in all*, that sinners so  
 May be in him complete;  
 Wise, righteous, holy, happy too:  
 Bless'd be the match so meet.

## S O N G VII.

*The Excellency and Preference of Love.*

I Cor. xiii. 1,—13.

### S E C T. I.

*The most excellent Gifts nothing without Love.*

*Ver.* 1,—4.

1 **C**OULD I with men and angels vie  
 In language, without love;  
 Nought but a sounding brass would I,  
 Or tinkling cymbal, prove.

2 Could I both preach and prophesie,  
 All myst'ries understand;  
 Have knowledge all ingross'd in me,  
 All gifts at my command:

Yea, had I faith that could remove;  
 Great mountains to the main;  
 Yet were I destitute of love,  
 All would be void and vain.

Ver. Should I, with Pharisaic shew,

- 3 Be lavish of my store,  
And tender of my revenue,  
To feed the starving poor :

Yea, wanting love, though to the flame

My body give should I,  
To win the martyr's glorious name ;  
I nothing gain thereby.

[If without love to God and men,  
Though most devout I seem,  
Yet my religion all is vain,  
And but an empty dream.]

## S E C T. II.

*The Praise of Love, and its Preference to Faith  
and Hope. Ver. 4.—13.*

- 4 Love suffers long ; love envies not ;  
But evermore is kind ;  
Ne'er opes the mouth to boast of ought,  
Nor proudly puffs the mind.
- 5 Love carries not indecently ;  
Can selfish views exclude ;  
And lay her own advantage by,  
To seek her neighbour's good.
- Love thinks no ill ; nor, soon incens'd,  
E'er studies to annoy :
- 6 She grieves when sin and error's fenc'd ;  
But in the truth's her joy.
- 7 Love bears all hard things well for peace ;  
Believes all good things still ;  
Nor, for her neighbour's prejudice,  
Is credulous of ill.

Love hopes all things ev'n of the worst,  
And wills their happy change ;  
Endures all things ; nor can be forc'd  
By wrongs to hug revenge.

- 8 Love shall remain, and shall prevail  
In earth and heav'n above,  
When tongues shall cease, and prophets fail,  
And ev'ry gift, but Love.

- Ver. For but in part, while here from home,  
 9 We know ; but wait the day  
 10 When perfect interviews will come,  
 And partial fly away.  
 11 Here ev'ry notion, thought, and speech,  
 Our witless childhood shews ;  
 But there our souls shall manhood reach,  
 And slight our present views.  
 12 For now we see but through a glass,  
 Where light is darkly shown ;  
 But then, by vision, face to face,  
 We'll know, as we are known.  
 13 On earth, faith, hope, and love have place,  
 The third shall reign above ;  
 Of all, the greatest, fairest grace,  
 For God himself is Love.

## S O N G VIII.

*The Song of Triumph over Death and the Grave.*

*1 Cor. xv. 54,—58.*

- 54 FAITH sings although the body dies,  
 The promise is enjoy'd ;  
 This mortal shall immortal rise,  
 And death shall be destroy'd.  
 55 Where is thy killing sting. O death !  
 Addicted to devour ;  
 Through grace we now despise thy wrath,  
 And we defy thy pow'r.  
 O grave ! where is thy victory ?  
 The bolted prison, where ?  
 Our King victorious conquer'd thee,  
 And we the conquest share.  
 56 The sting of death is sin indeed,  
 The strength of sin the law :  
 But thence our law-fulfilling Head  
 Did sting and strength withdraw.  
 57 Thanks to the God of victory,  
 Who makes us thus, by faith,  
 In Christ our living Head on high,  
 Triumphant over death.



*Ver.* Then stedfast may our hearts remain,

58 And in his work abound;

Through whom our labour's not in vain,

With such an issue crown'd.

## S O N G IX.

*The World crucified by the Cross of CHRIST. Gal. vi. 14.*

**F**ORBID it, Lord, that I should boast

Of ought but Jesus' cross;

The richest gain, that tempts the most,

I count but fardid dross.

When him I view, who bore, in death,

My sins, upon the tree;

Then am I dead to all the earth,

The earth all dead to me.

Were this whole globe terrestrial mine,

The present were but small;

Love so amazing, so divine,

Demands my life, my all.

## S O N G X.

*A Doxology, or Song of Praise, for electing, regenerating, and redeeming Grace, and all spiritual Blessings in CHRIST. Eph. i. 3,—7.*

**B**LESS'D be the everlasting God

And Father of our Lord,

Who us in him, and through his blood,

With heav'nly blessings stor'd.

4 "My Son's mine elect first," he said,

Before he chose a man;

Then chose he us, in Christ our Head,

Before the world began.

Our characters were then decreed,

That we should holy be;

Blameless in love, a royal seed,

From sin and slav'ry free:

5 Predestinated to be sons,

A new regen'rate race;

Born by degrees, though chose but once,

To praise his glorious grace.



*Ver.* Here his accepting love began

6 In Christ, to stand unmov'd,

And firm to us, until he can

Forget his first Belov'd:

7 In whom we have redemption great,

Peace, pardon, and solace;

Bought with the richest blood, and yet

Brought from the richest grace.

### S O N G XI.

*The Apostle's Song, or Doxology: Or, a Song to the  
Love and Power of God. Eph. iii. 19, 20, 21.*

19 **T**O him whose love, that ev'n for strength  
Could conquer hell for men;  
And doth, in height, depth, breadth and length,  
Surpass created ken:

20 To him whose Pow'r and Will to save,  
Can do exceedingly  
Above what we can ask or crave,  
However great or high:

To him who so his mighty pow'r  
Has for and in us wrought,  
Can so exert it more and more  
Beyond our pow'r of thought:

21 To him be praise; yea, praises shall  
The church's work remain,  
By Christ his Son, through ages all,  
World without end, Amen.

### S O N G XII.

*CHRIST's deep Humiliation, and high Exaltation.  
Phil. ii. 5,—11.*

5 **A**LL ye that mention Jesus name,  
And are his folk design'd,  
Submits was he, be ye the same,  
And bear his humble mind.

6 Who, in the form of God, did hold  
The self-same Deity;  
Nor in him thought it robb'ry bold  
To equal God most High:

*Ver.* Yet made himself of no repute,

- 7 A mortal likeness wore;  
And cloth'd in human nature's suit,  
A servant's form he bore.

- 8 Thus ev'n his manhood he deprest'd,  
Nor made his Godhead shine;  
But vail'd his glory, and abas'd  
His majesty divine.

To bear our guilt, exceeding gross,  
He stoop'd exceeding low;  
Submits to death, ev'n on the cross,  
In all its shame and wo.

- 9 God therefore hath exalted him,  
Above the starry frame;  
And giv'n him, on his throne sublime,  
A name 'bove ev'ry name:

- 10 That at his name should ev'ry knee  
Bow down, and none rebel;  
But own his awful sway to be  
O'er heav'n, and earth, and hell.

- 11 That ev'ry tongue confess and blaze,  
That Jesus Christ is Lord:  
And thus, to God the Father's praise,  
The Son may be ador'd.

### S O N G XIII.

*Justification by Faith alone in CHRIST'S Righteousness.*

*Phil. iii. 7, 8, 9.*

- 7 **L**ORD, through thy grace, I'll boast no more  
In duties I have done;  
I quit the hopes I held before;  
And only trust thy Son.

What was my gain, I for his name,  
Do now account my loss:  
My former glory is my shame,  
I nail it to his cross.

- 8 Yea, doubtless, I all things esteem  
But loss for Jesus' sake,  
That so I may, while found in him,  
His righteousness partake.

*Ver.* The choicest service of my hands

- 9 Dares not to face thy throne;  
But faith, to answer thy demands,  
Can plead what Christ has done.

### S O N G XIV.

*PAUL'S Doxology, or Thanksgiving, for saving Mercy.*

*1 Tim. i. 15, 16, 17.*

- 15 **B**OTH true and good, this word of grace  
Demands a firm belief,  
"Christ came to save a sinning race,"  
Of whom I am the chief.

- 16 In me he did a pattern give  
Of mercy, rich and rife,  
To sinners great, that should believe  
To everlasting life.

- 17 Now, unto this eternal One,  
The King that never dies,  
That is invisible, unknown,  
Unseen by mortal eyes.

To God, the only wise, be giv'n  
What doth to him pertain,  
All glorious praise, in earth and heav'n,  
For ever and Amen.

### S O N G XV.

*The great Gospel-Mystery. 1 Tim. iii. 16.*

**T**HE mystery of Godliness  
Is doubtless very great,  
God manifested in the flesh,  
To bless the humble state.

God in the Spirit justify'd,  
To shew he was involv'd  
In justice' score, as bail, instead  
Of these he'll have absolv'd.

God seen of angels, wrapt in flesh,  
And waisted up to glory,  
To feast their eyes with wonders fresh  
In him they all adore.

Ver. God preach'd to Gentiles Heav'n's glad news,  
To earth's long banish'd race,  
Despised Geeks, with fav'rite Jews,  
Now equaliz'd by grace.

God-man believ'd on in the world,  
Who far from God did roam;  
And grace's conqu'ring chariot hurl'd  
Around to bring him home.

God-man received up to glory,  
From thence to send the Dove,  
To shew and seal the hidden store,  
The mysteries of love.

## S O N G XVI.

*A Song of Praise to God, as a powerful, immortal,  
and invisible Being. 1 Tim. vi. 15, 16.*

15 OUR God, the ever-blessed One,  
The only Potentate,  
Is King of kings, and Lord of lords,  
In mightiness and state:

16 Who only, in and of himself,  
Hath immortality;  
Who dwells in light to which no man  
Is able to come nigh.

[ 'Tis far beyond blind mortal eyes  
To see his bright abode;  
Beyond created minds to glance,  
A thought half way to God.

Infinite leagues beyond the heav'ns  
Th' Eternal reigns alone:

Nor human minds, nor finite wings,  
Can mount the toplefs throne.]

Th' invisible, whom none has seen,  
Nor eyes of flesh can see,  
Yet lov'd and much ador'd has been,  
And shall for ever be.

To him let us and ev'ry tribe  
Of saints and angels then,  
The highest honour still ascribe,  
And endless pow'r, Amen.



## S O N G XVII.

PAUL's departing Song. 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8. 16, 17, 18.

## S E C T. I.

*A Saint prepared to die, and assured of Heaven.*

- 7 **N**OW, my departure is at hand :  
 I've wag'd a warfare good ;  
 Finish'd my course ; and to the end,  
 In Christ, hath faithful stood.
- 8 Hence, when he comes, there is for me  
 Laid up a crown of blis ;  
 With which, by his donation free,  
 He then my head will grace.
- Nor will the righteous Judge alone  
 To me this praise convey,  
 But to them all that love and long  
 For his approaching day.

SECT. II. *Experience of divine Aid, improved for  
 strengtbening Faith. Ver. 16, 17, 18.*

- 16 In straits all men deserted me,  
 But Jesus by me stood,
- 17 Both in my work and war to be  
 My help and fortitude.
- 18 And now the Lord shall me secure  
 From ev'ry ill design,  
 And to his heav'nly kingdom sure  
 Preserve this soul of mine.
- God is in Christ my constant aid ;  
 Hell then shall rage in vain.  
 To him be highest glory paid,  
 And endless praise, Amen.

## S O N G XVIII.

*The steady Promise ; or, the sure Ground of the  
 Believer's Faith. Heb. vi. 17, 18, 19.*

- O**FT earth, and hell, and sin have strove,  
 To rend my soul from God ;  
 But everlasting is his love,  
 Seal'd with his Darling's blood.

*Ver.* The oath and promise of the Lord  
 Join to confirm his grace;  
 Eternal pow'r performs the word,  
 And brings the strong solace.  
 Amidst temptations, sharp and long,  
 I to this refuge flee:  
 Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,  
 When storms enrage the sea.  
 The gospel bears my spirit up;  
 The never-changing God  
 Lays, for my triple ground of hope,  
 The word, the oath, the blood.

## S O N G XIX.

*A Song to the God of Peace and Grace. Heb. xiii. 20, 21.*

SECT. I. *Of Peace and Reconciliation.*

20 **T**HE God of peace, whose mighty love  
 To life restores the dead,  
 His pow'r to quicken us did prove,  
 By raising up our Head;  
 Our glorious Lord, the Shepherd great  
 Of all his Father's sheep,  
 Him brought he victor from the gate  
 Of death's devouring deep:  
 Brought thro' the blood, that bought the bliss  
 Of life, and thus reveal'd  
 How mercy reigns through righteousness,  
 How God is reconcil'd.  
 The blood that satisfaction gave  
 To justice most condign,  
 Did from the prison of the grave  
 Our Surety justly bring:  
 Whose blood is by an antient grant,  
 (That faith might never fail,)  
 Of th' everlasting covenant,  
 The everlasting seal.

SECT. II. *Of Grace and Sanctification.*

21 **N**ow, may the God, that made the peace,  
 Make us so perfect too,  
 In ev'ry work of holiness,  
 That we his will may do.

*Ver.* Still working in us by his might  
 That purity alone,  
 Which is well-pleasing in his sight,  
 Through Jesus Christ his Son :  
 To whom be glory evermore,  
 For peace and grace so free ;  
 Let heav'n and earth his name adore,  
 Amen ; so let it be.

## S O N G XX.

*A Song of Praise to God for Regeneration to a lively  
 Hope of eternal Life. 1 Pet. i. 3, 4, 5.*

- 3 BLESS'D be th' eternal God of peace,  
 The Father of our Lord ;  
 Let his abundant mercy, grace  
 And love, be still ador'd ;  
 Who from the dead his Son brought up,  
 And rais'd him to the sky,  
 To breed in us a lively hope  
 That we should never die.  
 Though sin inherent justly throws  
 Our bodies to the dust ;  
 Yet, as the Head victorious rose,  
 So all the members must.
- 4 To an inheritance divine,  
 Which, uncorrupt for ay,  
 And unpolluted, pure, and fine,  
 Can never fade away.
- 5 'Tis safe reserv'd in heav'n for all,  
 Who safe are kept for it,  
 By pow'r divine, through faith that shall  
 To grace divine submit.  
 Saints wait by faith this glory vast,  
 Which waits as well as they,  
 Prepar'd, and ready for the last,  
 The revelation-day.

## S O N G XXI.

*A Doxology, prefaced with a Precept and Prayer ;  
or, the Devil defeated by Faith, well fixed and  
furnished. 1 Pet. v. 8,—11.*

- Ver. **B**E sober, vigilant, and stout;  
8 For ev'ry day and hour,  
Your foe, the devil, walks about.  
Still seeking to devour.
- 9 Whom, by a steady faith, resist,  
In Christ the Captain's name;  
Knowing your fellow-soldiers blest,  
Your warfare is the same.
- 10 But may the God, and source of all  
Your grace and warlike store,  
Who did by Jesus Christ you call  
To his eternal gloire;  
After your short while's suff'ring now,  
May he perfect you all,  
Establish, strengthen, settle you,  
Firm like a brazen wall.
- 11 To him whose all-sufficiency  
Alone can thus sustain,  
All glory and dominion be  
For evermore, Amen.

## S O N G XXII.

*Growth in Grace, with a Doxology. 2 Pet. iii. 18.*

**T**HAT error and apostasy  
May have in saints no place,  
The heav'nly precept is, that we  
Should daily grow in grace.  
And therein all that would be stor'd,  
And still with increase blest,  
Should grow in knowledge of the Lord,  
And Saviour Jesus Christ.  
To him, (the more of whom we know,  
The more of grace we gain,)  
All glory be ascrib'd, both now,  
And evermore, Amen.



Ver.

## S O N G XXIII.

*The World's three great Temptations.*

2 John ii. 15, 16.

**A**VOID this world's most dangerous three,  
 Vain pleasures, pomp, and pelf:  
 Not these, but God thy portion be,  
 Else thou'lt destroy thyself.  
 Son, tell them when they court thine ear,  
 And thine affection woo,  
 " I cannot buy your blifs so dear,  
 " Nor part with Heav'n for you."

## S O N G XXIV.

*The Doxology of the Apostle JUDE: Or, a Song of  
 Praise for the Ground and Hope of Perseverance  
 and Perfection. Ver. 24, 25.*

- 24 **T**O him that's able to preserve  
 Your feet from falling quite,  
 When tempted from the truth to swerve  
 By hellish guile and spite:  
 That's able to present you fair  
 And faultless at his seat,  
 Before his glorious presence there  
 With joy exceeding great:
- 25 Ev'n unto God, the only wise,  
 Yea, infinitely so;  
 And who alone our Saviour is,  
 And our salvation too:  
 To him be glory, majesty,  
 Authority, and pow'r,  
 So be it, and so shall it be,  
 Both now and evermore.

# SCRIPTURE SONGS.

## P A R T III.

### POEMS selected from the REVELATION.

#### INTRODUCTION.

The APOCALYPS, or the Book of the Revelation of JOHN the Divine, contains a discovery of the deep things of GOD, which no man knows, but the Spirit of God, and these to whom he reveals them: which things were before hidden and secret, and could never have been searched out, by the reasoning of human minds; but are now manifested for the common good of the church of Christ. The matter and scope of this book is a prediction of the most important events that should happen till the end of time, relative both to the present and future state of the church, the things which are, and shall be hereafter.

From the beginning, the church of God has been blessed with Prophecy, and several Visions. The glorious prediction of the breaking of the serpent's head, was the support of the patriarchal age: and the many prophecies that were concerning the MESSIAH to come, were the Gospel of the Old Testament. CHRIST himself, concerning whom all the prophets bear witness, prophesied concerning the destruction of Jerusalem; and, about the time in which it was accomplished, he intrusted the Apostle JOHN with the Book of the Revelation, for the support of the faith of his people, and the direction of their hope. Particular Visions were also sometimes made unto some of the Lord's peculiar favourites; as Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, &c.; and tend mightily to the good and comfort of the Church.

The first three chapters of this Book are plain, and the most easily understood of any part of it; and, among other things, contain the Epistles to the seven different churches of Asia: the other parts of it are more mysterious and difficult to comprehend. We have many Visions interspersed, shewn to the Apostle JOHN, who was wafted, as it were, within the vail, and heard and saw great and glorious things: he was favoured with a view not only of the glorious Person of the Son of GOD, but of the great GOD himself, on his throne; a display of the heavenly glory, the splendor of the New Jerusalem, and the magnificence of the celestial throne, &c.: and also, to hear what was the employment of the glorious assembly, even their celebrating the high praises of God; and likewise to know what was the subject-matter of these heavenly anthems, viz. the blessed REDEEMER, his glorious excellencies, wonderful works, and great exploits; and the amazing events that should hereafter take place.

That the saints themselves may join in the chorus of these celestial worshippers, and attempt to accent the notes of the heavenly anthems, the song of Moses and the Lamb, even while in this embodied state, the following hymns are selected from this book. S.

#### S O N G I.

*Song to the REDEEMER. Rev. ii. 5,—8.*

SECT. I. His Redeeming Love.

Ver. **T**O him that loved us to death,  
5 And wash'd us in his blood  
From sin, that we, the heirs of wrath,  
Might 'scape the threat'ning flood:  
6 To him that made us kings and priests,  
Ev'n unto God most high,  
His Father; who, at his request,  
Admits the rebels nigh:

*Ver.* To our atoning Priest be praise,  
 To our exalted King,  
 Let the redeem'd, with lofty lays,  
 Immortal honours sing.

SECT. II. His second Coming, and glorious Name.

7 Behold, he comes, with flying clouds,  
 Whom ev'ry eye shall see!  
 A piercing sight, alas! to crouds,  
 Who now his piercers be.

The wicked world shall weep and wail:  
 But saints shall bless the day,  
 Who wait his coming without fail,  
 And wish't without delay.

8 I am, of all the times that pass,  
 The first, the last, the sum,  
 Th' almighty God, which is, and was,  
 And ever is to come.

## S O N G. II.

*The Song of the Church to the LAMB, upon the  
 opening of the sealed Book. Rev. v. 1,—10.*

1, 2 **G**OD's book of dark and deep designs,  
 Clos'd with a seven-fold seal,

3, 4 No man could loose, nor read the lines,  
 His counsel to reveal.

5 But David's root, of Judah's tribe  
 The Lion, has prevail'd;  
 To take, and open, and describe  
 The sacred volume seal'd.

6, 7 Seven seals to loose, the Lamb in view  
 Enthron'd, as slain before,  
 Presents seven eyes, seven horns, to shew  
 His wisdom and his pow'r.

8 The elders worship at his feet,  
 The church adores around,  
 With vials full of odours sweet,  
 And harps of joyful sound.

9 Those odours are the pray'rs of saints;  
 These harps the hymns they raise:  
 New to the Lamb they pay their rents,  
 New is their song of praise:

Ver. " Thou worthy art to take the book,  
 And open ev'ry seal,  
 Who to the Father's heart canst look,  
 And shew his secret will.  
 Since thou, for crimes of ours, was slain,  
 Of ours, and not thine own,  
 Thou worthy art to rise and reign,  
 And fill thy Father's throne.  
 From ev'ry kindred, nation, tongue,  
 Thou broughtst thy chosen race;  
 And distant isles have seen and sung  
 The wonders of thy grace.  
 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,  
 And set the captives free;  
 10 Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
 And we shall reign with thee:  
 Reign ev'n on earth; for, by thy word,  
 Our honour there is vast,  
 To rule us with a two-edg'd sword,  
 And judge the world at last."

## S O N G III.

*The Song of the Angels and Church together.*

Rev. v. 11, 12.

- 11 **C**OME, let us join our chearful songs  
 With angels round the throne;  
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
 But all their joys are one.
- 12 Worthy's the Lamb that died, they cry,  
 To be exalted thus;  
 Worthy's the Lamb, our lips reply,  
 For he was slain for us.  
 He's worthy to receive all pow'r,  
 And riches all beside,  
 Wisdom, and strength, and honour, glore,  
 And blessings on his head.  
 [Pow'r and dominion are his due,  
 Though doom'd at Pilate's bar;  
 Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,  
 Tho' charg'd with madness here.



*Ver.* All riches are his native right,  
 Who bore amazing loss;  
 To him belongs eternal might  
 Who felt the weak'ning cross.  
 To him be lasting honours paid,  
 Instead of shame and scorn,  
 While glory shines around his head,  
 A crown without a thorn.  
 He bore the curse for man that fell,  
 To him be blessing giv'n :  
 The Lamb that sap'd the gate of hell,  
 Hath gain'd the praise of heav'n.  
 Thus angels crown their Lord, you see;  
 More fit to him may sing,  
 Worthy's the Lamb, our kin, to be  
 Our Prophet, Priest, and King.]

## S O N G IV.

*The Song of all the Creatures. Rev. v. 13, 14.*

**W**HEN lapfed men were fav'd from hell  
 By Jesus' precious blood,  
 And wretches, that did once rebel,  
 Were made the friends of God :  
 When faints and angels had begun  
 Praise to the Lamb to fing;  
 With echoes to the fong anon  
 Both heav'n and earth did ring :  
 The creatures all that groan'd before  
 Through man's accursed fall,  
 Join'd with the fingers to adore  
 The Lamb that eas'd their thrall.  
 Lo! all that dwell above the fky,  
 And in air, earth, and feas,  
 Conspire to lift his glories high,  
 And fpeak his endless praise.  
 The whole creation join in one,  
 To blefs the f acred name  
 Of him that fits upon the throne,  
 And to adore the Lamb.

Pow'r, honour, blessing, praise, said they,  
Beyond what we can pen,  
Be giv'n to him, that lives for ay,  
By creatures all, Amen.

## S O N G V.

*The Song of Saints and Angels, after the sealing of  
the Servants of GOD: also the Happiness of faith-  
ful Sufferers for CHRIST. Rev. vii. 10,—17.*

- 10 **A**DORING saints made this their psalm,  
Salvation to our God,  
That sits enthron'd, and to the Lamb,  
That wash'd us in his blood.
- 11 Amen, said hosts of angels bright,  
12 For to our God pertain  
Thanksgiving, wisdom, glory, might,  
For evermore, Amen.
- 13 But who are these, our heav'nly mates,  
Thus cloth'd in white array?  
Whence came they to the happy seats  
Of everlasting day?
- 14 Lo! these are they, the friends of God,  
Thro' suff'ring great who came,  
And wash'd their raiments white in blood,  
The blood of Christ the Lamb.
- 15 Now they approach JEHOVAH's throne,  
And serve him night and day;  
His presence fills them ev'ry one  
With glorious joy for ay.
- 16 No more shall hunger pain their heart;  
Nor parching thirst annoy;  
Nor scorching sun, nor hottest smart,  
Henceforth abate their joy.
- 17 The Lamb that fills the middle throne,  
To shed his milder beams,  
Shall feed his flock, and lead them on  
To drink of living streams.  
Renew'd shall be their sweet solace  
Thro' rounds of endless years;  
And the soft hand of sov'reign grace  
Shall wipe away their tears.

## S O N G VI.

*The Song of the Saints and Angels, after the sounding of the seventh Trumpet; or, the Kingdom of CHRIST and the Day of Judgment. Rev. xi. 15,—18.*

15 **K**INGS of the earth with glad accord,  
Shall, for their nobler gain,  
Give up their kingdoms to the Lord,  
Who shall for ever reign.

16 Great God, thou dost thy pow'r assume,  
We give thee thanks for this;

17 Thou art, and wast, and art to come,  
And thine the kingdom is.

18 The angry nations fret and roar,  
And vex themselves in rage,

• That they can slay the saints no more,  
Nor hunt them off the stage.

But on the wings of vengeance flees

• Our great and mighty God,  
To pay, with int'rest, resting foes,  
And long arrears of blood.

The Judge appears, the martyrs rise,  
To share the grand solace;

Come, come, ye saints, receive the prize,  
The full reward of grace.

Destroyers rise, and new appear

Before the hated throne,

The last decisive doom to hear;

Ye sons of wrath, be gone.

## S O N G VII.

*The Church's Song, upon the Devil's being vanquished; or, upon Michael's War with the Dragon.*

Rev. xii. 7,—12.

7, 8 **L**ET mortal tongues attempt to sing  
Heav'n's wars, when Micha'l stood  
Chief general of th' eternal King,  
And fought in name of God.

*Ver.* Against the dragon and his host,  
God's armies did prevail;  
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,  
Their hellish weapons fail.

9 Down to the earth was Satan thrown,  
10 And down his legions fell;  
Then was the trump of triumph blown,  
And shook the gates of hell.

Now day is come, and night is past,  
Christ has assum'd his pow'r:  
The grand accuser down is cast  
From heav'n, to rise no more.

11 'Twas by the blood of Christ the Lamb  
Saints trode the tempter down;  
And by his faithful word o'ercame,  
To their immense renown.

Their mortal lives they loved not,  
But gave them up to death,  
In love to him for whom they fought,  
And spent their vital breath.

12 Rejoice, ye heav'ns, let ev'ry star  
Shine brighter round the sky:  
Saints, while you sing the heav'nly war,  
Raise Jesus name on high.

But wo to earth's indwellers all!  
For Satan's last effort  
Is in great wrath on you to fall;  
His time, he knows, is short.

## S O N G VIII.

*A Song concerning the Blessedness of the Dead,  
that die in the Lord. Rev. xvi. 13.*

**W**RITE, said the heav'nly voice, record,  
That blest are all the dead,  
Who die in Jesus Christ the Lord:  
Yea, yea, the Spirit said;  
That henceforth happily they may  
From all their labours rest,  
Through sin and suff'rings here-away,  
Which did their peace molest.



Their works of love amidst annoy,  
Which did their faith declare,  
Shall follow them to heav'n with joy,  
And rich perfection there.

These works before them never go  
As titles to the bliss,  
But follow them, to prove and show  
How clear their title is.

From union to their living Lord,  
Their fruits did all proceed;  
And now they reap the great reward,  
The purchase of their Head.

## S O N G IX.

*The Song of MOSES and the LAMB; or, Babylon  
falling. Rev. xv. 2, 3, 4. xvi. 19. xvii. 6.*

**E**ACH Test'ment, old and new, belong  
To saints that overcame;  
For Christian harps unite the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

What wrath did Phar'oh's pride suppress,  
Great Babel down shall bring,  
Whose martyrs, on a sea of glass,  
Thus over her shall sing:

O mighty God, thy works are great  
And wond'rous in our view:  
Thou King of saints, that reign'st in state,  
Thy ways are just and true.

Thy glorious checker-works and ways,  
Of vengeance and of grace,  
Put all beholders in a maze  
Of terror or solace.

Who dare refuse, with fearless heart,  
To bow before the throne,  
And glorify thy name who art  
The only holy One?

With rev'rence come all nations must,  
And worship at thy feet;  
For men shall see thy vengeance just,  
Our victory complete.

## S O N G X.

*A Song on Babylon's being fallen. Rev. xviii. 20, 21.*

**R**EJOICE, ye prophets, and ye faints,  
 O'er Babel's ruins sing;  
 God shall avenge your long complaints,  
 And down the harlot bring.  
 In Gabriel's hand a mighty stone  
 Was lifted from the shore;  
 A symbol of great Babylon,  
 Just now a-throwing o'er.  
 He spoke, and dreadful as he stood  
 Above the ocean's foam,  
 He sunk the millstone in the flood,  
 And swift pronounc'd the doom:  
 " Thus terribly, with violence,  
 " Shall bloody Babel fall:  
 " Thus plung'd in wrath's abyfs, and thence  
 " Be found no more at all."

## S O N G XI.

*The triumphant Song of Saints and Angels, for the fall of Babylon. Rev. xix. 1,—4.*

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, for evermore,  
 And sound his fame abroad;  
 Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,  
 Be to the Lord our God:
- 2 For true and right his judgments were,  
 Who judg'd the harlot great,  
 Whose whoredoms vile did ev'ry-where  
 Corrupt the earth of late.
- 3, 4 Let prayers be to praises chang'd,  
 For at her hand his sword  
 Has now his servants blood aveng'd,  
 Amen, praise ye the Lord.  
 'Tis just that she the blood repay  
 Of saints her hands have slain.  
 Let fingers Hallelujahs say,  
 Praise ye the Lord, Amen.

## S O N G XII.

*The EPITHALAMIUM; or, Marriage Song.*

Rev. xix. 5,—9.

5 PRAISE ye our God, his servants all,  
That on him daily wait:

And ye that fear him, great and small,  
His praises celebrate.

6 With hosts above join your assent,  
Who Hallelujah say;

For God the Lord omnipotent  
Reigns in a sov'reign way.

7 Joy to ourselves let us assume,  
To him give honour due;

The marriage of the Lamb is come,  
His bride's made ready too.

8 In favour great to her he grants  
The raiment fair and fine;

'Tis clean and white, the robe of saints,  
The righteousness divine.

9 O bless'd are they, that now, by name,  
Are call'd of God, to share,

The marriage-supper of the Lamb,  
And taste the royal fare.

Write, said the message, with design

These sayings go abroad:

And write, to found a faith divine,

*These are the truths of God.*

## S O N G XIII.

*The New Heav'n and new Earth.* Rev. xxi. 1,—9.

1 A NEW-MADE world appear'd so gay,  
The old was no more seen;

Heav'n, earth, and sea were roll'd away,  
As if they ne'er had been.

2 Jerus'lem new came from above,  
Like Paradise restor'd,

Prepar'd, as when the bride of love  
Is deck'd to meet her Lord.

- 3 The shouting Heav'ns cry'd out, Behold,  
God's dwelling is with man!  
They shall be his; he'll keep his hold,  
And be their God and gain.
- 4 His tender hand shall wipe the tears  
From ev'ry weeping eye;  
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,  
And death itself, shall die.  
The former things away are fled,  
To be no more in view:
- 5 He sat upon the throne, who said,  
Lo! I make all things new.
- 6 I'm Alpha and Omega too,  
The origin and end:  
Unto my royal orders now,  
Let mortals all attend:  
To him that thirsts, I'll freely give,  
O' th' well of life his fill;  
And he that drinks shall ever live,  
Come whosoever will.
- 7 The saint that conquers sin, shall be  
Of all things heir by line;  
For I shall be his God, and he  
A son and heir of mine.
- 8 But whoremongers, adulterers,  
Despising God's commands,  
Idolaters, and forcerers,  
And men of bloody hands;  
The faithless, and the scoffing crew,  
That spurn at offer'd grace;  
The devil's sordid retinue,  
And all the lying race:  
These shall be doom'd all to partake  
Of ever-burning wrath;  
And thrown into the fiery lake,  
Which is the second death.
- 9 But happy, on the other side,  
Appear the heirs of life:  
Heav'n's glory crowns the beauteous bride,  
The Lamb's beloved wife.



## S O N G XIV.

*Heaven a glorious and holy State. Rev. xxi. 22,—27.*

22 **N**O temple's seen, nor sun above,  
Where God the Lord of might,  
And Christ the Lamb, for ever prove  
The temple and the light.

23 Pure are the pleasures found on high  
Where no uncleanness is ;

24 No wanton lips, nor carnal eye,  
Can taste or see the bliss.

25 These gates of holiness out-bar

26 Pollution, sin, and shame ;

27 None enter there, but these that are  
The followers of the Lamb.

He keeps the book of life, where all  
Their elect names are found :

No hypocrite, nor liar, shall  
E'er tread the heav'nly ground.

## S O N G XV.

*The Church's Prayer for CHRIST's second Coming.  
Rev. xxii. 20.*

**W**HEN he who came, says, Surely, lo !

I quickly come again  
To Judge, with justice, high and low ;  
Glad Zion says, Amen.

Ev'n so, Lord Jesus, come away,

O haste ! as thou hast said,

The glorious retribution day,

When dues shall all be paid.

## S O N G XVI.

*The Conclusion ; or, ending Prayer : Or, the Apostle's  
Benediction. Rev. xxii. 21. 2 Cor. xiii. 14.*

**T**HE grace of Christ, our help complete ;  
The Love of God serene ;

The Holy Ghost's communion sweet ;

Be with you all, AMEN.

*The END of the SCRIPTURE SONGS.*

MISCELLANEOUS

P O E M S.

CONTAINING

I. FUNERAL POEMS ON THE DEATH OF SOME  
EMINENT PERSONS.

II. SCRIPTURE AUTHORITIES FOR SUBJECTING  
TO CIVIL MAGISTRATES.

III. EPIGRAMS, AND MONUMENTAL  
INSCRIPTIONS.

# P R E F A C E

TO THE FOLLOWING

## E L E G Y.

**T**HOUGH more than twenty years have elapsed since the death of this excellent person, to whose memory these lines are written: yet, I suppose, they will not be out of season, since the remembrance of him, and his singular endowments, remains still so fresh in all that were of his acquaintance, that I cannot but observe a certain pleasant fondness this very day, to make him the subject of their conversation, who was once so much the object of their esteem and affection.

If it should be enquired, what concern I have, beyond others, to set forth his character, which none have hitherto attempted? Sure he deserved this service from none more than myself; if it be considered, that not only had I the privilege of living some time under his most evangelical ministry, and of enjoying his edifying conversation, as well as his chearing and charming company; but also, he was the person that first proposed seriously to me my entering upon trials for the ministry; the person that first urged and effectuated it in the presbytery; the person that, being moderator, pronounced my licence to preach the gospel, and thereafter first honoured me with his pulpit in that work; and the person that first laid his hand upon me, when I was ordained to the ministry, by the imposition of the hands of the presbytery; on which occasion he preached a very great and glorious sermon, upon Eph. iv. 11, 12, 13. Besides many other things that I could mention, that lay me under great obligations to shew a particular regard to his memory.

**P**ERHAPS it may not be judged out of the way to add, he was the person who (as he was skilled in poesy, as well as in almost every other piece of learning) in several respects excited me to, and encouraged me in some poetical writings; and with whom I have had very familiar intercourse by word and write, even in that strain: and therefore, if I have any genius that way, his memory demands a share of it.

YET one reason of my delay in doing this piece of service to his name, was the knowledge I had of that sprightliness of soul, deepness of judgment, vastness of comprehension, readiness of elocution, and so many more than ordinary bright excellencies in him, which I thought my dull genius unfit for representing in such lively colours as they ought to appear in; and therefore, since I have now attempted that work, I hope none that know him will challenge any commendatory expressions here as too hyperbolical, since they will allow, that a poetical licence can hardly be more tolerable in commending any person that has lived in our day, than it can be in describing him in whom concurred such a multitude and variety of rare endowments and qualifications, natural, acquired, and gracious, as scarce can be seen to concentrate in one man: and therefore, if I could gather together all the flowers planted in the gardens of the finest poets, and adapted them to his character, I would have thought them well applied in adorning his memory. Yet all that were his intimate acquaintances, yet living, will readily, I think, attest, that the truth relating to his character is not at all lost under any flowery metaphor, or poetical embellishment, I have here attempted to use.

But since the glory of God should be the chief and ultimate end of all writings, as well as other actions, I hope none shall be diverted from, but rather may be led earnestly to pursue this great end, by this essay upon the notable qualifications of a fellow-creature; for, as we ought to see and admire the glory of God, as it shines in all his works, even the most minute, much more may we see it in these creatures of our own species whom God has clothed with such extraordinary gifts and peculiar properties, as are truly inimitable by any whom the Author of nature, and the God of grace, has not in the same manner adorned. In such bright and beautiful stars we are to see and adore the infinitely greater beauty and splendor of the Sun of Righteousness, from whom their rays were but borrowed; and thus should be led by these pleasant chrystal streams, that fail and dry up, unto the glorious Fountain of living waters which never fails, but is unchangeably the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

MOREOVER, it may contribute to the honour of God, that the shewing forth this excellent person's virtues, may tend to expose the God-dishonouring vices of our day; the representation of his innocent cheerfulness, may reprove the vicious and criminal madness of the age; his great wisdom and sense, may upbraid our folly and dulness; and his most evangelical spirit, manifested both in public preaching and private conversation,



sation, together with his profound knowledge of, and great insight into the deep mysteries of the gospel: And his great and extraordinary ability and readiness to assert and defend the truths of God, and the cause of Christ, may not only serve to condemn the quite opposite spirit that prevails so much in our time, but also to excite and stir us up both to lament the loss we sustained by his death, through the righteous anger of Heaven against us, and to supplicate the divine favour, to raise up instruments for the work of his house, furnished with such qualifications and abilities as were so conspicuous in this great man.

RALPH ERSKINE.

AN  
ELEGIAC  
P O E M,

To the MEMORY of that deservedly esteemed Person,

The Reverend Mr. JAMES CUTHBERT,

Sometime Minister of the Gospel at CULROSS:

Who Died in OCTOBER, 1715.

*Dotibus illustris nituit CUTHBERTUS opimis;  
Haud peperere Virum tempora nostra parem.  
Ornarunt radiis tot EUM pulcherrima junctis  
Ut caluere omnes EJUS amore pii.*

D. H.

LONG did my muse expectant wish to see  
Some hero paint the lofty ELEGY:  
Long did my weary mind impatient wait  
To see a nobler pencil paint the great,  
The good, the eloquent, the peerless man,  
Who 'mong Apollo's fav'rites led the van.  
CUTHBERT whose name, that still so fresh remains,  
Demands the Muses elevated strains.  
I'm loth the features here so bright, so fine,  
Be fully'd with a dusky draught of mine:  
But since no curious limners had the heart,  
On this fair image to improve their art;  
My pen be artless, rather than unjust  
To leave a name so precious in the dust.

My muse like Cræsus' son, so long tongue-ty'd,  
Had never spoke, had not his father dy'd,  
This filial passion sure is due from one  
Once honour'd to be Timothy, his son. \*  
Though cities justly may the censure pass,  
Thine's here a matchless diamond set in brass;  
Yet that which may excuse my feeble toil,  
The jewel's thus enhanced by its soil:  
And I escape (though by the portrait rude)  
The charge of criminal ingratitude.

\* So he sometimes designed the Author of this Poem.

The muse that mourns a church, a nation's fall,  
 Should have attended CUTHBERT's funeral;  
 To shew the universal loss, and tell  
 How Zion trembled when this pillar fell:  
 How sons of Zion weak and feeble grew,  
 When death so great a champion overthrew:  
 How Heav'n design'd by such a mighty blow,  
 No private, but a common overthrow:  
 And should have plac'd him bright 'mong shining names,  
 That to far distant ages spread their beams.

Hark! ye that knew him, won't ye all avow  
 Wit charming sat triumphant on his brow?  
 Won't ye, like echoes, when ye hear his name,  
 Be soon resounding trumpets of his fame;  
 Whose soul, refin'd beyond the common race,  
 Was cultivate by nature, art, and grace.  
 He was by temper suited to his state,  
 Without inheritance both rich and great:  
 As generous spirits manage and command  
 The wealth that Heav'n bestows, with lib'ral hand;  
 So knew his happy mind the value just  
 Of earthly things, nor was enslav'd to dust.

His conversation's aromatic smell  
 Did strongly melancholic fogs dispel;  
 As rushing sun-beams kindly chase away  
 The gloomy vapours that obscure the day.  
 Such wealth of wit both grace and nature brought  
 To fit his mind for loftiness of thought;  
 So native was his graceful eloquence,  
 Displaying always sublimated sense.  
 Such pleasure did his balmy lips impart,  
 That every sentence conquer'd every heart.

The lovely graces in his bosom found  
 Diffus'd ambrosial odours all around.  
 His social charms, with captivating art,  
 Made him of every company the heart,  
 The chearful agent of so sweet a part.  
 Not fav'ring winds to voyagers at sea,  
 Nor genial show'rs to parched earth can be  
 More grateful than his pleasant company.  
 Still bright and chearing, like the sun at noon,  
 His mind, his joyful harp was still in tune.

Hence as to weary swains with toil oppress,  
Beneath a sylvan shade relaxing rest;  
As to the scorched traveller when first  
He finds a chrystal stream to quench his thirst:  
Such were his virtues bright of every kind,  
So sweet, so charming to our ravish'd mind.

Too rarely such conjunctions e'er take place,  
As wit with wisdom, join'd with learning, grace;  
Yet these concent'ring in his manly breast,  
Around their pow'rs benign did manifest.  
In him we saw two distant virtues join'd,  
Heroic greatness and a humble mind:  
His lofty soul fram'd to invade the skies,  
Could stoop with obvious charms to vulgar eyes.  
Here also rare disjunctions we could see,  
Great cheerfulness disjoin'd from levity,  
And mirth from folly most remote and free.  
Thus seem'd he form'd into a Paradise  
Of pleasant plants without a weed of vice.

When thrown 'midst dang'rous wild society,  
He always 'scap'd from their infection free.  
His pow'rful rhetoric, like a mighty chain,  
Could bind the madness of the frantic brain.  
Of empty wittlings soon he got the chase,  
By ready answers, or of wit or grace;  
Which quickly could the headless rambles tame,  
Or flush their conscious cheek with spreading shame.  
If lewd buffoons durst e'er before him sit,  
Soon were their sarcasms mercilessly twit,  
Or torn to shreds with happy turns of wit;  
Of wit refin'd, which quickly down could throw  
Their silly banter with an easy blow.  
So strong his inward vigour still remain'd,  
Such ground on adverse minds he ever gain'd,  
His soul emerg'd undaunted and unstain'd.

His lofty mind that stoop'd to humble things,  
Soon to her native skies could stretch her wings;  
From earth to heav'n could in a moment move,  
From toys below to solid joys above.  
And penetrate, with his interior sight,  
Celestial regions and the realms of light.



The heav'ns, so lavish of their rays refin'd,  
 Shed down whole floods of knowledge on his mind.  
 He got enobling views of heav'nly bliss;  
 Saw glorious wonders in that vast abyss.  
 And what he had divinely learn'd from thence,  
 Could in familiar language soon dispense.  
 From meaner things his mind without a damp,  
 Could instantly shine forth a burning lamp,  
 A flaming banner in Devotion's camp.  
 Thus heav'n and earth in him did joyful meet,  
 Nature and grace their lively charms unite.

His mortal lips could touch immortal themes,  
 And tell IMMANUEL'S everlasting names.  
 Far could he stretch on bold advent'rous wings,  
 In high discourse and open heav'nly things.  
 His diction did heroic thoughts display,  
 Not in the florid nor the bombast way;  
 But with such high, yet humble rhetoric arm'd,  
 Nobles were gratify'd, and commons charm'd.

Seraphic principles and graces bright,  
 In him conspired to display their might.  
 His language shew'd a judgment most profound,  
 A depth too large for common lines to sound;  
 Which made both wit and learning quit the field,  
 And blushing to his brighter talent yield.  
 Still regnant here sound judgment, solid thought,  
 Truth when he spoke, and triumph when he fought:  
 His words gave all antagonists a wound,  
 That did or soon convince, or soon confound:  
 Such strength of reason gave his breath the sound.  
 Heretics vanquish'd sank beneath the load,  
 As Dagon fell before the ark of God.  
 Soon dazzl'd with the shining beams of sense,  
 And drown'd as with a flood of eloquence.  
 Such strength of wit and reason kept the field,  
 Each adverse mind with shame behov'd to yield.  
 The force of opposition rude was broke,  
 How soon our eloquent Apollo spoke.  
 He never once like fierce disputers fought,  
 That lose their mind in a wild maze of thought.  
 No loss of thought could shut his fluent lips,  
 Nor loss of words his lucid thought eclipse.

In his most sharp encounters we could find  
 No ebullitions of a bitter mind;  
 No stormy passion rose, no clamorous noise  
 To make his fav'rites blush, or foes rejoice:  
 But still with meekness like a mighty charm,  
 Did quickly all opposing pow'rs disarm.  
 He up or down could move with bridle-hand  
 The passions rude of others at command;  
 And yet himself sedate and moveless stand.

He such a disputant for truth appear'd,  
 'Gainst error such victorious trophies rear'd,  
 His nervous tongue that held the sacred plea,  
 Was steel'd with such a conqu'ring energy;  
 One would have thought, that did the hellish crew  
 With heav'nly choir their old dispute renew  
 'Bout Moses corpse\*; the cherubs might have chose  
 His tongue the weapon to defeat the foes:  
 And found their cause sustain no detriment  
 By lips in arguing so bellipotent.  
 For when he rose, down (in effect) to hell  
 The dusky dregs precipitated fell:  
 As does the rising morn with rosy light  
 Adorn the skies, and put the shades to flight.

In public work he taught with solemn awe  
 The peaceful gospel and the fiery law:  
 Most sweetly did the cunning harper rove  
 Through all the labours of our Saviour's love:  
 While from his eloquent, mellifluous tongue  
 The streams of heav'nly rhetoric run along.  
 The holy theme was trim'd with lovely bait:  
 Each word was massy, and each sentence great.  
 Free from each pageantry of knowing fools,  
 And all the loose opinions of the schools.  
 His tongue seraphic did attention draw,  
 Below dispensing what above he saw;  
 With skill divine unvail'd to human eyes  
 Dark oracles, and opened all the skies.  
 Angels that into gospel mysteries pry, †  
 To's fluent lips might for instruction fly. ‡  
 Who could more plain the mystic knots unfold  
 Than Oedipus the *fabl'd* riddle of old.

\* Jude, ver. 9. † 1 Pet. i. 12. ‡ Eph. iii. 10.

Heav'n form'd his mind great gospel-depths to trace,  
 His mouth to sound the silver trump of grace ;  
 To speak the grandeur of the Saviour God ;  
 To blaze his righteousness divine abroad ;  
 And 'gainst their face the flaming sword to draw  
 Whose legal strain affronts the royal law.  
 He doom'd harangues that 'gainst the light offend,  
 And gospel-grace with pagan morals blend,  
 That make not Christ, but self their spring, their end.  
 In teaching moral duties, great or small,  
 He told the share that should to Jesus fall,  
 Was like his name, the First, the Last, the All.  
 His doctrine ev'ry gloomy shade dispell'd ;  
 His refutations more and more excell'd :  
 For here we saw his lofty mind still higher,  
 Dashing black error down with holy ire,  
 And fencing beauteous truth around with walls of fire.  
 Hence anti-evangelic schemes refin'd  
 Were driven like chaff before the whirlwind.

So bright he shone, ev'n in a private sphere,  
 Ere he possess'd the ministerial chair ;  
 We've seen him with a Proc'tor's work in hand  
 The listening ears of Senators command.  
 With fluent lips, strong sense, and decent port,  
 Attract the heart and eyes of all the court,  
 And take them captive like a rend'ring fort.  
 In civil laws expert, in sacred more ;  
 His head a lib'rary of learning bore ;  
 So fill'd with foreign and domestic store :  
 Here seem'd amass'd as much within one span,  
 As all the volumes of the Vatican.

Should we Pythagoras' old fancy grant,  
 That souls retir'd did other bodies haunt ;  
 We yet might search to find the man we want:  
 Who hath his great acumen ? who his brain,  
 His heart, his tongue ? Alas ! the search is vain ;  
 His mantle has not dropt upon the plain.

Lo ! now his death had hid the fulgent light,  
 And wrapt us in the shades of gloomy night.  
 The running years of ecclesiastic thrall  
 Make up the night portended by the fall.



But, had he stay'd: What then? A question seem'd,  
To which in answer thus by night we dream'd.

" False *reason* cover'd with a florid stile,  
" So quickly blush'd when he expos'd the guile:  
" We might have seen, we thought, had he but stay'd,  
" *Truth* riding more triumphant by his aid;  
" Her equal cause more uncontroul'd by far  
" Had he appear'd puissant at the bar.  
" Would Zion's eyes have seen her healthful sons  
" Disgorge the MARROW, and digest the bones? \*  
" Her serious clerks with numbers sport themselves:  
" And for *twelve Brethren*, Queries hatch by *twelves*? †  
" Would rowers into waters great have brought  
" The shatter'd vessel with so little thought?  
" Would *Arius*' ghost got leave t' appear, and shew  
" The *Webster*'s slighted libel too too true? ‡  
" Would furious minds have turn'd the church's keys  
" To galling spurs and riding committees? §  
" Would o'er the brethren arbitrary sway  
" Have thrown a whole quaternity away? §  
" Would rage have hasted with a violent rush,  
" To ruining extremes her pow'r to push,  
" Had CUTHBERT stay'd to put her to the blush?  
" No, no; we thought, had we our *Atlas* here,  
" His head would have upheld the falling sphere."

Thus vain we thought, and wish'd him living still;  
Yet fear his life had brought a greater ill:  
For, jealous Heav'n might see us on the road  
Of homage to him as a *guardian God*:

\* Alluding to the controversy about the MARROW OF MODERN DIVINITY, a book condemned by the General Assembly. See the affair laid open, Vol. I. p. 232. Vol. II. p. 304, 305. Vol. III. p. 44.

† Twelve Ministers, commonly called the TWELVE MARROW-MEN, because they defended the doctrine laid down in that book. They had twelve Queries propounded to them, on that subject, by the Assembly; to which they made answer.

‡ Pointing at the prosecution against Professor SIMON. See the affair briefly stated, Vol. II. p. 466, 467. Vol. IV. p. 146.

§ Referring to the Committees appointed by the General Assembly to settle ministers upon reclaiming and dissenting congregations, on the footing of the Patronage Act, when the Presbytery, in which the settlement happened to be, refused to do it. See the great evil of Patronage laid open, Vol. V. p. 298. 310. 351. 392. 418. 419.

§ Alluding, no doubt, to the suspending and deposing of the Four Brethren; a short account of which affair may be seen, Vol. V. p. 298, 299, 390.



And therefore made his days a narrow span,  
 Lest we deprav'd had idoliz'd the man,  
 Who in the senates could have led the van.  
 Such is the dubious state of mortals here,  
 We know not what to wish or what to fear.  
 Dark clouds envelop, till the labouring mind  
 Be to the wise dispose of Heav'n resign'd.

Heav'n thought his death a stroke too too severe,  
 Too troublous for a peaceful hemisphere;  
 And therefore then did shake the British globe  
 With th' insurrection of a furious mob: \*  
 That noise of blood and arms, of swords and spears,  
 Might drown the clamours of our mournful lyres:  
 That burning flames of rude intestine wrath  
 Might dry the tears of sorrow for his death;  
 Lest floods of grief had swell'd beyond their shore,  
 And like a deluge drown'd the earth once more.  
 Heav'n wrathful sent the messenger of death,  
 Then to demand our CUTHBERT's precious breath,  
 To 'venge the crying guilt of daring crimes,  
 And scourge the bold rebellion of the times.

This Phoenix rare, whose life the earth desir'd,  
 Then Phoenix-like in chearful flames expir'd.  
 He from his life's decay could joy conceive,  
 And kindle into transport at a grave.  
 For, though his conscious mind could own her slips;  
 And kindly wail the errors of its lips;  
 Which might, he thought, in praise of Jesus more  
 Have daily lavish'd out her fluent store:  
 Yet, living high by faith, could joyful go  
 Through all the loud alarms of death below.  
 Nor can the soul that to IMMANUEL clings,  
 Whose courage from the depth of knowledge springs,  
 Fear inevitable and destin'd things.  
 The pleasant mould in which kind Heav'n him cast,  
 Maintain'd amidst the formidable blast,  
 His charming chearful temper to the last.

His inward pulse, as death advanced nigh,  
 Beat strong with vigorous immortality.  
 Upward we saw his heav'n-born spirit rise,  
 And boldly claim acquaintance with the skies.

\* The rebellion which took place Anno 1715. This was also succeeded by another in the year 1745. by the same disaffected party.

He on a death-bed could auditors teach,  
 And his own glorious resurrection preach;  
 And prefs the good, the holy gospel-way,  
 By all the glories of the awful day.  
 He spoke his Master's name, his words, and wounds,  
 Then stretch'd and soar'd beyond times narrow bounds,  
 To speak his praise in more majestic sounds.  
 His soul expanding her immortal wings,  
 Lost by degrees the sight of mortal things.

With him once conjunct in the past'ral chair,  
 We saw the Gospel-herald, worthy MAIR,  
 Constrain'd his wonted theme to supersede,  
 And from the pulpit, o'er the hearse to bleed,  
 And blaze abroad the praises of the dead.  
 Declaring "by his death that day there fell,  
 "A great man; yea, a prince in Israel."

See now, though yet the colours dark appear,  
 The picture of the famous CUTHBERT here.  
 My pencil having drawn but half the man,  
 Must leave unfinish'd what it rash began.  
 These honour'd with his converse once will find  
 His livelier image pictur'd on their mind.

We see him fall, and to augment the moan,  
 The great, the grave, judicious BOSTON gone,\*  
 Who once †, like *Atbanasius* bold, stood firm alone.  
 Whose golden pen ‡ to future times will bear  
 His fame, till in the clouds his Lord appear.  
 With him blest HOGG, the venerable sage,  
 The humble witness 'gainst the haughty age,  
 Was swept, with other worthies, off th' unworthy stage.  
 But thus if Horsemen and Commanders die,  
 How can, alas! the Infantry but fly?

We dread our fine new Lights the Church enthrall,  
 When former glorious Luminaries fall.

But, hark! are now these bright and stately forms  
 A despicable prey to greedy worms?  
 True! but, behold! their better part survives,  
 And Zion's glorious KING for ever lives.

\* He died on Saturday, May 20. 1732.

† Viz. In the affair of Professor SIMSON at the General Assembly, Anno 1729.

‡ Meaning his excellent writings that were corrected by himself for the press.

## NE TANTI VIRI, NOMEN, FAMA,

*Celebritas et quibus pollebas, dotes, oblivione deleantur,  
 sequentis quoque ELOGII centuriam linearum (aptis  
 quorundam Authorum phrasibus hic illic interspersis)  
 adjicere visum.*

## CARMEN ELEGIACUM,

*In Memoriam Viri celeberrimi Domini JACOBI CUTHBERT,  
 Pastoris non ita pridem Culrossensis.*

[ 1 ]

FUNERA CUTHBERTI, Boreæ sub sidere nati,  
 Scotigeni Jubaris, Scotia mœsta canat.  
 Te tamen ante omnes decet, ah! Fifana Camæna,  
 Fundere stabilibus carmina grata modis:  
 Vim cui contulerat Paulina *παύλας* sancta  
 Aedis enim nostræ decedit hoc columen.  
 Moribus, Ingenio, Doctrina clarus et Arte,  
 Hæc reliqua in terris sunt monumenta sui:  
 Quodque mori potuit quamvis nunc marcet in urna,  
 Fama, Decus, Virtus intemerata virent.

[ 2 ]

Sæpe mihi luctus, mors invidia, causa fuisti;  
 Merfisti teneras sæpius imbre genas.  
 Sæpe suos flevit Respublica nostra parentes,  
 Hostili quondam qui cecidere nece:  
 At vix ulla fuit tam justī causa doloris,  
 Scotia, CUTHBERTO despoliata tuo.  
 Ornabat patriam nuper, templumque relictum,  
 Nec superest tantis mens cummulata bonis.  
 Nunquam vidi ullum, se præter, (parcite docti)  
 Quem pariter potui dicere doctiloquum.

[ 3 ]

Multorum volitatque per ora loquacibus alis  
 Vir semel hic lucens, sol velut in tenebris:  
 Cujus honorandæ voces oracla fuere,  
 Omnimode docti pectoris indicia:

Et merito, os ejus tam grata lavamina fudit,  
 In memorum annales hicce relatus inest.  
 Rebus in humanis humanior haud fuit alter,  
 Rebus et in divis divior alter ubi ?  
 Assertor fidei quo vix nervosior ullus,  
 Corrector selerum, malleus hæresum

[ 4 ]

Christique infestos, ut murus aheneus, hostes  
 Voce sacri late fudit Evangelii.  
 Sic rudium validas in viscere vertere vires  
 Mos erat, ut docuit, dummodo vel domuit  
 Litigiosa cohors, coram hoc Domitore deserto,  
 Tollere depressum non fuit ausa caput.  
 Ingenium Musæ, mores vis enthea, mentem  
 Excoluit pietas, oraque delicæ.  
 Hic hilarans hilaris qui miscuit utile dulci,  
 Seria jucundis, omnia puncta tulit.

[ 5 ]

Dotibus eximiis Comitibus, Pastoris, Amici,  
 Vix magis ornatum protulit ulla dies ;  
 Ne dotes natura omnes conferret in unum.  
 Quæque aliis tribuat, dona nec ulla forent  
 Mors veruit ; propero carnis pede vencla resolvens.  
 Quot decorum cumulos, hu ! brevis hora rapit ?  
 Non vigor ingenii, lepidæ non gratia linguæ.  
 Non probitas potuit pellere tela necis.  
 Quem redamant omnes, omnes abiisse dolebant,  
 Quantus amor cunctis, tantus iisque dolor.

[ 6 ]

Nomen adhuc redolens quadam dulcedine cunctos  
 Mulsit, et immemores non finit esse sui.  
 Lychnus Evangelii fulgens, verique perennis  
 Præco pius, comptus, magnanimusque fuit.  
 Dogmata sacra Dei, mysteria condita Christi  
 Exposuit docto, perspicuoque stylo.  
 Abdita enim pandit Deus huic penetralia regni,  
 Amplaque domino munera clausa finu.  
 Quæ priscos latuere Sophos, latuere recentes,  
 Condi hujus voluit pectore cuncta Deus.

[ 7 ]

Cælitus hæc didicit quæ terricolis patefecit,  
 Nunc cum cœlicolis quæ patefacit habet.

X x



Concio jam melior "Celestia gaudia prenso,  
 "His modo cum Domino perpete pace fruor.  
 "Cur ita legendum? plamam fero, morte sepulta,  
 "Lætor apud superos, mollitor ossa cubant."  
 At non te flemus superis, CUTHBERTE, receptum,  
 Ploramus nostram te removente vicem.  
 Arma sacræ quo nunc ædis victricia vincta,  
 Jam domitam, Dominus ni juvet ipse, dumum?

[ 8 ]

En! Boston celebris, simul Hogg venerabilis, insons,  
 Terrea nunc superant, cælica testæ colunt:  
 Insuper amotæ præcoci morte calumnæ  
 Signant quam subito sit peritura domus.  
 Omnibus tantis percellimur haud sine causa  
 Hinc timidi mæstos orbis addesse dies.  
 Stirpe priore, gemens Ecclesia Scotiqua lanquet,  
 Vi CUTHBERTINA proh! spoliata sua.  
 Ex Barathro (quid nunc obstat?) vis hostica furum  
 Surgit, et insidias hic et ubique struit.

[ 9 ]

Invidus enque hostis laqueos, incendia, cruces  
 Aptat, et innocuo valnera mille gregi.  
 Sola potest tam patientia vincere cladem.  
 Nec nisi de superis sedibus illa venit.  
 Verus amor puro ex credentis pectore manans  
 Per mala tot, CHRISTO Principe victor erit.  
 Vivida vis mentis, geniique potentis acumen  
 Nunc tua, CUTHBERTE, belica tela defunt  
 Mors clausit placido languentia lumina somno,  
 Gaudia cum superis mens sine fine bibit.

[ 10 ]

Quo tua vaserunt dictamina nectare plena,  
 Mens generosa volat, labraque lætifica?  
 Quæ potuit cantes Hebetes animare loquendo  
 Hei! modo sub tenebris, lingua diserte filet.  
 Quam procul hic fugit tua prompta facundia fandi,  
 Candor et integritat, inviolata fides?  
 Solers tam sapiens non quovis nascitur anno,  
 Osque virile vibrans cum pietate pari.  
 Vivis in hac ima, præclarro nomine, terra;  
 Spiritus in summo vivit ovatque polo.

AN  
E. L E G Y,  
OR  
F U N E R A L P O E M,

On the much lamented DEATH of that pious Person,

THE REV. MR. PATRICK PLENDERLIETH,

Minister of the Gospel at SALINE:

Who died *Anno* 1715. Written at the Desire of some  
of his Friends.

**D**ISSOLVE in tears, ye bright seraphic fires,  
If sorrow can have place in heav'nly quires;  
Mens eyes unable are enough to shed;  
A juster wound the world hath seldom bred:  
Behold a gracious plant, for fruit, for flow'r;  
A noble saint for zeal, for truth, for pow'r;  
A peerless gem for virtue, proof, and price;  
On earth a friend to truth, a foe to vice:  
And, lo! alas! this piece of heav'n doth die;  
The case might make the very stones to cry.  
O death! why tyrannisest in thy might?  
Why so severe, to strike so choice a wight?  
Why let'st out of the ark a Noah's dove,  
While many hearts were arks unto his love?  
Hath death a pow'r to break affection's lock,  
And steal the darling of the little flock?  
Nay, sure; what's lov'd to-day, can die to-morrow;  
What's dead to love is still alive to sorrow.  
This man of God still lives, and lodging hath  
In grateful memories, in spite of death,  
He lives not only now above the skies,  
But lives on earth in tears of many eyes.  
Zeal, mildness, grace gave air unto his breath:  
And hence his savour liveth after death.

His walk, his worship were of divine stamp;  
His doctrine, practice, all a burning lamp.  
His life all light and heat, fed from above;  
His lips all fervour, and his heart all love:

His time all holy-days; for of the seven  
 Each day was Sabbath, and each Sabbath Heav'n.  
 His home was secret places of the stairs;  
 His title known to be a man of pray'rs.  
 No grove, no river-side frequented he,  
 But there the place of pray'r was wont to be,  
 Bethel, where-e'er he went, was his abode;  
 For still he reared altars to his God.  
 His converse heav'nly, and his carriage mild;  
 His soul sublime, his conscience undefil'd.  
 His frame seraphic in devotion's mount;  
 His holy ardor seldom waxing blunt:  
 Floods of celestial aid did elevate  
 Th' ark of his soul to heav'nly Ararat.  
 Full gales, heart-rending throbs, heav'n-reaching cries,  
 Did waft his ardent pray'rs above the skies.  
 For church, for state, for all he pray'd with not;  
 No case, no place, no friend, no foe forgot.  
 He trode the milky-way, by faith and pray'rs,  
 Was cloth'd with gravity, without grey hairs.  
 Was master of his passions all within;  
 Glad without lightness, angry without sin.  
 His language corresponding with his faith;  
 No vain nor idle word defil'd his breath.  
 His lips unfeign'd, his actions undisguis'd;  
 Most modest when carri'd, meek when despis'd.  
 A map of innocent humility;  
 A peerless paragon of sympathy.  
 A mirror great of love to great and small;  
 A compound of compassion towards all.  
 By love he conquer'd some of high degree;  
 And kill'd the meanest with his courtesy.  
 His kindness with sincerity appear'd:  
 To rich, to poor, to ev'ry sort endear'd.  
 With care he mark'd all providential ways,  
 Ev'n the minutest, to his Maker's praise.  
 His active spirit oil'd with Hermon dew  
 Did swiftly after endless bliss pursue:  
 He was a mighty hunter, and the chase,  
 The God of glory in the field of grace.  
 Alas! the race was very short indeed;  
 But lack in space, was well made up in speed.



His public spirit was of such a pitch,  
 That few in zeal for God were found so rich.  
 So vast the treasure in this earthen cup;  
 Zeal for his Master's house did eat him up.  
 To whatsoever place he did repair,  
 His converse was a constant preaching there.  
 In house or field, this antipode of sloath  
 For gaining souls, spent soul and body both:  
 For, like his LORD, whose service was his food,  
 He went about for ever doing good.  
 Still at his Master's work, still at his motion;  
 A constant miracle of close devotion.

Mounting the pulpit from his secret bow'r,  
 He pray'd with divine pith, and preach'd with pow'r.  
 Faithful to all men, in their several places,  
 He neither spar'd their faults, nor fear'd their faces.  
 'This ministerial grace to him was given  
 To leave on many hearts a seal of heaven.  
 Yet still his humble mind shun'd airy fame;  
 Pursu'd the merit, but refus'd the name:  
 His self-drain'd soul despis'd opinion's blaze;  
 He sought the virtue but disclaim'd the praise:  
 He all the glory to his God did yield,  
 And crown'd fair Grace the empress of the field.

Ah! here is but the name of that fair saint;  
 We have his image, but himself we want.  
 He hath the crown indeed, but we the cross:  
 He finds the gain; but we, alas! the loss.  
 Death broke the cage to let the sparrow fly,  
 Which now hath found a house, a nest on high,  
 Even God's own altars to eternity.

Our Sodom now may fear the storm anon,  
 When Lot is to his wished Zoar gone.  
 God doth sometimes first crop the sweetest flow'r,  
 And leaves the weeds till tempests them devour.  
 So ripe is vice, so green is virtue's bud,  
 The world doth wax in ill; but wain in good,  
 And Noah's to his ark: we fear a flood.

This happy soul is now above the storm,  
 Fixt on his rock, with saints of highest form;  
 For-while his vessel past the troubled ocean,  
 He sail'd from strength to strength with swiftest motion,



Till on Immanuel's land he came a-shore,  
 The place to which he sent his heart before.  
 Such was his holy life, as now resolv'd,  
 Which by a happy death was thus dissolv'd.  
 As lumps of sugar lose themselves and twine  
 Their souple essence in the sp'rit of wine :  
 So he in death did sweetly melt away,  
 As doth the dawn into the rising day :  
 Aurora fair must veil her rosy face  
 When brighter Phœbus occupies her place :  
 So he ; when glory rose in room of grace,  
 His death not differ'd from this life of his,  
 Nor the conclusion form the premises.  
 His death-bed prov'd a little paradise,  
 And usher'd in with hallelujahs thrice.  
 He, (in his sweetening over Jordan river,)  
 Began to sing as now he shall for ever ;  
 For there he sang before he went a-shore,  
 A triple victory for evermore :  
 Dull earth could scarce endure his holy noise,  
 While he did antedate his future joys.  
 Some saw his happy exit, unto whom  
 He told of Cherubs sent to guard him home :  
 And thus his better part was wasted o'er  
 With prelibations of his endless glore.  
 Could we now hear this blessed harper play  
 His hallelujahs ; sweetly might he say,  
 Rue not my death, rejoice at my repose,  
 The bud was op'ned to let forth the rose.  
 It was no death to me, but to my wo,  
 The chain was loos'd to let the captive go.  
 From cross to crown, from thrall to throne I went,  
 And now I reign ; I sing with full content,  
 Lo ! here I rest ; and here I love to be,  
 Where I enjoy more than my faith could see.  
 I preach'd the glory which I now behold ;  
 But, lo ! the thousandth part was never told.  
 I got a taste below, but now above,  
 I forage in the verdant fields of love.  
 On earth, my faith stole down a distant kiss ;  
 But now my love cleaves to the cheek of bliss.

Lament not my decease, as your mishap,  
When I so gladly rest in glory's lap,  
Weep not that death did me from death deliver,  
Nor grieve as for a loss; I'm won for ever.  
I fought, I wrestled there, from whence I came;  
I joy, I triumph here, where now I am.  
On earth I long'd to see my Jesus dear;  
Behold! I fought him there, and find him here.  
In galleries of joy, in white I walk,  
'Mong worthy wights, of whom I once did talk.  
I see this glorious King in whom I boast,  
Upon the head of this triumphant host.  
With this seraphic quire I join on high,  
To warble notes of praise eternally;  
Glory to God that ever here I came,  
And glory, glory, glory to the Lamb:  
My light, my life, my strength, my joy, my all,  
Is now within mine arms, and ever shall.  
My glorious Lord is mine, and I am his;  
I'm like him, for I see him as he is:  
No darkness veils him now, no dismal night,  
No cloud, no vapour intercepts his light.  
I see, I see for ever face to face  
The brightest beauty in the brightest place.

Thus might he say; but, ah! we seem too bold;  
Can Heav'n's unutterable joys be told!  
There, there he dwells; earth was so low a place,  
For him to view his Saviour's comely face,  
That with Zaccheus from the lower story,  
He graspt the branch, and climb'd the tree of glory.  
O may we trace his steps, with one accord,  
And imitate him, as he did his Lord!  
For still his hope, his joy, his aim was this,  
To live, to love, to be where now he is.

AN  
ELEGIAC  
POEM,

To the MEMORY of the pious and painful, learned and eminent  
Servant of CHRIST,

The Reverend Mr. ALEXANDER HAMILTON,

Late Minister of the Gospel at STIRLING:

Who Died *January 29. 1738.* Aged 75.

Written at the desire of some of his Friends.

*Principium vite mors est, sic itur ad astra,  
Felix qui vivit qui moriturque Deo.*

P A R T I.

*His Character, Qualifications, Manner of Preaching, and  
amiable Deportment.*

DEATH! dost thou difficult us now to know,  
If as a friend thou strik'st, or as a foe?

A foe, in cutting off the best of seers?

Or friend, in sparing him till full of years?

What! shall regard to thee, O death, be giv'n?

Thour't but a servant to the nods of Heav'n;

Which did not criminals on earth provoke,

They'd neither fear thy late nor sudden stroke.

Thy LORD was once for us to thee submits,

To him our humble answer due is this,

" 'Tis we, 'tis we that sin away our blifs."

But how, O how has Scotland anger'd Heav'n!

And what offence anew has Stirling giv'n?

What bold transgressions and heav'n-daring crimes,

Have broke out fierce in these debauched times?

That we should live to see Heav'n's lifted hand

Thus pulling down the pillars of the land,

The supports of the church, and by their fall,

The godly fabric made a bowing wall.

So many cedar-beams from Lebanon,  
And stately rafters of our house are gone,  
As threaten ruin to succeed anon.

Great HAMILTON among the sacred tribe,  
An able prop, a well instructed scribe,  
Was zealous, firm, and faithful unto death;  
No nominal defender of the faith:  
But with undaunted courage did contend  
'Gainst blasphemies and error to his end;  
No combatant for truth more skill'd than he,  
Was set for the defence of gospel-purity.

He evidenc'd to learn'd and knowing men,  
Both by his tongue, his pulpit, and his pen,  
His insight into truth's abyfs was great,  
And vastly deep beyond the common rate.  
Yea, famous men of arts have felt the skill  
And conqu'ring edge of his well-pointed quill.  
His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace;  
And piety itself was in his face.  
Sweetness of temper soften'd all he spoke;  
He bore his great commission in his look.  
He taught the gospel rather than the law;  
And forc'd himself to drive, but lov'd to draw.  
With eloquence innate his soul was arm'd;  
Learning and grace combining jointly charm'd.

His view of every sacred line was bright;  
Each sermon was a lamp of gospel-light.  
His care was first the malady to shew;  
Next to present the remedy in view;  
And then his powerful application bore  
The healing plaister to the running sore.  
He from Mount Sinai first did souls alarm;  
And then with promises from Zion charm.  
And thus whatever was the sacred text,  
This was the plan, still plain and unperplex'd.

He shone 'bove others with superior light,  
In clearing up his hearers claim of right;  
The gospel warrants and the grounds of faith,  
Laid in the word, insur'd by Jesus' death,  
And seal'd by baptism in their early breath.



Thus Unbelief he of its shifts bereft,  
 And unbelievers all excuseless left.  
 His main concern was safely to embark  
 The drowning world into the saving ark.  
 He spread the news of rich and sov'reign grace,  
 Which glorious reigns thro' Jesus' righteousness;  
 That grace's cov'nant absolute and free  
 Might with the sinner's needy case agree.  
 At solemn work his help so sweet, so dear,  
 Was sought and got by brethren far and near.  
 To sacramental feasts he went his round,  
 And grac'd the tables with his joyful sound.  
 His church was long the little flock's resort;  
 His words could with their time and need comport;  
 And hence he could be long, he could be short.

His courteous carriage shew'd his gen'rous mind;  
 Fond without fraud, and without flatt'ry kind.  
 His faith he prov'd beyond dim reason's ken,  
 By flaming zeal for God, and love to men.  
 Yet free of pride, his works he vilify'd;  
 Was always humble, always self-deny'd.

So much he others to himself preferr'd,  
 In charitable thoughts he chiefly err'd,  
 Till thence by open villanies deterr'd.  
 Yet this we scarce can as a failure grant,  
 Which shew'd in others, not in him the want,  
 Who prov'd himself in all respects a saint.

A skilful counsellor in each dark case;  
 A hearty sympathizer in distress.  
 Still warm his heart was with his words inlaid;  
 But mostly flaming when he preach'd or pray'd.  
 His frame was still divine, his words exact,  
 Saints heard the voice that did their hearts attract,  
 And angels listen'd while the charmer spake.

He duly watch'd his flock by night and day;  
 And from the prolling wolf redeem'd the prey.  
 Was ready still at hand without request,  
 To serve the sick, and succour the distress.  
 The proud he tam'd, the patient he chear'd;  
 Nor to reprove the rich offender fear'd.

He for a deep divine was known to all;

Yea, to a proverb evangelical.

CHRIST was the leading theme, whose righteousness

He publish'd as the only glorious dress;

The coat of mail to fence from top to toe,

Against the shot of death and future woe.

And while he fought proud nature to depress,

Exposing unto shame the fordidness

And dung of every specious legal dress;

Yet still he careful aim'd the way to chalk,

By gospel succours to a holy walk,

And shut the mouths that would but vainly talk.

And what he preach'd he in his practice wrought,

A living sermon of the truth he taught.

An holy humble course of life he steer'd,

That all might see the doctrine which they heard.

A conversation affable and mild;

Nor with vain language were his lips defil'd:

Yea, gravity appear'd even when he smil'd.

His presence grave did rev'rence great command,

And grave profound respect from ev'ry hand.

His very look could vanity reclaim;

His countenance put levity to shame:

Chear drooping hearts of saints, and also make

The guilty conscience of the sinner quake.

He to the last laborious still remain'd;

Nor was he from his work by age restrain'd;

His weakness never made him give it o'er;

His willing mind did working-strength restore.

What would have made some to their sick-beds creep,

Could never him out of his pulpit keep.

So prompt to teach, and preach, and pray, and praise,

His labour had no end but with his days.

Warm from his work he to his rest did move:

And from his pulpit to his throne above.

But was it his intent to verify

What seem'd so false, that Seraphims may die?

Sure, could they die at all, just so would they

All in a flame celestial mount away.

And now since he is gone, be this our strife,

Just so to live, and so to end our life.

## P A R T II.

*His Duration in the Ministry, and where he laboured;  
with his valiant Appearance in contending for the Truth,  
and the great Loss sustained by his Death.*

**A**T Ecclesmahin first this Prophet great  
Had for a time his ministerial feat.\*

A<sup>t</sup> Airth this silver trumpet long did sound, †  
To solemn feasts convening thousands round.  
Stirling was blest'd next, e'er this herald's death,  
With twelve years warning of his dying breath.

But how he should with zeal proclaim the truth  
Seem'd first to be predicted in his youth:  
When bloody hands that gave the fatal blow,  
Set up the martyrs heads a public show;  
To their disgrace, whose glory is their shame,  
But to the suffering saints their standing name.  
As CHRIST their Lord did on the cross subdue,  
And made of all his foes an open shew:  
So these crown'd heads long over men of blood  
On summities of ports triumphing stood.  
When martyr'd GUTHRIE ‡, famous and renown'd,  
Had thus for many years been highly crown'd;  
When, by his head expos'd in open place,  
God mean'd his honour, devils his disgrace;  
Our HAMILTON, inspir'd with early zeal,  
Ev'n in his youth, against the gates of hell,  
Mounting the port, brought, like a gallant soul,  
That blessed dead down from the dying pole.  
Heav'n thus presaging how in very deed,  
He should unto the martyr's work succeed,  
And bear his message as he bore his head.

' Now, (might the martyr say) no hand but thine  
' Had ever pow'r to move this head of mine,  
' From this high post, to which it was preferr'd;  
' Thy zeal to see it decently interr'd,  
' Makes thee the fittest hand to go and bear  
' My last address a-new to Stirling's ear:

\* Six years. † Twenty-six years. ‡ Mr. James, minister at Stirling,



' There 'mong my closet-papers mould'ring lies  
 ' My farewell sermon, bury'd from their eyes,  
 ' Heav'n shall forbid, whoe'er possession have,  
 ' All hands but thine, to raise it from the grave.  
 ' For that same hand that buries this my head  
 ' Shall be employ'd to raise it from the dead.  
 ' But as my head at rest, ere touch'd by thee,  
 ' Sleep'd in the Lord; so thine at rest shall be,  
 ' E'er mine this figur'd resurrection public see:  
 ' Yet thus far rais'd by thee shall from the press,  
 ' As from the public' pole, its former place,  
 ' Stand up again, and witness to the following race.  
 ' And as thy feet on fellow's shoulders stood,  
 ' Risking thy life to make thy purpose good;  
 ' So shall thy feet on necks of brethren stand,  
 ' Till martyr'd truth be rescu'd by thine hand,  
 ' And this last step thy life and perils all disband.'

Grant then this honour'd head its honour lost,  
 When thus brought down from its exalted post,  
 Of witnessing as clearly after death,

As e'er it did before with vital breath:

Yea, witnessing as from a pulpit high,  
 By this long public preaching to the eye:  
 If Hamilton's brave hand did ought amiss,  
 This head from labour wholly to dismiss,  
 Or from its place of honour thus to rend;  
 Why, then, this bold adventure might portend,  
 The Martyr's pulpit last should all his labours end.

Fame also founded once his fencing art,  
 So great that few could act the counter-part,  
 In's younger years; which might perhaps preface  
 The nobler wars of his advancing age;  
 For then, arm'd with the Spirit's sword in hand,  
 He kept antagonists at his command.

Nor while he flourish'd, did his nation yield  
 A greater champion on the gospel-field.

Blest Plenderlieth declar'd his dark eclipse,  
 Till conqu'ring light beam'd from his balmy lips.  
 His captious brethren, captives at his feet,  
 Gladly confess'd his vict'ry was complete:  
 Great Brisbane own'd himself his happy proselyte.



His arguings drew him, like a mighty chain,  
 Quite from the legal to the gospel-strain;  
 So bright, that henceforth he appear'd to all  
 Most accurately evangelical.  
 His doctrine too with wisdom well supply'd,  
 With magazines of learning fortify'd.  
 And henceforth these two souls were no more twain,  
 But knit with Jonathan and David's chain,  
 He spent his breath in Hamilton's pure air,  
 As Hamilton did his at last in Brisbane's chair.

When 'gainst the truth proud church-men were enrag'd,  
 He had the honour early to be flag'd;  
 But when arraign'd before fam'd committees  
 For purity of doctrine, could with ease  
 Teach his pretended teachers, and impart  
 Deep things of grace, surpassing shallow art.  
 His judges, learn'd enough, were forc'd to yield,  
 And crown their pannel Victor on the field.  
 Thus in the church, though not in wordly state,  
 This ALEXANDER may be term'd *the Great*.

He testifying to his latest years  
 For Christain liberty in choosing seers,  
 Could never see the flock of CHRIST oppress'd,  
 And in their room nobility carefs'd;  
 Nor under-rate a pearl was bought so dear,  
 To compliment a patron or a peer.  
 In conflicts very late he was the man  
 Who for the people's freedoms led the van.  
 These were among (and mark it, careless age)  
 The last contendings of the dying sage.  
 The words and deeds of this departing saint  
 Impressions suting with his zeal implant.

He earnestly contended for the faith,  
 By zealous tellimonies to his death:  
 By him were witnesses for truth belov'd;  
 He all their proud opposers disapprov'd  
 And did his zeal for Reformation shew,  
 By daily prayer for the reforming Few: \*  
 His aptness in that cause to speak and write,  
 Made him the but of ecclesiastic spite.

\* The ASSOCIATE PRESBYTERY, which, in his public prayers,  
 he termed the *Reforming Few*.

Yet 'gainst his face when furies fierce awoke,  
 What barking dogs and railing monsters spoke,  
 Could nor his passions, nor his smiles provoke.

When five in session male-content withdrew,  
 And courts superior countenanc'd the crew,  
 Into their hands depositing the helve,  
 Exaundering all the other twelve:

His meek, and yet unanswerable plaint  
 Of this procedure, strange and violent;  
 'They have despos'd me from my sacred power  
 'Of government, in this my watching tower;  
 'Yet me they never heard, nor cited to an hour.'

Was he then equal to his worth esteem'd?  
 Or from reproach and calumny exeem'd?  
 No, no; hell furies did him hot pursue;  
 He was the scorn of an abandon'd crew.  
 Why with such fury, O malignant race!  
 Do ye to death the faithful watchmen chase?  
 Have patience, Gentlemen; have patience, pray;  
 Behold them flying fast enough away!

See Zion's battlements broke down in haste;  
 And temples glorious once, but now laid waste;  
 Flocks scatter'd, faithful shepherds turning rare,  
 And bleating lambs left to the foxes care!  
 The prophets do they live for ever? No!  
 See worthy Hamiltons, how fast they go!  
 Look to the north and south, the east and west,  
 Where's Cuthbert, Stuart, Webster, Boston bless'd;  
 With Mair, M'clarine, Brisbane, and the rest!

Those that tormented you before your time  
 Are quickly moving to another clime.  
 You need not beat your brains how to lay waste  
 The zealous clergy; lo! themselves make haste  
 To get into the ark, before the cloud  
 That gathers thick, pour down a show'r of blood.  
 Well may we fear God is intending wars,  
 When calling home his great Ambassadors.

O Stirling, Stirling! Thou hast been the seat  
 Of famous martyrs and confessors great!  
 Some thou hast ston'd by thy fierce *butcherous* hive.\*  
 Which never since have had a day to thrive:

\* The fashers that stoned Mr. GUTHRIE.

And others thou hast kill'd by thy contempt;  
 And few of them from cruel rage exempt.  
 How oft would heav'n have gather'd thy poor race  
 Beneath the stretched wings of glorious grace?  
 But if thou wouldst not expect thy fate,  
*Thy temple left unto thee desolate.*

But stay, is sov'reign mercy's door of hope  
 Not wholly shut as yet, but partly ope?  
 Hasten, hasten, to improve the light that shines about,  
 Ere vengeance blow thy hindmost candle out;  
 And God most high provoked to depart,  
 Give pastors not according to his heart,  
 But to thine own, unto thine endless smart.  
 Hear, hear, the quickening, yet the dying knell  
 Of grace, still fluttering, loath to bid farewell;  
 Lest stretching vain her pinions o'er the prey,  
 She quickly clap her wings, and soar away.

~~~~~  
In Theologum eximium Dominum,

ALEXANDRUM HAMILTON,

Pastorem nuperrime Strivilingensem.

DOTIBUS hic quantis, tam parvo carmine dici,
 Enituit, nulla conditione potest.

Lux erit in tenebris, sed eum cum fata tulerunt;
 Inde caret regio Scotica luce sua.

CHRISTUS, Evangelii fulgente ardente lucerna,
 Arcanus IESUS hac patefecit opes.

Præco sacra præter multus dam præstitit arte
 Hic ut Evangelii, sic et Evangelicus.

VICTOR ALEXANDER fuit olim magnus in orbe,
 Hic victor pariter magnus in Æde sacra.

Regifice adversos vicit Gladiator amictus
 Ense viri primum, denique at ense DEI.

Indoctos docuit, doctos domuitque superbos,
 Ut verum teneant, falsaque rejiciant.

Qui tulit in terris palmam victoris acuti,
 In superis victor læta trophæa canit.

Et qui curis fessus, tantoque labore,
 Optatam tandem pervenit in requiem.
 Tam post emensos constanti mente labores
 Aura regificum vixit in astra Deus.
 Quo se grex ovium, tanto pastore perempto,
 Vertet, et unde sibi pabula pura petet?
 Error ubique regit, truculenter sævit in omnes
 Hic paridisiaco sævius angue malum.
 Nunc rabies Cleri quam pauci obstore supersunt
 Nulla non miserum circuit arte gregem.
 Summe Deus, pastorque gregis, submitte labori
 Pastoris, Templi commiserere tui.

SCRIPTURE AUTHORITIES

FOR SUBJECTING UNTO, AND PRAYING FOR,

CIVIL MAGISTRATES. *

Written in Easy Metre, for the sake of Weak Memories
 and Vulgar Capacities.

TO Civil Pow'rs, let great regard be giv'n;
 And human laws, that cross not those of Heav'n. 1
 For so do sacred oracles direct,
 To *higher pow'rs let ev'ry soul subject.* 2
 Saints, even in Rome, were taught, in *lawful things,*
 Meekly t' obtemperate their heathen kings.
 The precept reaches all the human clan,
Submit to ev'ry ordinance of man. 3

* This Poem, although wrote several years before the Author's death, yet was never before published; it was taken from an original manuscript, wrote in long hand. That it may have the more convincing efficacy, the scripture texts are here extended at proper length.

1 Acts iv. 19. But Peter and John answered, Whether it be right in the sight of God, to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye:

2 Rom. xiii. 1. Let every soul be subject to the higher powers; for there is no power but of God: the powers that be, are ordained of God.

3 1 Pet. ii. 13. Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake: whether it be unto the king, as supreme, &c.

And that for reasons which apostles take
 From heav'n and earth, even *God and conscience sake*. 1
 While magistratic pow'rs don't tyrannize,
 But grant their sacred, civil liberties,
 Reclaimers in that case complain of ease. }
 Their name is such as few will dare applaud,
Resisters of the ordinance of God. 2

Apostles order all their flocks, and ours,
 For heav'nly ends, to sloop to earthly pow'rs: 3
 Nor for their want of qualities divine,
 Must we their just authority decline.
 And hence the prophet Jeremy implor'd
 King Zedekiah as his royal lord; 4
 Who yet had broke his oath to Babylon,
 And to idolatry aside had gone. 5
 Hence also Obediah good and great,
 Was wicked Ahab's minister of state: 6
 Yet in this service sacred lines record,
 That Obediah *greatly fear'd the Lord*.

1 Rom. xiii. 5. Wherefore ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake. 1 Pet. ii. 13. Submit yourselves unto every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake.

2 Rom. xiii. 2. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist, shall receive to themselves damnation.

3 1 Pet. ii. 13.—17. Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake: whether it be to the king, as supreme; or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him, for the punishment of evil doers, and for the praise of them that do well. For so is the will of God, that with well-doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men: as free, and not using your liberty for a cloke of maliciousness, but as the servants of God. Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king.

4 Jer. xxxvii. 20. Therefore hear now, I pray thee, O lord, the king; let my supplication, I pray thee, be accepted by thee; that thou cause me not return to the house of Jonathan the scribe, lest I die there.

5 Ezek. xvii. 15, 16, 17. But he (viz. Zedekiah) rebelled against him (the king of Babylon) in sending ambassadors into Egypt, that they might give him horses, and much people. Shall he prosper? Shall he escape that dorth such things? Or, Shall he break the covenant, and be delivered? As I live, saith the Lord God, surely in the place where the king dwelleth that made him king, whose oath he despised, whose covenant he brake, even with him, in the midst of Babylon, he shall die. Neither shall Pharaoh, with his mighty army and great company, make for him in the war, by casting up mountains, and building forts to cut off many persons, &c. 2 Chron. xxxvi. 11, 12, 13. Zedekiah was one-and-twenty years old when he began to reign in Jerusalem. And he did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord his God, and humbled not himself before Jeremiah the prophet, speaking from the mouth of the Lord. And he also rebelled against king Nebuchadnezzar, who had made him swear by God: but he stiffened his neck, and hardened his heart from turning unto the Lord God of Israel.

6 1 Kings xviii. 3. And Ahab called Obediah, which was the governor of his house: now Obediah feared the Lord greatly.

Elijah too, that holy zealous man,
 Who ne'er on Ahab, in his sins, would fawn; 1
 Yet, most submits, before his chariot ran: 2
 The sacred book with special folly loads
 All such as venture to *revile the Gods*. 3
 For (but except sons of tyrannic thrall)
 The God of heav'n does rulers of the ball,
 His vice-roys and anointed servants call. 4
 Hence Paul to Cæsar his appeal display'd: 5
 And CHRIST to Cæsar will have tribute paid. 6
 Yea, Heav'n for earthly rulers pray'r exacts, 7
 As much as they do tribute, toll, or tax.
 And hence, 'tis God's command to pray, we see,
 For all invested with authority; 8
 That under them we peaceful lives may lead,
 And godliness, and honesty succeed.

1 1 Kings xviii. 18. And he (Elijah) answered, I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim.

2 1 Kings xviii. 46. And the hand of the Lord was on Elijah; and he girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab, to the entrance of Jezreel.

3 Exod. xxii. 28. Thou shalt not revile the gods, nor curse the ruler of the people. Acts xxiii. 5. Then said Paul, I wist not, brethren, that he was the high priest; for it is written, Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of the people. 2 Pet. ii. 9, 10, 11. The Lord knoweth how to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished; but chiefly them that walk after the flesh, in the lust of uncleanness, and despise government: presumptuous are they, self-willed, they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities; whereas angels, which are greater in power and might, bring not railing accusations against them before the Lord.

4 Isa. xlv. 1. Thus saith the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus, whose right-hand I have holden, to subdue nations before him, &c. Jer. xxvii. 6. And now have I given all these lands into the hand of Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon, my servant, and the beasts of the field have I given him also, to serve him.

5 Acts xxv. 10, 11. Then said Paul, I stand at Cæsar's judgment-seat, where I ought to be judged: to the Jews have I done no wrong, as thou very well knowest. For if I be an offender, or have committed any thing worthy of death, I refuse not to die: but if there be none of these things whereof they accuse me, no man may deliver me unto them. I appeal unto Cæsar.

6 Matth. xxii. 20, 21. And Jesus saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? They say unto him, Cæsar's. Then saith he unto them, Render therefore unto Cæsar, the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God, the things that are God's. Rom. xiii. 7. Render, therefore, to all their due: tribute, to whom tribute is due; custom, to whom custom is due; fear, to whom fear; honour, to whom honour.

7 Matth. xxii. 21. See figure 6, above.

8 1 Tim. ii. 1, 2. I exhort therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men; for kings, and for all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty.

This precept, if we view the time, relates
 To Pagan persecuting magistrates :
 For none but such possess the ruling throne,
 Till centuries of Christian years were gone.
 Don't *Sov'reigns*, then, much more our *prayers* claim,
 That bear the Christian Protestants fair name ?

In ancient times the man of God, 'tis said,
 For sinful Jeroboam earnest pray'd. 1
 Moses, for wicked Pharaoh lift his eyes ; 2
 And faithful Abram, for Abim'lech cries ; 3
 Hence holy martyrs, in their dying hours,
 Pray'd for their bloody persecuting pow'rs. 4
 And holiest Jesus spent his dying breath
 In praying for cruel actors in his death. 5
 And bids his foll'wers pray to Heav'n for those
 That are their spiteful persecuting foes. 6
 Thus with his great example and command,
 These precepts all in Judah binding stand ;
 Yet Judah was a covenanted land. 7

1 1 Kings xiii. 3. 6. And he (viz. the man of God) gave a sign the same day, saying, This is the sign which the Lord hath spoken ; Behold, the altar shall be rent, and the ashes that are upon it shall be poured out.—And the king (Jeroboam) answered and said unto the man of God, Intreat now the face of the Lord thy God, and pray for me, that my hand may be restored me again. And the man of God besought the Lord ; and the king's hand was restored him again, and became as it was before.

2 Exod. viii. 12. And Moses and Aaron went out from Pharaoh ; and Moses cried unto the Lord, because of the frogs which he had brought upon Pharaoh. And the Lord did according to the word of Moses.

3 Gen. xx. 17. So Abraham prayed unto God ; and God healed Abimelech, and his wife, and his maid-servants ; and they bare children.

4 Acts vii. 59, 60. And they stoned Stephen :—And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And, when he had said this, he fell asleep. (To the honour of many of our sufferers, in the late persecuting period, they died owning and praying for the then civil persecuting powers.)

5 Luke xxiii. 34. Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them ; for they know not what they do.

6 Mat. v. 44. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.

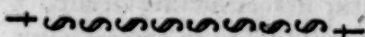
7 2 Chron. xv. 12. 15. And they (viz. Judah and Benjamin) entered into a covenant to seek the Lord God of their fathers, with all their heart, and with all their soul ; and all Judah rejoiced at the oath ; for they had sworn with all their heart.

EPITAPHS AND INSCRIPTIONS, &c.

MONUMENTUM Mⁱ. HENRICI, ARESKINI, Pastoris
Chirnsidis, qui obiit 10. Aug. 1696. *Ætatis suæ 72. **

*Sanctus ARESKINUS saxo qui conditur isto,
Est lapis eterni vivus in ade DEI:
Non cæstu lapis hic tecnavi volubelis ulla:
Quippe fide in petra constabilis erat.*

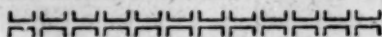
Under this stone here lies a stone,
Living with God above:
Built on the rock was such a one,
Whom force nor fraud could move.



In Dominum THOMAM BOSTONUM, nuper pastorem
Atricensẽ, qui obiit Anno 1732.

*Dotibus illustris nituit BOSTONUS opimis;
Haud peperere Virum tempora nostra parem.
Ornarunt radiis tot eum pulcherrima junctis
Ut caluere omnes ejus amore pii.*

The great the grave judicious BOSTON's gone, †
Who once, ‡ like *Asbanasius*, bold stood firm alone:
Whose golden † pen to future times will bear
His fame, till in the clouds his LORD appear.



EPITAPH on that laborious and successful Preacher, the
Rev. Mr. JOHN HUNTER, late Minister of the Gospel
at Gateshall; ordained Oct. 17. 1739. and deceased
Jan. 7. 1740. *

*Ipse PETRUS quamvis hominum Piscator, obiit:
Horum hic Venator, quin properanter ? obit.*

This mighty HUNTER, well employ'd,
Between the distant poles,
His mortal body soon destroy'd,
To save immortal souls.

* This was our author's father. † He died on Saturday, May 20. 1732.

‡ In the affair of Professor SIMON, at the General Assembly, 1729.

† Meaning his excellent writings that were corrected by himself.

* Mr. Hunter was the first licenced and ordained by the Associate Presbytery.
See a more ample account of him, in an Appendix, subjoined to his Ordination-
Sermon, Vol. VII. p. 234,—246.

MONUMENTUM M^{ri} GULIELMI WILSON, Pastoris Per-
thenfis, qui in Domino suo Iesu Christo obiit, Anno
1741. Ætatis suæ 51.

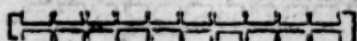
*Nuper eras Pastor divus Doctorque disertus :
Nunc super asira volas, hic licet ossa cubant :
Magnum edunt Nomen tua dicta, didactica
Majus calica vita comes, maximum et uberius.*

More brave than David's mighty men,
This champion fought it fair,
In Truth's defence, both by the pen,
The pulpit, and the chair. *

He stood with his Associates true,
To Scotland's solemn oath ;
And taught to render homage due,
To God, and Cæsar both.

Earth raging, from his sacred post
Debar'd the worthy Sage :
Heav'n frown'd, and sent a furious host
To 'venge the sacrilege.

Mourn Zion ! your Elijah's gone,
And waisted to the skies :
Mourn ! till his fiery car bring down
A soul of equal size.



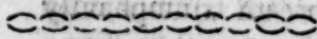
AN EPITAPH upon the Grave-stone of the Rev. Mr.
THOMAS BALLANTINE, who was ordained Minister at
Sanquhar, Sept. 22. 1742. and died Feb. 28. 1744.
Aged 30. years.

This sacred Herald, whose sweet mouth
Spread gospel-light abroad,
Like Timothy was but a youth,
And yet a man of God.

* He was possess of a very public spirit for the declarative glory of God, was a great many years Professor of Divinity, and wrote elaborately in defence of the Reformation principles of the church of Scotland.

Soon did the young, yet ready scribe,
 A friend for CHRIST appear;
 And was among the Associate Tribe,
 A covenanted Seer.

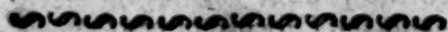
He for the Reformation Cause,
 Contended with renown;
 Among that noted number was
 The first that gain'd the crown. *
 His zealous soul, with hasty pace,
 Did mortal life despise,
 To feed the lambs around the place
 Where now his body lies.



An INSCRIPTION on the Grave-stone of COLLIN BROWN,
 late Provost of Perth, who died Oct. 17th, 1741.
 Aged 71 Years.

Friend, do not careless on thy road,
 O'erlook this humble shrine;
 For, if thou art a friend of God,
 Here lies a friend of thine.
 His closet was a Bethel sweet;
 His house a house of pray'r:
 In homely strains at JESUS' feet,
 He wrestled daily there.
 He to the city was a guide;
 And to the church a fence.
 Nor could within the camp abide,
 When truth was banish'd thence.
 His life and death did both express
 What strength of grace was giv'n:
 His life, a lamp of holiness;
 His death, a dawn of heav'n.

† He was the first of the Associate Ministers who died after renewing the Covenants.



A SACRED ODE ON MARGARET DEWAR, my first most affectionate Spouse, who died Nov. 22. 1730. after having born ten children. Aged 32.

The Law brought forth her precepts ten;
And then dissolv'd in grace:
This vine as many boughs, and then
In glory took her place.

Her dying breath triumphantly
Did that sweet anthem sing,
Thanks be to God for victory;
O death! where is thy sting?

F I N I S.

14 06 67

oft
ter